Thomas March Clark

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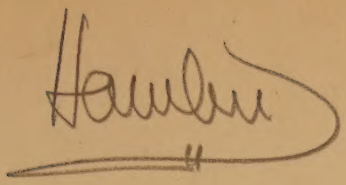
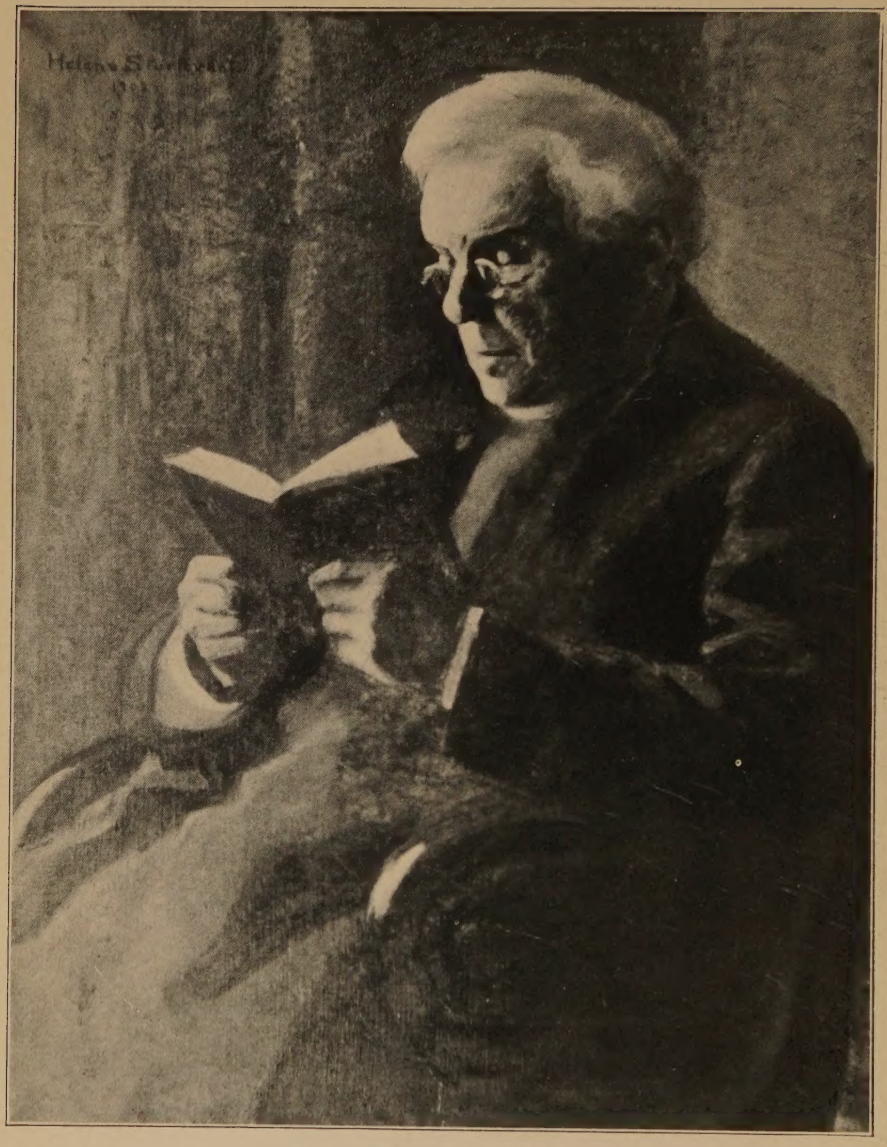


THOMAS MARCH CLARK



Portrait of Bishop Clark

By his Granddaughter, Helena Sturtevant

THOMAS MARCH CLARK

Fifth Bishop of Rhode Island

A MEMOIR

BY HIS DAUGHTER

MARY CLARK STURTEVANT

EDITED BY

LATTA GRISWOLD, M.A.

RECTOR OF TRINITY CHURCH, LENOX, MASSACHUSETTS

WITH PREFACE BY

JAMES DE WOLF PERRY, D.D., LL.D.

BISHOP OF RHODE ISLAND

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PREFACE

THE first two centuries of the Church in Rhode Island, rich in achievement, were no less productive of great personalities. A diocese which can count among its bishops first Seabury and, for a half century, Thomas March Clark, may find in its history more than a chronicle of ecclesiastical events. The story glows with human feeling, spiritual fervor, and flashes of delightful humor. Bishop Clark was more than a preacher and a prelate though both of these at their best. He had a genius of understanding and captivating the contemporary mind. While Rhode Island was his rostrum, America was his audience. His utterances needed no broadcasting device to be heard throughout the land. What he wrote, whether it were an editorial in a metropolitan paper or a winter's tale for children, was read at every fireside. Yet, like many another figure in public life, he was best known in the atmosphere of his home and in the table talk at the club and in the family circle.

It is fortunate for the present generation that the intimate history of the Bishop should be preserved in the following pages by one who has shared his labors and has reflected his spirit in a degree appreciated by those whose privilege it is to have known them both. In the person as in the pen of his daughter the

tradition of Bishop Clark still lives, a tradition which the nation and the Church cannot afford to lose.

James De Wolf Perry,
Bishop of Rhode Island.

FOREWORD

IT HAS long been desired that an account of the life of Thomas March Clark, sometime Bishop of Rhode Island and Presiding Bishop of the Church, should be permanently recorded. Perhaps it has been due to the understanding amongst the Bishop's friends that his daughter, Mrs. Mary Clark Sturtevant, was preparing such a memoir of her father that has led to such a long delay. The bulk of the present volume is the work of Mrs. Sturtevant, the first two sections of the book being practically as she wrote them out. During the later years of the Bishop's episcopate, Mrs. Sturtevant's narrative was less full, and it has been deemed advisable to amplify it by reminiscences contributed by his friends. She was the devoted companion and secretary of her father during the latter years of his life, and it is much to be regretted that she has chosen to remain throughout so impersonal a narrator.

All the materials for the completion of the memoir and Mrs. Sturtevant's manuscript were placed into the hands of the Reverend Canon George William Douglas, D.D., of the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, early in 1926. He had made provisional arrangements for publication with the present publishers and went eagerly and enthusiastically to work. Unhappily his death occurred in the very midst of his preparation of

this volume. The present editor is greatly indebted to Dr. Douglas for his notes, his arrangement of the material, and for his general plan of publication. Thanks are due to the old friends of Bishop Clark who have prepared reminiscences that are included in this volume.

Lenox, September, 1927. LATTA GRISWOLD.

Bishop Clark's Birthplace

Newburyport, Mass.

Thomas March Clark

I. EARLY LIFE AND MINISTRY

I. ANCESTRY

THOMAS MARCH CLARK was born in Newburyport, Massachusetts, on the fourth of July, 1812.

On the paternal side he was descended from Nathaniel Clark, one of the earliest settlers of Newbury (afterwards Newburyport), Massachusetts. Nathaniel is first mentioned in an old record dating from 1670 as "chosen to lay out the highway to ye Ferry Place in Amesbury in company with William Chandler." The trace of the old road over Bailey's Hill is still visible. In 1684 Nathaniel was appointed naval officer for the ports of Newbury and Salisbury, and, in the following year, Ensign of Captain Daniel Pierce's company at Rowley, while, in 1685, Governor Sir Edmund Andrew was petitioned to appoint him "Captain for the second company of foot, raised for defence." He was called Ensign in the Newbury records and was usually entitled "Honorable" when mentioned by his contemporaries. Nathaniel died in 1690, leaving to his son Henry "All his parcel of land or homestead, undisposed of, with all the salt marsh that he bought with it, and a lot of salt marsh at Plum Island, provided that he live with his mother and take the care of her business, whilst she remains a widow." His wife was Elizabeth Somerby, whose ancestors were of

Huguenot origin and came from Brixham, Devonshire, England.

Thomas March Clark, father of the Bishop, lived first in Greenland, New Hampshire, and afterwards in Newburyport. He graduated from Phillips Academy, Exeter, in 1786, and was one of the committee appointed to receive President Monroe in 1817 and also General Lafayette in 1824.

In 1811 he married, for his second wife, Rebecca Wheelwright and built the commodious house on Green Street which is still standing and is noted for its beautifully carved woodwork. At that time he was a shipping merchant of some importance and must have been prosperous, since he charged his bride "not to consider the cost of anything."

Rebecca Wheelwright was a direct descendant of John Wheelwright of Saleby, Lincolnshire, England, who arrived in Boston, May 26th, 1636. He was a graduate of Sidney Sussex College, Cambridge, England, in 1614, and was a classmate of Oliver Cromwell, who declared that he could remember the time when he was "more afraid of meeting Wheelwright at football than of meeting any army since in the field." It appears that Wheelwright was, for a time, a priest of the English Church, but later his sympathy was with the Puritans and he was, for a few months, pastor of the Chapel of Ease at Mount Wallaston, Boston. Cotton Mather says "he was a gentleman of the most unspotted morals and a man of unblemished reputation." He married, for his second wife, Marie, daughter of Edward Hutchinson, sister-in-law of Anne Hutchinson, of Alford, Lincolnshire. All went well for

a time but, being a man of contentious disposition, Wheelwright, with his sister-in-law, Anne Hutchinson, and Harry Vane, governor of the colony, were soon in hot controversy with the conservative party, the "Covenant of Grace versus the Covenant of works." The party Wheelwright stoutly defended stood for freedom of speech and opinion, but there was a great deal of political partisanship mixed with these theological disputes, and the controversy between Wheelwright and the conservatives was the principal issue in the canvass of Winthrop as candidate for governor of the conservative party against Vane. Winthrop was elected, and Vane returned to England while Wheelwright was banished from Massachusetts, and, with his friends, pushed his way through the heavy snows of winter to the Falls of Squamscot on the Piscataqua River. These pioneers purchased from the local Sagamore Indians a large tract of land and founded the town of Exeter; but this little republic had but a short life.

The Bay Colony planted a settlement at Hampton, which included Wheelwright's purchase, so he and his associates moved to the coast of Maine where, by the agreement with the agent of Sir Ferdinando Gorges, he was allowed to take up land and organize a church.

He bought four hundred acres of land on the east of the Ogonquit River and built a one-story house and a saw mill. In 1643, after the murder of Anne Hutchinson by the Indians, Wheelwright wrote Governor Winthrop seeking pardon of the Bay Colony; his banishment was taken off and he was received as a member of

the Commonwealth. In 1656 he made a voyage to England, where he remained for six years. After his return to New England he was settled as pastor of a church in Salisbury, Massachusetts, and died there suddenly of apoplexy, Nov. 5th, 1679, in the 87th year of his age. He was buried in the old graveyard near the corner where the road from King's Island meets the road to Salisbury beach, but there is no stone to mark his grave.

While in England, he wrote as follows: "My Lord Protector Cromwell was pleased to send one of his guard for me and I discoursed with him for about an hour. All his speeches seemed to me very orthodox and gracious. He said: 'Wheelwright, stand fast in the Lord and you shall see that these notions vanish into nothing.' I saw the Lord Mayor and Sheriff, with their officers, carry sundry Fifth Monarchy Men to prison, such as Mr. Cam, Mr. Day, with others who used to meet in Coleman Street to preach and pray against the Lord Protector and the present power."

Wheelwright's relations to Cromwell are generally understood to have proved of service to the Colony, and it has been suggested that the existence of the supposed portrait in the State House in Boston is connected with recognition by the Colony of his services at Court.

In his will John Wheelwright bequeathed his lands at Wells and lands at Memby Minge and Crofft in "auld England," to his children. He had, in 1677, conveyed an estate in Hawthorpe, Lincolnshire, to Richard Crispe in consideration of his marriage to

his youngest daughter, Sarah. He left his books to his son Samuel, and to Samuel's children his plate.

Charles Francis Adams says: "The seed sown by Wheelwright in 1637 bore its fruit in the great New England protest of two centuries later when, under the lead of Channing, the descendants, in the seventh generation of those who listened to the first pastor at the Mount, broke away forever and forever from the tenets of the Puritans."

His oldest son Samuel was born in England in 1635. He married Esther, daughter of Jeremy Houchin of Dorchester, Massachusetts, and he received a deed of two hundred acres from his father at Wells, Maine, and settled there, where he died on May 15th, 1700. The stone marking his grave may still be seen.

The oldest son of Samuel was named John, and he married Mary, daughter of George Snell of Portsmouth, New Hampshire. He was judge of the Probate Court and of the Court of Common Pleas in York County, Maine, and was in active military service during the Indian Wars. The adventures of their daughter Esther are recorded in Miss C. Alice Baker's *True Stories of New England Captains:*

> Their house was in an exposed position, and, when seven of their eleven children had been born, Wheelwright asked the government to build a substantial garrison house as a refuge in case of attack by the French and Indians, but thirty-nine inhabitants were captured or killed. Wheelwright's house, being at the eastern end of the village, was probably one of the first attacked. His daughter, Esther, seven years old, was captured but was kindly treated by her Indian captors, who doubtless expected a large sum for a ransom. Far away the Abenaki wolf

had swiftly fled with the child, and in one of the villages of Father Bigot's mission Esther lived in the wigwam of the Indian. Here Father Bigot discovered her and said to the savages: "The English Rose is drooping, the forest air is too hard for her. We will transport her to Canada where she will thrive better under the care of the gentle nuns." But the Indians will not let her go. However, her lot is easier from that day because they know it is in the power of the French government to take her away. The priest comes often to see her and spares no pains to teach her, and she responds to his efforts. Soon she can say her *Credo* and Catechism in French as well as in Abenaki, but she finds it hard that even Father Bigot does not seem to understand her when she talks about her family, and if she asks when her father will come, her master is angry and the priest frowns.

Meantime De Vaudreuil, the governor, is informed by Father Bigot of the hiding place of the child, and in some way or another the news reaches Boston. We may be sure that a demand was at once made upon the French government for Esther's release, and, after much trouble, Bigot buys her from the Indians and in 1708 takes her to Quebec, where she is kindly welcomed by the governor and his wife in their household. She is now twelve years old and has learned to love Father Bigot as her kindest friend. No effort is made by the governor to restore her to her parents, and she is placed in the boarding school of the Ursuline Convent. The following notice appears in the register of the convent: "Madam La Marquise de Vaudreuil brought us a little English girl as a pupil. She is to pay 40 ecus."

Thanks to Father Bigot, shortly after entering the school, "Esther took her first communion with angelic fervor." Beloved by the sisters and happy in the convent home, Esther expressed a strong desire to become a nun, but the marquis, who considered himself pledged to restore her to her family, would not listen to this and took her home with his daughter to the chateau. A political prisoner of so much importance could not be permitted to immune herself in a convent. Graceful, amiable, modest, Esther won all hearts at the chateau as she had done

at the convent, but her life for the next two years must have been restless and unhappy. It was a time of much negotiation between the two governments, concerning a general exchange of prisoners. During this business, Esther accompanied the governor to Three Rivers and Montreal. At Three Rivers she stayed with the Ursulines, and at Montreal in the cloisters of the Hotel Dieu. On Saturday, October 3rd, 1711, while at Montreal, she was godmother at the baptism of Dorothea de Noyon and signed her name in the parish register with Father Meriel.

In June, 1712, the French government proposed that our captives be brought from Canada into or near Deerfield and French prisoners sent home from thence, but Esther was not among these, and, Madame de Vaudreuil being in Europe, she was allowed to go back to the Ursuline sisters. Fostered by the atmosphere of the convent, a religious exaltation took possession of her soul. One thought alone occupied her mind, the preservation of her faith and the salvation of her soul. On October 2nd, 1712, on the Festival of St. Ursula, she began her novitiate as an Ursuline nun. On January 3rd, 1713, she took the white veil. The joy of Father Bigot in seeing his protegé arrayed as the bride of Jesus knew no bounds. He insisted on defraying the expenses of the occasion and preached a sermon glowing with feeling and eloquence.

On the morning of April 12th, 1714, the Marquis de Vaudreuil with his brilliant suite, the Bishop of Canada, and the dignitaries of the Church in all the splendor of their priestly vestments, with all the beauty and fashion of Quebec, assembled in the Church of the Ursulines, which was decorated as if for the grandest festival. Then Esther was invested with the black robe and veil of their order by the Sisters of St. Ursula, and the young New England captive, known thereafter as Mother Esther Marie Joseph of the Infant Jesus, serenely turned her face away forever from her childhood home and friends.

Esther's father died August 13th, 1745, leaving his wife, Mary, sole executrix of his will, bequeathing to her his household goods, his cattle of all kinds, and his Negro and mulatto servants. Often his thoughts had dwelt on his little child, long

ago cruelly torn from him, and he wrote: "I give and bequeath to my daughter, Esther Wheelwright, if living in Canada, whom I have not heard of for these many years, if it should please God that she return to this country and settle here. . . ." It would seem that at this time he did not know that she had entered a convent, but the annals of the Ursulines state that "immediately after Esther's profession as a nun, word was sent to her family, who, far from being offended, sent a messenger bringing her gifts and letters. In 1745, a nephew came to see Esther, bringing her a miniature portrait of her mother and presenting the community with some fine linen, a beautiful silver flagon, and knife, fork, and spoon." Some of these things may still be seen there.

The siege of Quebec began in July, 1759, and the sisters were ordered to leave the convent. Eight, however, begged to remain in charge, and Esther was probably one of these. She was then sixty-three years old.

On the morning after the battle, the gallant Montcalm breathed his last. The day was one of dire distress. Venturing from the cellar of the monastery, where they had stayed through the siege, the nuns gazed on the desolate scene. In peril of their lives and in great danger, with labor and fatigue, they saved most of their clothing. Their cells were demolished, their chimneys battered and trembling, their roofs charred and riddled. Marquis Montcalm was buried in the chapel of the Ursulines in a hole made in front of the altar by the bursting of a shell.

In 1761, Joshua Moody, nephew of Esther, visited her and by him she sent back her portrait painted in the dress of her order, of which, at about this time, she was made Superior.

The name of Wheelwright is still reverenced by the Ursulines of Quebec. At the convent today they will tell you with pride of the gifts bestowed on them by Esther's cousin and fellow captive, Sayer. The silver flagon presented by Major Wheelwright is still in use in their infirmary, and the miniature of Esther's mother, a blond with hazel eyes and an oval face, is sacredly preserved. Retouched by a veil and drapery and

enclosed in a richly embossed frame, containing also four relics of the saints, it is now reverently cherished as a madonna.

Abraham Wheelwright, sixth descendant from John, was father of Rebecca, the mother of Bishop Clark. Abraham was born in 1759, and in 1775 sailed on the brig *Dolphin* from Newburyport to the Barbadoes, and then by way of Newfoundland to the port first named.

Later he enlisted for twelve months in the continental army under Captain Enoch Putnam, in a regiment commanded by Colonel Israel Hutchinson of Danvers. He was stationed at Winter Hill, and after the evacuation of Boston by the British troops his regiment was quartered in the college buildings in Cambridge. He assisted in the fortification of Dorchester Heights and in May, 1776, went with his regiment to New York, where he remained for several weeks occupied in the work of building Fort Washington. He volunteered as an artilleryman in the expedition against the British on Long Island, and served in Captain Forster's company under command of Colonel Henry Knox. Two months later he joined his regiment at Fort Washington, and was in the fights at Harlem Heights and White Plains. In December he crossed the Delaware with the northern army under the command of General Washington and assisted in the capture of the Hessians at Trenton. His term of enlistment having expired, he consented to remain with his regiment until new recruits could be secured. In January, 1777, he took part in the battle at Princeton, and in February of the same year was discharged from the

service, and later made a voyage to Martinique with Captain Moses Hale. In 1779 he was mate of an armed schooner, carrying six guns, which sailed for Guadeloupe; and on the return voyage the vessel was surprised and captured by a Liverpool merchant holding a letter of marque. He was taken prisoner to Cork Haven, Ireland, but succeeded in making his escape and returned by way of the Barbadoes and St. Eustatius to Newburyport where his mother, now a widow, had moved.

In 1780 he married Rebecca, daughter of Joseph Knight, and shortly after made several sea voyages. When serving as mate on the brig *Cormorant* he was taken captive to Bermuda. Later, with his brother, Ebenezer, he established a large and profitable business with the West Indies, and in 1806 built a fine home on High Street, Newburyport, which is still in perfect preservation. He was extremely conservative in his views and opinions and a devoted member of the Presbyterian Church. He dressed throughout his life in the fashion of the eighteenth century, and was one of the last persons in Newburyport who wore knee-breeches and long stockings. He died in 1852.

II. CHILDHOOD

BISHOP CLARK in his *Reminiscences* gives the following account of his childhood:

A terrible fire had devastated Newburyport the year before I was born, and the War of 1812 was already having its effect upon the shipping business of New England, but I well remember what a delight it was when one of my father's vessels arrived from Russia, Antwerp, the West Indies, or some

Stairway in House of Bishop Clark's Birthplace
Newburyport, Mass.

other land, with its rich furs and strange wooden shoes and cocoa nuts, yams and plantains, guava jelly, limes and tamarinds; but in my boyhood the town had become a very quiet place and the days of its prosperity were over. There was no building going on, the grass grew in the streets, the people were living frugally on what they had already acquired, and I grew up with the impression that the world was finished just before I was born and that nothing more would ever be done to it. The old curfew bell rang every night at nine o'clock and the fires were carefully covered against the morning, as there were no matches in those days. We had nothing to burn but wood, no furnaces, no grates, no gas, no water but what we drew and pumped from the well, no ice chests, no ice in summer, no lights in the streets, no railways, no telegraph, no agricultural machinery, no anesthetics, no ocean steamers. There was hardly a millionaire in the land; our present huge cities were only large-sized towns, and the finest houses in Newburyport could be rented for little more than a hundred dollars a year. The highest salary paid to any clergyman in the town was $900.

Thomas Clark was brought up in the straitest fold of the Presbyterian Church, the only real Presbyterian church at that time in Massachusetts. The requirements on Sunday (or the Sabbath) were so strenuous that I have heard him say that, when a child, he began on every Thursday to look forward with dread to what was called "the day of rest."

There was Sunday school at nine in the morning, public service with a long sermon at half-past ten, a short sermon read aloud after the midday dinner—a very frugal meal on Sundays—a second service at two or three in the afternoon, then liberty to stroll in the garden for a little while after service, provided we did not touch a flower or pluck an apple from the tree, which would have been regarded as sinful in those days. Then came the recitation of the Assembly Catechism, known as the *shorter* catechism, there being an application of the same

in the Presbyterian Confession of Faith covering two hundred pages, which few persons would be competent to commit to memory, with its subtle definitions of Adoption and Effectual Calling and other technicalities, which never enkindled in our minds any great amount of spiritual fervor, as we had no conception whatever as to what it all meant. Last came the singing of hymns, and a little good plain simple talk which came directly from the heart, and free from all mystifications of theology; and this went to our childish hearts and did us good as we all stood up together to pray, and so the love of Jesus reached our souls. The only books we children were allowed to read on Sunday, besides the Bible, were Fox's *Book of Martyrs,* Hannah More's *Tracts and Narratives,* and the *New England Primer,* which we did not devour with much avidity. There was a degree of gloomy satisfaction in the picture of John Rogers at the stake with his wife and numerous progeny surrounding him, as they looked quite comfortable, but the little poem which followed beginning with the words

> "In the burying ground I see
> Graves there shorter than I"

illustrated by the view of a graveyard crowded, to the utmost capacity, with graves of children, did not serve to inspire us with any sentiment but horror and fear. This was intensified by an awful dialogue between "Youth, Death, and the Devil" which it was an outrage to put into a little child's mouth.

The old meeting house remains to this day, unchanged. I visited the Clark pew not many years ago and saw the little stool on which Thomas sat through the long sermons—timed by an hour-glass—warming himself by one of the charcoal hand-stoves which everyone brought to the unheated building. The bones of Whitfield then lay directly under the pulpit, and Thomas often held the skull in his hands.

Notwithstanding, however, the stern religious atmosphere of his early years, the boyhood of Thomas

Colonial Parlor

Bishop Clark's Home, Newburyport, Mass.

seems to have been a happy one, for even at the end of his ninety years he was never weary of recalling the charm and pleasure of his home life.

The first public event that I remember was the reception given to President Monroe when he visited New England, and I stood in line with all the other school boys to see him ride by on his big black horse. Six years later I was admitted to General Lafayette's bedroom in the morning—my father being one of the committee to entertain him—and I distinctly remember how kindly he drew me to his side and, taking my hand, talked for a while, closing with saying that, if I lived to grow up, I must love my country and be a patriot.

III. SCHOOL AND COLLEGE

AT a very early age, Thomas was sent to the school of a Mr. Pike, of Newburyport, whom he afterward followed to a boarding school in Framingham, and of whom he says: "He had the great gift of stirring the intellects of his pupils, and was equally gifted in making their ears tingle and their hands smart whenever the rattan or mahogany ruler came into play. He was a handsome man and there was a sort of fascination in his sternness. The class of schoolmasters whom he represented is now extinct, and our schools stand on a higher level than they did seventy years ago."

In 1892, he writes to a Mr. Frank Hurd of Framingham:

Seventy years have elapsed since I sat in the old brick schoolhouse, swung from the tops of the birch trees that grew by its side, and gathered cranberries in the meadows behind, and drank of the spring where turtles and other living things crawled about on the bottom. Well do I recall good Parson Kellogg's

hospitable roof, with the little orange trees standing in the park and the wonderful apple orchard in the rear, and there still clings in my memory the ancient meeting-house where he delivered such quiet and comforting sermons, and where the choir sang such entrancing strains. There were two young ladies in the gallery whose voices used to lift me out of the dull atmosphere of earth. Neither do I forget the trampling of innumerable horses in surrounding sheds, growing more and more intense as the hour drew near when the exercises ought to be closed. I remember, also, the old blacksmith shop, with all its charms; but when I last visited the town not a vestige of any of these things was left except the sheds around the church which had supplanted dear old Father Kellogg's meeting-house. Everything else had vanished; the spacious village tavern with its fascinating swinging sign, and the one great store where everything was to be found from a plough to a peppermint, all were gone.

From Framingham, Thomas was sent to Phillips Academy, Andover, and of his life there he always spoke with horror, for the teachers had no oversight of the boys out of school hours. They were scattered through the town in miserable boarding places where many spent their leisure hours in all sorts of dissipation. The older boys tyrannized over the younger ones and acquainted them with much that was evil.

It was the remembrance of his life there which made Bishop Clark especially anxious about the welfare of boys and, during the last summer of his life, he wrote a warning to be sent to schoolmasters in New England. Just an hour before he died he dictated their names to his daughter.

His freshman year was spent at Amherst College, from which he writes to his mother, on June 15th, 1825 (at the age of fourteen):

Rebecca Wheelwright Clark

Mother of Bishop Clark

Dear Mother:

I hope I have in some measure been enabled to keep my resolution thus far, this term, to live a more regular and devoted life. I have attended more than double the time this term to study than I did last; it is somewhat uncertain how long I shall hold on. I have been obliged to change my boarding place on account of the distance, etc., my room being about a mile from Mrs. Strong's. I am now very pleasantly situated in a very retired room with a very small window in it, six doors, the outside front door opening into it, and the fireplace in one corner. The family where I board are very pleasant, we have very good living. . . . I pay a little less than at my old boarding place, it being nine shillings at Mrs. Strong's and eight and sixpence at my present house. My division of time in the day is: in to chapel till six, then breakfast, afterwards have prayers in our room, at seven commence study and study till ten, recite until eleven, read till six, attend college prayers and study from nine to ten in the evening. . . . I remain your ever affectionate son,

T. M. Clark, Jr.

Thomas March Clark entered Yale College in 1828, and from there he writes to his brother Rufus, as follows:

While at Amherst I neglected my studies to such a degree during the first two terms as to render it disadvantageous for me to remain there, but it is my fixed determination, by the grace of God, so to apply myself here that those who sent me shall not have reason to repent their decision to give me a liberal education. There are nearly five hundred students in all here. Between thirty and forty eat in one hall and you may imagine what a scene it presents. After closing the sophomore year the rest of the course is comparatively easy. It seems hardly possible that two years from next summer will close my college course. I suppose, for a time after my leaving college, you will see me enrolled on the list of pedagogues.

To his mother he writes in a very melancholy tone:

> I have seen enough to know that the life of a Christian cannot be a bed of flowers; the tempter is always at hand. . . . You know my habitual levity. It has for several years been growing upon me. Prayer, earnest prayer, is my only resource. Last night I sat in my room reading and meditating until midnight. It was very cold and dark, and I strayed into the burial ground and took my seat among the graves of the students. The wind whistled through the long grass which grew upon the graves . . . and my thoughts turned upon my own situation and the world seemed to sink into utter insignificance. I could not realize how I had lived so long devoted to its mean and foolish amusements. The bell tolled twelve as I stood there, and I imagined the graves to open and the bodies of my old companions to stand before me telling me of the eternal world. It was the most solemn moment of my life.

In contrast, however, with the spirit of this letter, he wrote in 1830 an amusing play which was acted by his classmates; and he and his friend, Ingraham Kip, afterward Bishop of California, were the managers of the junior class ball.

In regard to the comedy his pious mother writes: "I think, my son, that I would like to attend some of your *lectures* very much and your exhibitions, but I must say that I think that the *play* savors a little too much of the theater, and tends to dissipation. However, I do not wish to condemn what is approved and countenanced by the great and wise men who compose the faculty of this venerable institution."

Born with a keen sense of humor, which was beyond all control, and which served through his long

life not only to bring brightness into many dark places but to dispel the clouds in various controversies, it was at the beginning and again at the end of his days a struggle to reconcile this with the solemn and depressing Calvinistic doctrines in which he was bred and which encouraged constant reflections on the grave, the shortness of life, and the terrors of hell.

The following anecdote was sent to the New York *Tribune* by S. T. Frost, Yale '57, on September 17, 1903:

> Forty-eight years ago, as I remember, Bishop Clark was present at the Yale commencement. Perhaps he had just received a doctorate; at any rate he was called up for a speech in Graduates' Hall by another Yale man in the following fashion: "When I was in preparatory school, I had a cousin who was in the Freshman Class. He wrote me, 'Hurry up and come down to Yale. We have the greatest times here. One of our class can make more fun than any fellow I ever knew. He is a natural born actor, and he is going on the stage. His name is Tom Clark'." This brought the Bishop to his feet in a speech that showed that one profession had gained a good deal at the expense of another.

Jeremiah Day was president of Yale when Thomas Clark was there, and among the faculty was Professor Sillman, one of the foremost chemists and geologists of the time. Kinsley was professor of ancient languages, including Hebrew, which "nobody studied."

In his class were Noah Porter, afterward president of the college, and Peter Parker, who went as a missionary to China and established himself there as the great oculist of the Empire; and was afterward appointed American minister to China.

IV. HEAD OF HIGH SCHOOL AT LOWELL

SOON after leaving Yale, at the age of nineteen, Thomas became head of the high school in Lowell, Mass.; but, previous to this, he evidently taught for a short time in Newburyport, for he writes as follows to his brother Rufus on January 16, 1831:

The last time I saw you, I was sole and undisputed master of seven scholars and earning the enormous sum of eighteen cents a day. Now I am principal of the Lowell High School and am earning two dollars every day. I may consider myself very fortunate in obtaining such a position, as there were no less than sixteen applications for it, and I was the youngest applicant. I have, this term, fifty scholars, boys and girls, some of them older than myself. I pass for twenty-five at least. I have a separate writing master, and as the school will probably double in a few months, I shall have another assistant. The town is to erect a fine brick building in the spring, two stories high and having three large halls. If I give satisfaction this year, I hope to receive a thousand dollars the second. The school stands at the head of all others in this region, and I am the youngest teacher. Tomorrow I expect all of the ministers in to see the school. I have the most exact discipline. The rules, which are made by the committee, are very strict, and if any person violates them he is shipped. I am very much amused, on my way to school, to hear all the boys cry out, "There comes the old man."

I cannot realize that sufficient time has passed since we used to take our satchels in our hands and walk along High Street to the academy for me to be here now, pedagogue of the first school in Lowell. It seems but yesterday that we were digging caves, building snow houses, etc., etc., and that we, ourselves, suffered under the rod. By the way, I never flog my scholars. I delivered a lecture the other day on geology. It took very well, and I expect soon to give one or two more. I am also writing for the *Amaranth,* and had the honor of being somewhat praised in the Boston papers.

As regards my private establishment, I board for something less than three dollars a week. We have good board, and my house is near the school. I have a little bit of a chamber, just room for my table, two chairs, my bed, and my books. I have had, as you know, the reputation of being very lazy, but now I am a real working man. I have hardly time to turn around.

Again he writes:

March 6, 1832.

My dear Rufus:

Your letter was received with great pleasure, but when you are informed that I am now writing surrounded by fifty scholars, continually bothering me with problems which it would take all the New York merchants to understand, you will make every allowance for this epistle. I may safely say that I have looked at and partly explained twenty sums since I commenced. I should not choose this time to write you, were it not for the fact that I have hardly time to breathe. For a month past I have no recollection of having a single evening to myself and, of course, I have no leisure in the day time. In addition to my regular duties, I have an evening school of grown persons in elocution. My scholars will number one hundred in a month, and I expect to have two assistants. I have but three weeks' vacation in a year, but I get on very comfortably. My reputation as an instructor is good, my school is pleasant as a school can be, but that is not saying much, and my pay is as good as I could expect at first.

There seems almost a constant revival of religion here. At every communion, thirty and forty and fifty are admitted to the church. As regards myself, I am so prone to levity that it is almost impossible for me to restrain. It is a kind of second nature for me to laugh and joke in public and to be sorry for it in private.

April 9, 1832.

My dear Rufus:

My school now numbers seventy-five, thirty in Latin, forty in algebra. The committee have applied for the Masonic Hall

for the school, and I have strong hopes of going in there immediately. It will be a superb place.

As regards the study of the ministry, of course I have had and still do have the general subject much in my mind, having always thought of it as my future profession. My plan is, you know, to remain here for two or three years and so save money enough to carry me through my theological studies. I am able, moreover, to study considerably in my present situation.

July 23, 1832.

Dear Rufus:

The committee have engaged an Ohio man to teach with me. He was a classmate of mine, a fine fellow.

You ask if I am a minister. I answer yes, in one way. Two months ago I was asked to take charge of a parish in Dracut, a mile and a half from here. They had no minister, and therefore I engaged to supply for them. Since that time, I have preached every Sunday to them, and I receive half pay of a regular clergyman.

I have been at home for my birthday [his twentieth] for the first time in five years. I arrived at 10 P.M. Father, in his old white hat, came out into the yard as he heard the chaise drive up and went to get some oats for the beast. You will recollect that it was the night before Independence Day so, though the children were in bed, they were not asleep and, of course, the nursery window went up and out came their heads jabbering and talking. I never had so pleasant a time before in my life! [The children here referred to were George Henry, aged thirteen, later rector of Christ Church, Hartford; Samuel Adams, aged ten, later rector of St. John's Church, Elizabeth, New Jersey; Mary Rebecca, aged six, who died ten years after; and Warren, aged seventeen.]

Next year I am going into a fine establishment for my school with a library, apparatus, cabinet, etc., and all this, with a probable increase of salary, may be some temptation to me to stay a while, but certainly not more than two years.

In a letter to his mother on June 7, 1832, he says:

With regard to my preaching so much, Mr. Blanchard's

pulpit would have been unsupplied on Sunday before last if I had not agreed to go over to Dracut and take Mr. Merrill's place. We made this arrangement, and I prepared myself with a few notes. I felt rather strangely at going into the pulpit, and if I could have found a convenient place in which I could take refuge, I should have been glad. I got on, however, without any embarrassment, and spoke with ease three quarters of an hour, having the subject well digested before. In place of the Benediction, I told the congregation that the exercises were closed and they took their departure. It may be that I am going too far out of the established course, but all the people here push me outward, and I find it no small advantage to myself, as it regards my everyday conduct, in being thus situated. It is also of immense advantage to me in the cultivation of extempore speaking. I find it now as easy to speak as to write.

Last week a person came over to see me, delegated by the session of the vacant Presbyterian church in Dracut, asking for my services again, and accordingly I acceded. Now it may seem strange that I should involve myself in this arrangement under such a pressure of duties, but the fact is that the time of preparation is a few hours that might as well be devoted to thought as to reading, and then on the Sabbath the exertion of *speaking* merely is nothing to me; my voice will never fail me in any situation, and the whole is more of a relaxation than a labor. I told them, however, that I wished them to distinctly understand that I knew nothing of theology and had no license.

Among the pupils in the High School at Lowell was Benjamin Butler, the famous lawyer and general during the Civil War, and the following interesting description of the early days of the town is found in James Parton's book, *General Butler in New Orleans,* written in 1864:

One chilly morning in November, 1821, half a dozen sharp-eyed Boston gentlemen, Nathan Appleton being one of them, might have been seen tramping about in the snow near the falls of the Merrimac. There was a hamlet nearby, of five

or six houses and a store, but these gentlemen wandered along the banks of the river among the rocks and trees, unobserved, conversing with animation. The result of that morning walk and talk was the city of Lowell, now a place of 40,000 inhabitants with $13,000,000 invested in cotton and woolen mills and $200,000 a month paid in wages to operators.

In 1828, when Butler was ten years old and Lowell was a thriving town of 2,000 inhabitants, his mother moved thither with her boys. It was a fortunate move for them all. The good mother was able to increase her income by taking a few boarders and her book-loving son had better schools to attend, and abundant books at command. He improved his opportunities, graduating from a common school to the high school and, at a later day, preparing for college at the academy of Exeter.

The following appeared in the Lowell *Courier* in 1903:

Thomas M. Clark was the first principal of the Lowell High School. Dr. Edson, who had so much to do with the founding of the school, brought Mr. Clark here in 1830, in which year the institution began its career, then situated in a little one story wooden building about forty feet square. If memory serves, it was located in Middlesex Street just above the northern station. The boys of the first class included General B. F. Butler and Gustavus Vasa Fox, who became the active Secretary of the Navy during the rebellion. General Butler leaves this account of Bishop Clark: "The Rev. Mr. Edson was foster father of this school and brought us, for our teacher, Thomas M. Clark, a graduate of Yale. Mr. Clark taught us for nearly two years, and with him we went into the new school house. The numbers in the school increasing with the same rapidity as the new town, he brought to his assistance a classmate from Yale named Clapp, who afterward became a southern editor. Mr. Clark retired to enter the ministry, and in this profession our reverend teacher rose steadily and is now loved and honored in his Church as he is by every former pupil, as the Bishop of the diocese of Rhode Island."

Many years later, on the occasion of a celebration at the high school in Lowell, Bishop Clark and General Butler were both present. The former said that he well remembered that Monday morning when he first entered the schoolroom in a small wooden building on Middlesex Street, a room so small that there was scarce space enough for the forty-seven scholars whom he found assembled there. He never inflicted corporal punishment, because there was not room, but there was perhaps another reason. Several of the boys were his size and he feared the result. There was a fair-haired boy, a good scholar, an excellent declaimer, and withal a modest boy, but he became a great man. After the singing of an ode, Bishop Clark, by request of the president, resumed his old duties for a few moments as principal of the school, and, in a happy manner, which brought down the house, announced that the next exercise would be a declamation by Benjamin F. Butler. Master Butler, of thirty years ago, now known to the country as Major-General Butler, stepped forward, first bowing to his teacher and then to the audience. He was received with great applause and commenced by saying that he had not committed his piece to memory, but would try to do as well as he could.

V. PRINCETON THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

AT the end of two years in Lowell, Thomas Clark decided to enter the Princeton Theological Seminary and prepare for the Presbyterian ministry, and the following letter to his brother Warren gives a picture of his surroundings:

November 25, 1833.

My dear Warren:

Though I am over head and ears in business, I must steal a few moments to answer your letters as there are several things I wish to mention in case you come here.

I have obtained my present room, furnished, at seventy-five cents a week, but as we have a vacation in February, I do not intend to occupy it after that time, if I can get a better one. This is called very cheap here, but it is probably the smallest and most miserable room occupied by any student in the place. I found when I arrived here that I had made a mistake of one week as to the commencement of the term, and so all of the rooms were occupied.

I have but half a window, so I can hardly see on a cloudy day, and the room is in the garret where the walls slant so that there is only a space two feet wide where I can stand up, when I am not writing. I crawl into my cot just as one does on board a vessel. Now I can, in the course of a few weeks, get a good room for two, at one dollar per week, but I must furnish the room entirely. However, as I shall certainly go into the seminary next year, I shall be obliged to buy furniture then. I mention this particularly so that, if you come, you may bring on as many bed clothes, towels, etc., as possible, and also a few extra dollars, as board is invariably two dollars a week. My fuel and light I have laid in for the winter. I burn coal entirely.

If you should come, I should wish you to bring what books you will need, for they charge double for everything in Princeton. I wish you would bring my Book of Common Prayer and McClure's *Lectures on Universalism*. I think of nothing else just now, but I will enlarge a little on what you will find the state of things here. As I said in my last letter, you will find nothing in the externals of the place to please you. It is a still, retired country village with but one or two churches in it, but you would be able to have a winter of real solid mental improvement. I could borrow any miscellaneous books for you from the library, but yet I would advise you not to make general reading your regular employment but to pursue two or three authors systematically, with daily regular recitation. This,

I take for granted, would be your motive in coming here. You might, in one winter, see farther into the world of knowledge than you would naturally believe, and if there is any honor in going into the world with a cultivated mind, you would surely have inducement enough for severe study. You could, for instance, take up one subject, the one requiring the most thought, for the forenoon. We do not dine here until two o'clock, so you could sit down directly after breakfast and have five hours of uninterrupted study. The afternoon could be devoted to a lighter study, and after tea I could hear you recite the two lessons of the day, and the rest of the evening might be spent in writing a brief abstract of the information acquired during the day, or in miscellaneous reading or writing, as the case might be.

But can you, after so many years of mental dissipation and without having been at all in the habit of fixing your mind on study, at once find it easy to conform to such a rigid regimen as this? I answer unhesitatingly no. But you *can* do it. You have the physical ability; the only difficulty will lie in the inclination. You will have a high and noble object before you; the habit of study will gradually become fixed and pleasant, and your circle of ideas will begin to expand. You have no conception how they will expand and what a new world will unfold itself! You will soon learn to despise that course of life which is wholly taken up with things of no importance. You will (I predict it with absolute certainty, if you pursue the course which I have marked out) despise and flee from certain habits which circumstances seem to have forced upon you, and I will gladly yield the pursuit of certain studies in order to aid you in bringing about such a state of mind. . . .

One thing more I will mention, and that is that you will come into a family where every individual is a professor of religion, and nearly all theological students. But you will find no bigotry, no undue austerity, yet, of course, you may expect a general air of soberness such as befits not only Christians, but all thinking men. You will find *gentlemen*.

One thing more I would wish to omit, but I feel bound to confess that my whole course of conduct, when with you in

Lowell, was entirely inconsistent with my profession, either as a scholar or a Christian, but particularly as a candidate for the ministry. This I am convinced of by having a few weeks of solitude in which to think of it. I have thought often what an impression of insincerity and hypocrisy, what a feeling of disbelief in the Christian profession I must have left upon your mind. Now you know, as well as I do myself, that I utterly detest all cant, all formal austerity and pharisaical demeanor, but I do think it incumbent on a man to appear to have some regard for his profession, always to appear as though he believed there was a Heavenly Father who sees daily and hourly the hearts of all, and this is compatible with constant cheerfulness and even with occasional mirth. A joke is not of necessity a sin.

I have written more of a lecture than I intended, but I know you will ascribe it to the best of motives, and I hope you will take it for at least all it is worth. I trust, my dear brother, that when you come, you will find that I can live as I have said that I should live and you will find it pleasant and profitable to be here.

Warren Clark appears to have been a very sociable young man and, according to the Puritan standards of his family, too fond of pleasure, so, without doubt, the routine such as was planned for him in his brother's letter, which left not even a half hour in the day for either pastime or physical exercise, decided him not to make the venture. At all events, there is no mention in the following letters to his family of his arrival:

April 2, 1834.

I am getting on very comfortably in the seminary. The studies are not oppressive, and I find time for much else besides my regular duties. Princeton is a quiet village not larger than Andover, and in many respects not so pleasant. There is but little religious feeling at present here, though there are many revivals in the region about us. The animosities and party differences in the Presbyterian Church have, in this vicinity, been

productive of great evil. There is great reason to fear a division in the next General Assembly.

* * *

I have been led to wonder at the Providence which has ordered the events of my later years. It is true I always expected to labor in this field, but I never foresaw the train of circumstances which were to lead me into it. I can hardly realize how near is the time when I shall be called to take upon myself the holy vows of a Christian minister and how imperfectly, morally and mentally, I am prepared. I have lingered along for years in the twilight of knowledge till my mental vision is impaired and deadened. . . . I often regret that I entered college so young, and I do not believe that one in a hundred who enter at the age I did pass through unscathed.

July 20th, 1835.

I attend the lectures of my regular course, and in addition those of the senior year, and on this account it is understood that I am not to remain through the coming year.

There are some few individuals in Princeton whom I shall regret to leave, but in general I have found no attractions here of any strength.

I was at Dr. Alexander's last week and Dr. Rice, pastor of the church here, happened to be there and asked me to preach for him on Thursday evening. I declined at first, but, as he urged it and as Mrs. Alexander said the professors would like to hear me, I consented. The church was burned down a few weeks since, and the congregation use the seminary chapel at present. Dr. Alexander and his family were present, the great body of the theological students, and many from the college, so that my situation was sufficiently embarrassing, especially as I am but in the second year and, so far as my own class is concerned, alone in my licensure. I believe, however, I gave pretty good satisfaction. . . .

I write much more leisurely and with more care than I was able to do in vacation.

January 10th, 1835.

Our first term expires in about three weeks, and I intend

to write Dr. Dana soon in reference to taking license to preach next autumn. . . . As to my leaving Princeton entirely, I shall probably do so, but when I shall go and what I shall do, I do not know. I do not yet see cause to regret my decision as to the invitation from Portsmouth, and I am glad to hear that they cast no blame upon me, but the good people here showed a little bewilderment at the incident. I preached for Dr. Rice once this session. . . .

Father writes me that Mother heard from two or three persons in Boston that I was inclined to Episcopacy. I can't conceive how such a report went abroad. I have now no more idea of entering the Episcopal Church than I have of becoming a Baptist, and I regret that I have such a reputation; however, I can't help it. Don't say anything on the subject to anyone unless it is introduced by another, and then you can give my present assertion as strongly as you please.

You inquire whether we hear much of Abolition in Princeton. Such subjects disturb us little out here. The only thing of importance done in this region was the marching out of town, by a mob of students and townspeople, of a man who was found obtaining subscriptions to the Abolition periodicals among the blacks. We have perhaps half a dozen Abolitionists in the seminary, but they make no great noise.

In Bishop Clark's *Reminiscences,* he writes as follows of his seminary life:

Princeton Seminary is just as sound as it ever was, still clamped to the rock of eternal, immutable, unconditional decrees, in conformity with the declaration of the Confession of Faith. "By the decree of God, for the manifestation of His glory, some men and angels are predestinated unto everlasting life, and others foreordained to everlasting death. These angels and men, thus predestinated and foreordained, are particularly and unchangeably designed, and their number is so certain and definite that it cannot be either increased or diminished."

I can say this in behalf of the Princeton teaching, that it was always consistent with itself, and set forth its doctrines without reserve or equivocation, shrinking from no logical con-

clusions, on the ground that they seemed to conflict with the fundamental principles of ethics, or the attributes of love and mercy and impartial justice in the Creator or with the freedom of the human will.

The Princeton theologians were wise enough to see that this "scheme of doctrine" admits of no modifications or qualifications, any more than the problems of Euclid admit of them, and that the removal of any one stone from the arch would send everything tumbling down.

I cannot say that we were ever much enlightened as to any other system of theology and I well remember the consternation produced on the occasion when I ventured to say a word in mild defense of a science which was at that time not in very good repute.

There was one professor, however, whom Bishop Clark describes as a "very High Church Presbyterian."

He was a strong advocate of three orders in the ministry—bishops, elders, and deacons—the difference between him and Bishop Hobart being that he put the three orders one notch lower down than our Bishop. He accepted without reserve the article in the Presbyterian profession of faith, which, after saying that "the Lord Jesus hath appointed a government in the hand of Church officers," enlarges upon it as follows: "To these officers the keys of the Kingdom of Heaven are committed, by virtue whereof they have power respectively to retain and remit sins, to shut that Kingdom against the impenitent, both by the word and censures, and to open it unto penitent sinners by the ministry of the gospel and by absolution from censures, as occasion shall require." There was not much tinge of Low Churchism here.

At the same time this good man, whose name was Miller, had a strong prejudice against the Episcopal Church, but when a church was built near his home he sent a contribution, saying that while he protested as a clergyman he subscribed the money as a citizen.

It was not surprising that after a few months in

the Presbyterian ministry, Thomas Clark should have found it impossible to teach doctrines so foreign to his nature and his belief in a gracious and merciful Saviour, though he says: "There are all important elements in that body in which, in days past, we have been deficient, a personal zeal and self-denying spirit, a sense of the solemn reality of spiritual things, a consciousness of the divine presence, and *experimental* piety—using the term in the sense of a religion resting upon personal experience—of which the Episcopal Church in times gone by had no occasion to boast. It is a combination of elements that makes a wholesome atmosphere, and too strong an infusion of exciting oxygen on neutralizing nitrogen disturbs the equilibrium. It is the union of order and beauty that makes the perfect Church."

VI. ORDINATION AND RECTOR OF GRACE CHURCH, BOSTON (1836-1843)

FOR a few months, Thomas Clark served the Old South Church, Boston, and then, quite suddenly, became dissatisfied with his position and, doubtless, with the doctrines he was expected to preach, and was filled with a great desire to come into the Episcopal Church, though, he says, "the move was precipitated by my consciousness of unfitness to express in extemporaneous prayer the sentiments of an intelligent congregation whose Christian experience had, in a great many cases, been matured before I was born."

At that time the Rt. Rev. Alexander Viets Griswold was Bishop of the Eastern Diocese, which in-

Bishop Clark in His Early Ministry

cluded all of New England, except Connecticut, and his residence was in Boston; so it was to him that the young minister went with his difficulties, with the result that he was very soon confirmed.

The Bishop must have cared very much for the convert, for he took him into his own home. On February 3, 1836, he was ordered deacon, and in November of the same year ordained priest. The Rev. M. A. DeWolfe Howe, later Bishop of Central Pennsylvania, took part in the latter service, and Bishop Griswold preached the sermon, the text being, "Take heed to yourself and to all the flock over which the Holy Ghost hath made you overseer." The church was crowded and, on November 18th, 1836, Mr. Clark became the rector of Grace Church, Temple Place, Boston, a church which years afterward was sold to the Methodists.

There were but three other Episcopal churches in Boston at that time and their influence was not much felt by the community at large, for Unitarianism was at its height. The historic Old South Church was the only one of the parishes founded by the early settlers, which had remained true to the old faith, and such men as Channing, Gannett, Frothingham, young Pierpont, Putnam Walker, the Wares, and Peabody represented the highest culture and the strongest social influence. The Episcopal Church was regarded as a respectable scion of the old Anglican stock, which, under the administration of the Colonial governors, forced itself upon the town and took arbitrary possession of some of their meeting houses for the English service. The Rev. William Croswell was,

at this time, rector of Christ Church, Dr. Wainwright of Trinity, and Dr. John S. Stone of St. Paul's. At that time, also, there were less than six hundred parishes in the whole country. When Bishop Clark died in 1903 there were six thousand. At the first General Convention which he attended the number of communicants was 119,540, and in 1903, 781,000.

The senior warden of Grace Church was Benjamin Howard, a well-to-do shipping merchant living then on Kingston Street, with his family of five daughters and five sons, and to this cheerful house the young rector often went in his hours of leisure. The second daughter, Caroline, became his special friend and soon his promised bride.

After serving Grace Church for nine months as deacon, Thomas writes as follows to his mother:

> I have received a call to settle in Grace Church on a salary of $1,500 for the first year and with five weeks of vacation, and it is probable that I shall be ordained priest in three or four weeks, in which event I hope that you and Father and Samuel will come on.

Three months later, he says:

> Grace Church is attracting a good deal of attention. We continue to increase, and last evening our service was more solemn than any which have preceded.
>
> I have met many of the clergy this week, having been to two large receptions. On Wednesday I met at Deacon Grant's, on Brattle Street, the governor, mayor, and about twenty of the clergy—Orthodox, Baptists, Methodists, etc.—and a great many distinguished citizens. The next evening I was at a large Old South party at Dean Cutler's. It seemed like old times. Several spoke of my having preached for them and said they had once hoped that I should be their minister.

And to a friend he writes:

July 10, 1837.

Caroline and I have made a visit to Newburyport. She excited a great deal of attention. We had a host of calls. Mother gave a reception, which was fully attended. I shall not be married this year. I shall be quite an elderly man before that takes place. My church continues to increase and all is peaceful. I have passed another birthday, and have completed a quarter of a century. I continue at Bishop Griswold's, and like it very much.

The marriage of Thomas March Clark and Caroline Howard took place in Boston on October 2, 1838, and he continued at Grace Church until 1843. The church prospered wonderfully, and he greatly endeared himself to the people.

Two children were born during this time, Bryant Howard and Mary Rebecca. A great sorrow also came, as his sister, Mary Rebecca Clark, aged sixteen, died of rapid consumption. She was a lovely, saintly young woman and the only daughter.

In 1843 a call came to Mr. Clark to St. Andrew's Church, Philadelphia. He wrote his vestry:

If I consulted only my preferences, in view of the fact that I now minister to a pleasant, united, and generally pious people, that this is my own native region to which I am bound by all the ties of association and kindred, that I hold a post of usefulness to the duties of which I have become habituated, and which is under God to a certain extent of my own establishing, I should at once return a decided negative to this proposition. But there are considerations which, on the other hand, incline me to believe that I should entertain favorably the invitation now before me. It is generally admitted that a young man, whose first parish is a city charge, must of necessity at some period of his ministry effect a change in his pastoral relations; especially is this true when his labors are directed toward the building

up of a new society. I have for some time felt the force of this consideration in a peculiar degree—a continual draft is made on my mental resources, with but little opportunity to replenish by study or reflection. Allowing the correctness of this principle, the question arises, is the invitation now extended of such a character as would seem to indicate that the time has come when it is expedient to make a remove? With the reputation and standing of St. Andrew's Church, the members of the vestry are probably acquainted. From its commencement the parish has been hallowed by the holiest religious influences, and it has always been a center of spiritual life and light to the whole Church.

So the congregation parted sorrowfully from their young minister after his pastorate of seven years, and he went with his wife and two little children to Philadelphia.

Thomas Clark was confirmed, ordained deacon and priest, and married by Bishop Griswold, of whom he later wrote:

When he ceased to be supported by a parish, as its rector, he never received more than a thousand dollars a year from the Eastern diocese, and it is not easy to see how he could manage to live as comfortably as he did for a long time on such a salary. During the first eighteen years of his episcopate he admitted 148 to the order of deacons, and 111 to the order of priests, traveled 70,000 miles, and confirmed 9,853 persons. It must have been a toilsome life for the good Bishop in addition to all his work at home, to journey periodically over all New England at a time when the facilities for traveling were so poor and the roads so abominable, but he went through it all quietly and without complaint, always on time, unless the coach broke down, shirking no duty, jogging along silently with his pocket Homer in his hand. . . . If there ever was a good man and a true man, an honest disciple of Christ, Bishop Griswold was that man. He had accomplishments and he may have had weaknesses of which the world knew little, but his goodness was always con-

spicuous to all who had an eye to discern it. He was not likely to shine on festive occasions, and was not much tempted in that direction. When he was requested by the diocese to take up his abode in Boston, he told me that he hesitated a little from the fear that his health might be impaired by too frequently dining out; "but," he added, "I have never suffered from that cause as I have never been invited out to dine but once, and that was by one of our own clergymen."

The last sermon that I heard him preach was from the text, "Gather up the fragments which remain that nothing be lost," and it will never be obliterated from my memory. On an afternoon not long after this, someone rushed into my house and said that Bishop Griswold had just died on Bishop Eastburn's doorstep. I lived close by, and in five minutes I was looking upon his prostrate form lying on the floor, wrapped in his dark blue cloak, noble in death, placid and peaceful as if he were an angel asleep; and when the shades of night came on, I took his body to his home and with my own hands arranged him for the bed from which he was to rise no more.

In his *Reminiscences,* long since out of print, Bishop Clark has given an interesting account of the state of the Church during his early ministry. The passage is as follows:

The Episcopal Church in this country was a very small affair at the time of my ordination, in 1836, reporting less than 600 parishes and 763 clergy. The General Convention had just declined "to enter upon a measure involving consequences so momentous" as the nomination of a bishop for China, and the domestic missionary field remained for the most part a moral wilderness. Bishop Kemper had been appointed to break ground there, and I remember dining with him in Boston just before he went out "to exercise episcopal functions in the states of Missouri and Indiana," and wondering that such a high-bred gentleman should be willing to exile himself in the far-off regions of the West.

During the decade between the years 1830 and 1840 the

Episcopal Church made such an advance as it had never known before. The number of clergy doubled during this period, and for the first time in its existence its influence began to be felt somewhat generally in the community. Several causes combined to excite an interest in the Episcopal Church, especially in New England, where the breaking up of the established ecclesiastical régime was more conspicuous than anywhere else. The rigid yoke of New England puritanism had become intolerable, but in seeking relief from the iron bonds of Calvinism a large portion of both ministers and people had cast aside some of the fundamental doctrines of the Christian faith. There ensued a movement toward the Episcopal Church by those who wished to throw off the shackles of a harsh and complicated creed, and by others who, having sought for freedom in their own inherited domain, found themselves floating off into the wide sea of indifference and unbelief, and still were not prepared to deny entirely the divinity of the Being from whom the Christian Church takes its name. The breadth of this Church attracted the former, and its stability gave confidence to the latter.

The simple service of the old Puritan worship was becoming barren and wearisome, as the original fervor which inspired it died out, and the short prayer and the long prayer, with two or three of Watts' hymns, and perhaps a chapter from the Bible once on the Sunday, did not quite satisfy the average worshipper. There was a growing desire on the part of many persons to participate in the forms of worship that had existed in the ages all along, strengthened by the feeling that it did not seem expedient to depend entirely upon the intellectual ability or the spiritual mood of the minister to formulate the devotions of the congregation. I supplied the pulpit of the Old South Church in Boston for a little time in 1835, and my entrance into the Episcopal Church was precipitated by consciousness of my unfitness to express in extemporaneous prayer the sentiments of an intelligent congregation whose Christian experience had in a great many cases been matured before I was born.

The organization and government of this Church attracted considerable attention, not so much because of its conformity to

early usage and the analogies of Scripture, but because of its inherent fitness and conformity to the general order of things—the constitution of civil government and of all other societies and corporations. The institution of new terms of communion in many religious bodies—Anti-masonic, Anti-slavery, Total Abstinence, and the like—induced a certain amount of emigration toward the Episcopal Church, while some of the ministers of various denominations looked thitherward as a field for greater independence and freedom.

In the earlier part of the century the Episcopal Church made slow progress, and its influence was not felt very seriously in society. The impression prevailed that it was an aristocratic fold, of limited extent, for the accommodation of respectable persons who wished to get to heaven by an easy road and without much disturbance from any source. It is related of the Rev. Dr. Gardiner, rector of Trinity Church, Boston, that when he was asked to contribute toward the erection of an Episcopal church in a village some ten or fifteen miles away he declined, on the ground that this Church was designed for ladies and gentlemen, and they did not live in the country. When someone remarked to a Methodist bishop that the Episcopal Church was a very respectable Church, he replied: "I know it is. The Lord deliver the Methodists from ever becoming respectable." They have become respectable, notwithstanding this protest, and with the usual results. I have heard good old-fashioned ladies in my native town complain of the intrusion of a few "Dissenters" into old St. Paul's, partly on the ground that their presence intercepted the view.

In those days the Episcopal Church stood very much aloof from all forms of organization outside of her own borders, and kept on the even tenor of her way, undisturbed by any matters pertaining to secular affairs. If "a good Churchman" of that period should come back today and hear some of our sociological discourses, and look in upon a few of our parish houses, with their reading rooms and amusement rooms and coffee rooms and gymnasiums and bowling alleys, he might think that he had got into a new world, which would not be far from the truth. The

current style of preaching in our pulpits was not, as a general rule, very severe in its draft upon the intellect, or likely to enkindle any excessive amount of enthusiasm.

I shall have occasion, before I close, to show how the Episcopal Church, though it continues to rest on the same old foundations and has retained its ministry, creeds, and services substantially undisturbed, is not in many of its aspects the same Church that I knew when I first sought shelter within its borders. The same imperishable stones support the edifice, the same strong oaken framework retains its place, the general proportions of the building are the same; but the building has taken upon itself a new tone of color, annexes of various sorts surround it, ornamental appendages have been added, the windows have been enlarged, the doors move more readily upon their hinges, the church will hold more people than it did, it is more likely to attract people, it seems to belong to our own age and our own land more than it once did, and, if I may be allowed to change the metaphor abruptly, it is no longer regarded as an exotic—it has become acclimated, and can live and flourish out of doors all through the season.

This is, upon the whole, a change for the better. The Church is moving, and that is a sign of life. It may not always move just as we would like to see it move, but this is better than immobility, which is another word for death. Novel doctrines and novel usages may somewhat disturb our peace, but if they are not in accord with the great irresistible tide of human progress, with the noblest and profoundest thought of the age, their influence will be temporary. There may be some elements of good even in these extremes, and after the turbid waters have been allowed to run for a while, the particles of gold will be deposited and the mud swept away.

The outward aspect of the Episcopal Church in the year of my ordination, 1836, was different from what it is now. There were very few church edifices of which we had reason to be proud, and it was unfortunate that the period when the Church began to enlarge its borders should have been so lamentably deficient in any true conception of ecclesiastical architecture. We had inherited a few impressive specimens of the old Chris-

topher Wren School, like St. Paul's, New York, and Christ Church, Philadelphia, and there might be seen here and there a gothic edifice of some respectable pretensions, like Christ Church, Hartford; but the prevailing style of building was utterly destitute of beauty or any distinctive religious character. I may select as an illustration St. Andrew's Church, Philadelphia, of which I should be sorry to say a disparaging word, with all the tender and hallowed associations connected with the structure; and yet it was more likely to be taken by strangers for a bank than a church when the door happened to be open in the week-time, as, indeed, it sometimes was by persons who wished to get a note cashed. The church was modeled after the temple of Bacchus, with heads of Medusa, indefinitely multiplied, adorning the iron fence in front. Two large bronzed globes flanked the chancel rail, representing the tanks in which wine was wont in ancient times to be kept, with a lofty pulpit in the center, fashioned like an Egyptian cenotaph, with outstretched gilded wings adorning the front—the pulpit being entered by a flight of stairs from the vestry room in the rear. A reading desk, large enough to accommodate a respectable number of clergymen, stood before it, with a recess in front holding a marble slab, which served for the administration of the Holy Communion. The organ was built in the shape of a harp, with gilded strings in front instead of pipes. All these interior decorations and furniture are to be seen no more, while the exterior of the church of necessity remains as it was, and it is certainly a more seemly structure than some of the neighboring churches, built at about the same period. Such a thing as a cross on the inside or outside of a church was not to be seen fifty years ago, and all the interior coloring and decorations, with which we are now so familiar, have come into use within a recent date.

If such "good Churchmen" as I knew in my early days should return to the earth, they would miss some things to which they had been accustomed, and see a great many things that would strike them with astonishment. No more "three-deckers" in the chancel, no more black gowns and muslin bands and black silk gloves in the pulpit, no more collects before the sermon, very few old-fashioned choirs up in the gallery, no

obligatory singing of a Psalm in meter whenever a hymn is to be sung, no more exhortations after sermon, no more depositing of the alms on the floor at the head of the aisle; everything is now converted into a function, the oblations are literally oblated, lifted up, and even the entrance and exit of the clergyman forms a part of the ceremonial. In many of our churches, in place of the simple old Anglican Holy Table, with the Creed, Lord's Prayer, and Ten Commandments inscribed on the wall, he would see a high stone altar with elaborate carvings and ornamentations, with its retable and gilded cross and beautiful flowers and candles and reredos and baldachino and triptych and pyx and cruse or corporal case and cruets and chalice veil and ciborium and superfrontal, and other novelties too numerous to mention. If opportunity offered, he might be told that the proper eucharistic vestments are the amice, alb, girdle, stole, maniple, tunic, dalmatic, and chasuble, and that all these things have a symbolical significance—the amice representing the linen rag wherewith the Jews blindfolded our Saviour, the alb and surplice emblematic of purity, the girdle emblematic of the work of the Lord—to perform which the ministers gird up their loins—the stole represents the yoke of Christ, and is therefore to be reverently kissed before it is put over the shoulders, and so on. If the same "good Churchman" should remain through the entire service, he might see and hear some other things that would astonish him, in the way of clerical dress and genuflections and bowing to the altar and changes of position and manipulations with the hands and fingers and crossings of the breast and various ablutions and intonations of the prayers.

No one can doubt that all this would startle an old-fashioned Churchman; we have become accustomed to these changes gradually, and therefore they do not strike us so strangely. It is to be hoped that there will be some limit to these innovations.

We cannot help admitting that in many respects there has been great improvement in the outward aspect of our public services. The music is of a higher order and better rendered, our Hymnal is richer and more copious, there is more variety and flexibility in our worship and less of monotony and tediousness, both ministers and people are more reverent in their demeanor;

but it is deeply to be regretted that the improvement should be associated with practices that are foreign to the genius of the Protestant Episcopal Church, and sometimes even ludicrous and repulsive. It is difficult to conceive of St. Paul, or any of the original apostles, indulging in certain osculatory and other puerile demonstrations, which seem to have a charm for some of our wise and venerable brethren. It is to be hoped that, after a while, the reign of common sense will return, and the Church be no longer distracted by these follies.

With changes of custom there must of necessity come changes in diction. New words must be invented and new terms come into use. A great deal that we read in the newspapers today would be unintelligible to our ancestors. In some cases there is a special significance in the general introduction of new terms, as, for instance, in the popular substitution of the phrase "celebration of the Holy Communion," instead of "the administration," as we usually have it in the Book of Common Prayer. There can be no objection to this term, unless it is intended to signify that the administration and reception of the sacred elements is not an essential feature of the Sacrament, and that the priest may celebrate and receive alone, as the proxy or representative of the communicants. The same may be said of the use of the word Altar, in place of the Table, or the Holy Table, as we read in the office of the Prayer Book. As a figurative expression it is unobjectionable, but if it is meant to imply that there is a perpetual repetition of Christ's sacrifice by the ministration of an earthly priesthood, we have no right to say, as we do in the Prayer of Consecration: "All glory be to Thee, Almighty God, our heavenly Father, for that Thou, of Thy tender mercy, didst give Thine only Son Jesus Christ to suffer death upon the cross for our redemption; who made there (by His one oblation of Himself once offered) a full, perfect, and sufficient sacrifice, oblation, and satisfaction for the sins of the whole world; and did institute, and in His holy Gospel command us to continue, a perpetual memory of that, His precious death and sacrifice, until His coming again."

It would have startled a "Bishop Hobart Churchman" to have been told that the time would come before long when it

would be regarded as irreverent to receive the Sacrament of the Supper without having fasted for some hours before, and it would have more than startled a Churchman of that school to be told that the day was not very remote when a portion of our clergy would request their people to go to them for private confession and absolution before coming to Confirmation or the Communion. An eminent and excellent Roman Catholic bishop once said to me that he regarded the confessional, as it was practised among us, as a very dangerous institution, and that his own Church would never allow it under the conditions existing in the Episcopal Church. If private oral confession to the priest is to become established in our borders, it is very important that it should be brought under proper regulations and restrictions, both as to the proprieties of time and place and the fitness of the person who presumes to take into his hands the direction of other people's consciences.

The multiplication of bishops and dioceses has been going on at a rapid rate during the last few years, and this not merely by the opening of new fields, but also by the division and subdivision of diocese, and the appointment of assistant or coadjutor bishops. At the time when I entered the ministry there were only four bishops in all New England and New York, where there are now eleven. Four years elapsed from the date of my consecration before another bishop was elected, and of late it has not been uncommon to have five or six new bishops consecrated in a single year. Formerly it was assumed that there must be a diocese in existence, or at least a certain amount of material for the formation of a diocese, before a bishop could be secured, but in these days in many cases we send out our bishops as pioneers to construct the diocese.

This multiplication of small dioceses has an important bearing upon the general legislation of the Church, and in fact it enables a minority to determine what that legislation shall be. Any one of eighteen dioceses, the aggregate statistics of which are outnumbered by the diocese of New York alone, has the power to nullify the vote of that large diocese in the General Convention. This anomalous state of things must be founded

upon the presumption that the diocese is the norm of the Church, and this being so, for some unknown reason all the dioceses, great and small, must stand on the footing of perfect equality. The failure to rectify this one-sided legislation has been so signal as to discourage any further efforts in that direction. A franchise once conferred is not readily withdrawn, especially where the balance of power rests with those upon whom the privilege has been bestowed. Universal suffrage, having been established by law, is irrevocable, no matter what the consequence may be. Before the establishment of the Federal Constitution, under the original Federation, all the states were allowed an equal representation, and it required a radical change in the entire civil organization to rectify the mistake. It is easy to imagine what would be the political aspect of the country today if Rhode Island and New York sent the same number of representatives to Washington.

The number of our clergy who live and die of old age in the same parish is now comparatively small. The frequent migrations from place to place seem in a great degree to grow out of the necessity of the times. The enormous multiplication of feeble parishes, which must struggle hard to give their ministers anything like a decent support, obliges many of our clergy to be constantly on the lookout for some stronger and more lucrative position. It is a serious question, whether, in our efforts to increase the number of our churches, we are not "watering the stock" in an injudicious degree—diffusing our strength, instead of concentrating it. The self-denial and suffering which many of our clergy are called upon to endure is very great, and this comes in a great measure from the planting of half a dozen little parishes, of various sorts, in towns and villages that are just about strong enough to sustain one respectable church. There is such a thing as "multiplying the nation" without "increasing the joy." There is such a thing as drenching the Church with ministers who will always find it difficult to earn their bread. A poor old presbyter, on his way from a little church which he had just resigned under pressure, sat down in my study some years ago and said with a long-drawn sigh, "It is a

most mysterious providence that every parish I have had has died on my hands." It was not much of a mystery to anyone but himself.

The brotherhoods, mission priests, and sisterhoods, which have found a place in our borders, are a striking innovation, and were not dreamed of in former times. They have probably come to stay, for there is a class of people who can work to better advantage in a community, and somewhat apart from the ordinary course of things, than they could as individuals. A tinge of romance tends to relieve the monotony that is apt to attend any form of communal life, and the feeling of separateness from the common throng has its charms. The men and women who are willing to surrender the comforts and delights of a private home, in order to devote themselves to works of charity, deserve to be honored, but there are certain features of this system that ought to be seriously considered. One of these is the lawfulness and expediency of binding one's self in early life to perpetual vows, which, after a time, may become a burden too grievous and heavy to be borne, and perhaps embarrass the man's actions where freedom is greatly to be desired. It is a very grave question whether men and women have the moral right to put their destiny in the control of a superior, and in so doing abjure forever the exercise of their own freedom. Still further, the lawfulness of establishing clerical orders in the Church, claiming the right to act independently of the constituted authorities, strikes at the foundation of our whole system of government. We all know how this assumption has operated in former ages, and there is no reason why it should not work in the same way hereafter. Things have come to a strange pass when a bishop directs one of his presbyters to comply with the requisitions of a canon or a rubric, to have him say that he can not tell whether he will do so or not until he has had time to hear from his superior.

Among the new agencies that have come into being for the quickening of spiritual life, we cannot fail to notice the introduction of what are known as retreats and quiet days and special parochial missions, indicating, as we have reason to hope, the growth of a higher life and a more devout spirit in the

Church. Men of great experience, wisdom, and piety are needed for the direction of such services, and for the public missions we want a style of preacher endowed with the quickening, penetrating, searching power which characterizes the Paulist Fathers in the Roman Catholic communion and the old-fashioned Protestant revivalists. There are men of this description now in the field who are doing a noble work, not only in looking after the desolate and abandoned in their wretched homes, but also in preaching the Gospel with fiery tongues to the multitudes who are gathered into these parochial missions, and we may well bid them godspeed, even if some of their modes and accessories do not altogether suit our taste.

The establishment of guilds and innumerable societies and orders of various sorts is another notable feature of the times. In a multitude of ways the Episcopal Church is reaching out its hands to gather in the neglected classes, the men by the wayside, the strollers in our streets, the non-churchgoers. The parish house, which is now becoming in so many quarters an appendage to the parish church, with all its novel equipment, shows how the range of our work is extending. We are beginning to recognize the fact that we must save the bodies of men if we would hope to save their souls. We are teaching them lessons of cleanliness, taking them out of their rags and clothing them decently, trying to provide for all the departments of their being—the intellectual as well as the moral, the craving after amusement as well as the thirst for knowledge—teaching them how to care for themselves, and so become good workmen, good citizens, as well as good Christians. This is perhaps the most significant feature of our Church work today, and it is reconciling the community at large to the Episcopal Church as no argument could do. It is the introduction of the humanitarian element which is giving us our headway.

As a matter of course the duties of the clergy are very much increased by all this, and the traditionary quiet of the parson's study is fast becoming a myth. I can remember when the parish minister was supposed to have discharged his out-of-door duties if he made a yearly call upon his parishioners, with a few extra visits to the sick and afflicted, read the service and preached

twice on Sunday, opened his church for Morning Prayer on the saints' days if he were a High Churchman; or delivered a weekly lecture and held a prayer meeting if he were a Low Churchman; and perhaps served as a visitor in the public schools. Men of an active temperament might find something else to do, but this was the ordinary routine, and we had no guilds and Woman's Auxiliaries and Girls' Friendly Societies and White Cross Societies and St. Andrew's Brotherhoods and parish houses and relief houses and temperance orders and missionary conferences and ecclesiastical coffee-houses and boys' clubs, and perhaps a dozen other concerns to look after. The array of notices read in many of our churches on Sundays would have sounded as strange in my early days to the men of that generation as it would to the ears of an advanced Puritan, if he should hear repeated on a Sunday morning in the Old South Church, Boston, the same notice that was occasionally read there in early times, when the clerk rose in his place on the Lord's Day to announce the fact that a certain number of swine were missing, with a minute description of their build, and a statement of the reward offered for their recovery.

There are some who think that we are pushing this extra work to an extreme, and that it would be well to give our clergy a little more time for study and preparation for the pulpit, and the good mothers in Israel a little more time for the discharge of their domestic duties. This may be, and still all this extraordinary liveliness is only the effervescence of a fresh zeal that has come into the Church, for which, of course, we ought to be grateful. After a while things will settle down to a more moderate temperature.

I now propose to speak of some of the more vital changes that have taken place in our communion during the last half century. There are a few great foundation truths which cannot be displaced without destroying the fabric of the Church. They are what the Church stands for—that which makes it a Church—and if they are removed, the structure may continue to exist as a school of ethical culture, as a self-organized club, or as a humanitarian society, but not as the Church of Christ.

The fundamental doctrine of the Church is embodied in

the Apostles' and the Nicene Creeds, and in our tests of orthodoxy we have no right to go beyond these symbols and that which is necessarily involved in them. The baptismal office assumes that they contain "all the articles of the Christian Faith" which are essential. These formularies have not been in any way impaired, or their validity seriously questioned within our borders, since the establishment of the Church in America. Individual clergymen and laymen may have denied them, but there has been no tendency in the direction of unbelief. Wise men may have gone deeper into the analysis of dogma, tested its authority more rigorously, dug deeper down in examining the foundations of truth, and attained a truer and more reasonable conception of God. They find in the realms of science and philosophy wonderful confirmations of the essential truths of revelation, and the supernatural is no longer in conflict with the profoundest thought of the age. It is no longer necessary to harmonize science and religion—they give each other mutual support. The one is the complement of the other, and neither is conceivable alone. The spiritual finds its terms of expression in the material, and the material is the outgrowth of the spiritual. Professor Fiske, the distinguished defender of evolution, well says, "Atheism is the denial of anything psychical outside of human consciousness," and atheism has received its death blow. "If it takes mind to construe the world, how can the negative of mind suffice to constitute it?" Not many years ago Frances Power Cobbe said, "It is a singular fact that whenever we find out how a thing is done our first conclusion is that God did not do it." I hardly think she would repeat this today.

But while the foundations of our belief have not been seriously disturbed, it is impossible to deny that there has been during the last fifty years a marked change in the style of preaching. Some familiar topics have dropped out of sight and others come to the front. Certain things, which once looked to us very large, have been dwarfed by the distance of time, and others, as we have come nearer to them, appear much larger than they once did. It is a change in the proportions of doctrine, or rather in its perspective.

The style of preaching which satisfied our grandfathers, and

did them good, does not altogether meet our wants. It was earnest, impressive, searching the conscience to its depths, and yet it seems to have been somewhat thin and inadequate in the expression of truth, dealing too much in a conventional phraseology; not infrequently inconclusive in argument and lacking in comprehensiveness and breadth; appealing to one department of our nature and to one class of motive, and those not always of the highest order.

There was another kind of preaching, which dealt prominently with the moralities and proprieties of life, always insisting that "virtue must be encouraged and vice discountenanced," warning the hearers with great fervency and frequent reiteration against "Rome on the one hand and Geneva on the other," and very earnest in denouncing the heated atmosphere of enthusiasm.

It is worthy of notice that the theological disputes of one age generally cease to be of much interest to the next, or, at any rate, they assume a new form. I can recall the time when the doctrine of baptismal regeneration was a very prominent subject of controversy, and incidentally it was the occasion of a somewhat limited secession from our communion, but since the House of Bishops unanimously declared that, in their opinion, it did not involve any moral change, we have heard very little about it. It is no longer worth while for us to waste our strength in the defense of forms of prayer, as the tendency in almost every quarter is toward a liturgical worship, and where that tendency is to stop nobody can tell. Some years ago a distinguished doctor of music in the Congregational Church said to me that, when the time came for a ritual in their ranks, they would have an advantage in not being restricted as to the use of Latin in their services. A prominent ritualist of our communion once remarked, in my presence, that we need not be afraid of their going to Rome, for they would not be willing, so far as ceremonial went, to stop there; so it may be that our outside friends will, in process of time, go far ahead of us in their forms and ceremonies.

Not long ago we had two well-defined parties in the Church, and there were few who did not hold allegiance to one or the other of those parties. They are now as parties well-nigh

extinct, and I have lived long enough to see the whole process of extinction. It was very gradual, almost imperceptible, but it was inevitable, for the simple reason that we had lost our interest in the points at issue. The great line of distinction was supposed to be the doctrine of justification, and the technical statement of "justification by faith alone" was undoubtedly made most prominent by what was known as the Evangelical party, but no High Churchman ever claimed that he was entitled to salvation on the ground of his own personal goodness—he must have been a very conceited creature if he did—and no Low Churchman would be likely to say that he expected to be saved without possessing some elements of personal goodness. The Low Churchman of the present century was very unlike the Erastian Gallios of a former age, who were called by the same name, and at the time of my entering the ministry the growth of the Church was very much in the Evangelical direction, and it looked as if this party might soon attain a decided ascendency. The restrictions which it had drawn around itself, both in its range of work and its codes of doctrine, its want of sympathy with the tide of thought that was beginning to flow, and the tendency to exclusiveness which is liable to possess all parties, political and secular as well as religious, operated to arrest its growth.

All great truths, in order to be effective, must adapt themselves to the age upon which they are brought to bear, and in some way recognize its prevailing modes of thought, its tendencies and necessities. Christianity is always the same and is always changing. Some people seem to regard the Church mainly as a place of deposit for the preservation of truth—a cistern constructed to hold a certain amount of water, and if we can manage to keep the level at the right gauge we should be content. They ought to remember that the Church which Christ established was meant to be a living stream for the renewal and refreshment of the world—never at rest, and gathering volume and strength from all the affluents of science and art and culture.

There will always be differences of opinion in the Church, as long as men continue to think. One of our leading theologi-

cal schools was recently denounced because, instead of being told by the professors authoritatively what they ought to believe, the students, after having been shown all sides of the doctrine and having the argument in its favor presented in the strongest possible light, were left to the exercise of their own individual judgment. It hardly needs to be said that a faith which is received on prescription indicates nothing, except it be implicit confidence in the doctor who gives the prescription.

There is a dividing line in all enlightened Christian bodies, a right and a left in every Church that has any life in it, whether it be Protestant or Roman, Nonconformist or Anglican. At the basis of this division stands the ground of authority—in other words, the question whether the final arbiter of doctrine is the witness of our spirit to the spirit of God, in accordance with Christ's declaration that if we will do His will we shall know of the doctrine, whether it be true or not, or the assumption that it rests primarily, if not exclusively, upon the accuracy of a book or the infallibility of a man. The authority of the Bishop of Rome in matters of faith is not as yet recognized in our communion, while the Bible continues to be received as the fountain of moral and spiritual truth, the record of the mind and will of God, as it always will be. But still the question remains whether we are to accept the doctrine on the ground that it is found in the Bible, or whether the Bible is to be accepted because the doctrine is found there. Of course our private judgment comes in somewhere, and we must accept the truth, either because we find it or because it finds us: appeals to all that is purest and noblest in our nature, provides for our direst necessities, and lifts us heavenward. This is the great issue today in every quarter, and it is a fundamental issue—something that is worth fighting for.

At first it may startle some of our readers when we say that there has been a change of view during the last generation in regard to the purpose for which Christ established His kingdom on earth. We still believe that it is our great commission "to preach Jesus Christ and Him crucified," to do all that we can to bring sinners to the knowledge of themselves, to convict them of sin and make them loathe and abhor their sin, and then

lead them to the Cross for pardon and salvation and cleansing; but we begin to see that really "to preach Christ" involves something more than the plucking of a sinner here and there out of the jaws of hell. We are more and more impressed with the thought that there are multitudes of human beings all around us who can never be reached by the Gospel so long as their conditions of existence remain as they are. Their bodies must be looked after, as well as their souls. They need a literal baptism of water, as well as a baptism of the Holy Ghost. They must be clothed and fed and brought out of the dreary holes in which they burrow, into the sunlight, where they can breathe the pure air that God made for them to breathe; they must be taught to respect themselves in order to become respectable, and made to feel that there is something worth living for, and that God had a purpose in their creation and cares for them and loves them and follows them with His eye, in spite of all that may appear to the contrary.

And so, as I have said before, we have extended the range of our work and are now adjusting the mechanism of the Church in order to meet the emergency. We are beginning to recognize the fact that the Gospel must be brought to bear directly upon society as well as the individual—its habits and institutions, its mode of doing business, its politics, its amusements, and everything else that pertains to the moral side of our nature.

It is thought by many that the change of tone in the religious life of the age indicates a general decay of spirituality and a growing indifference to the fundamental truths of the Gospel. If this is so, we are in a very bad way, and it is certainly difficult to account for the wonderful increase in our missionary work and greatly enlarged contributions for the extension of the Church of Christ into so many dark quarters where its influence has never been felt before; for the advance in our religious literature, and the increasing hold that the Church has upon the community; and no one with his eyes open can help seeing that the interest in religious things was never more extended and real than it is now.

No doubt there is a good deal of loose thinking, but that

is better than no thinking at all. The man who is groping around in a half-blind way to find the road is more likely to get there than the man who sits still and does not move in any direction. There is nothing more to be dreaded than indifference. When was it seen before in the history of the land that Wall Street in New York and State Street in Boston were deserted for an hour at noonday to allow the merchants and bankers and all sorts of men to go and listen for a while where they could hear something about God and their souls?

I have lived through a great many crises, political and ecclesiastical. I have seen the Church "shaken to its center" more than once, but somehow it rights itself and so goes on its way. There is a great deal of sound common sense still left in the Church. The Church is not going over to Rome to be wedged there, neither is she destined to float off into the shoreless sea of heresy and unbelief. Our clergy and laity are for the most part moving on in the quiet discharge of their duties, undisturbed by any pessimistic predictions of general decay and ruin. They do not believe that the Church is going to destruction because this man wears a colored stole and intones his prayers, or because another believes that there is some discrimination to be used in the interpretation of Scripture. It does not follow that either section of the Church is absolutely sound, or either absolutely unsound. Things are a little mixed in this world. If the Church is the Church of God, it will be saved from ruin; and if it is not, the sooner it goes to pieces the better.

VII. RECTOR OF ST. ANDREW'S CHURCH, PHILADELPHIA (1843-1846)

IN 1843 a call came from St. Andrew's Church, Philadelphia, which was accepted, to the very great sorrow of the large congregation at Grace Church, and in later years Mr. Clark spoke with regret of his desertion of a parish which promised so much.

Soon after his arrival in Philadelphia, Mr. Clark writes: "The clergymen here are an influential element in society and it is the custom of the people to go to church regularly morning and afternoon, and they keep a strict watch over their pastor's behavior and habits, of which I have had some striking illustrations. It is even considered improper for him to attend a concert or sacred oratorio. St. Andrew's is decidedly evangelical in its Churchmanship, and on Saturday evenings a prayer meeting is held in its chapel. Sometimes, on these occasions, the shortcomings of the rector are laid before the Lord. Sunday is no more a day of rest than the old Presbyterian sabbath, for there is Sunday school at nine, morning service and sermon at half past ten, Sunday school again at two, and service at three or four with often another service in the evening."

Sermons written in Boston were found unfitted for St. Andrew's. No proofs were wanted here, but the truths of the Gospel pressed home on the conscience as strongly and earnestly as possible.

Philadelphia, May 1844.

We had an interesting day last Sunday. Fifty-four persons were confirmed, eighteen of whom were men. One was an

old gentleman between seventy and eighty years of age, one of the original founders of the church. The papers will inform you of the terrible state of things here during the past week. The disturbances seem over for the present, though the city is still under martial law and the citizens are requested not to be in the streets after nine o'clock in the evening.

This refers to a great uprising against the Roman Catholics in Philadelphia at that time.

Other Episcopal ministers at this time in Philadelphia were Dr. Spear, Dr. Norton, Dr. Richard Newton, Dr. Tyng, Dr. Duchachet, and Mr. Odenheimer, afterward Bishop of New Jersey.

The election of Alonzo Potter to the bishopric of Pennsylvania occurred in 1845, and Mr. Clark writes as follows in regard to this:

After the accredited candidates of the two great parties were defeated (of which number I was one, though, in the event of my election, I think I should have had sense enough to decline) the name of Dr. Potter was presented to the convention and, to my great joy, he was elected, but only by a majority of one on the part of the clergy. He was a man of noble presence and impressed you as one born to rule. He took great interest in the establishment of educational and humanitarian institutions and was very active in what was known as the "Memorial Movement," which meant the removal of some of the fetters which shackled the Church and impaired its usefulness. I shall never forget the debt I owe to him when, in period of perplexity and doubt, he came to my rescue and showed me where the rock was to be found that could never be shaken.

During the rectorship of St. Andrew's Church a very important meeting of the General Convention was held there.

The House of Bishops numbered only twenty-five and were

comfortably accommodated in the vestry room. The opening sermon was preached by Bishop Ives of North Carolina, who soon after entered the Roman Church. He appeared not to be in a very good humor that morning, for when I conveyed to him a message from the Presiding Bishop, he replied, in a rude way, that he understood his business and did not need advice from any quarter. It was about the time of Dr. Newman's abandonment of the Anglican Church, which of course was the chief subject for discussion. The Rev. Dr. Forbes made an elaborate speech in his defense and shortly after gave in his adherence to the Church of Rome from which, after a fair experiment, he returned discharged, cured.

The contest waged so fiercely that many of the visitors brought their luncheons with them in order to retain their seats for the day.

The great dramatic feature of the convention was the arraignment and defense of the Rev. Dr. Hawks, who had been elected Bishop of Mississippi and who had been accused of gross irregularities in the management of the finances of a great school which he had started and which became a lamentable failure. The church was crowded to its utmost capacity, the bishops filled the chancel, and the hush of death pervaded the edifice as the doctor left his pew and took his place in the aisle, facing the crowd, to plead for his life. Always grand and eloquent, it is easy to understand how eloquent he must have been with such an issue as this before him. It was late in the evening when he closed his touching and powerful appeal and if a vote could have been taken, at once, it is probable that the convention would have signed his testimonials, but Judge Chambers of Maryland said that, judging from his own feelings, they were not sufficiently composed to take action at that time and it resulted in referring the whole matter back to the diocese of Mississippi. He never became bishop.

At the end of three very happy and prosperous years in Philadelphia, came a call from Trinity Church, Boston, which was then in charge of Bishop Eastburn,

who, however, was expected very shortly to resign the parish and devote himself entirely to the work of his diocese. The church was one of great importance. Boston was a city full of many family ties and friendships, and I fancy that the situation offered a little more freedom than had been found at St. Andrew's, so there came the parting with many dear friends, and the return to Massachusetts where, alas, only a bitter disappointment awaited the now distinguished preacher, for Bishop Eastburn decided to remain at Trinity Church, and Mr. Clark became his curate.

VIII. ASSISTANT AT TRINITY CHURCH, BOSTON (1846-1850)

BISHOP CLARK in his *Reminiscences* gives the following account of his return to Boston:

During my stay in Boston, my relations to Bishop Eastburn were of a somewhat delicate nature. The arrangement was that the assistant should read the service once on every Sunday and preach once on that day and also read Morning Prayer on every alternate saints' day, and here his duties ended. I was never asked to preach in the morning when the regular congregation was presumed to be present, except on one occasion when the Bishop told me that, as he had used up all of his ordination sermons, he was obliged to ask me to preach on the next Sunday morning when a young man was to be admitted to deacons' orders. If there ever was a man who never covered up things or did anything under pretenses, Bishop Eastburn was that man. The Rev. Dr. Clement M. Butler told me that on the morning of a Sunday in midsummer he dropped into the robing room of Trinity Church just before service and to his surprise the Bishop asked him to preach. "I am astonished at this," said the doctor. "I thought you never asked anyone to preach in the morning." "That is my rule, but this is a very hot day

Rt. Rev. Manton Eastburn, S.T.D., LL.D.
Fourth Bishop of Massachusetts

and there will be hardly anyone here, and I think you had better preach."

The Episcopal Church was creeping slowly along when I returned to Boston in 1847. The Church of the Messiah and St. Matthew's Church in South Boston were struggling with the trials of childhood. St. Stephen's, a free church for the poor, had been started by the Rev. E. U. P. Wells, a man who sacrificed all of his comfort for the good of others, keeping open house night and day for all the wretched tramps who might turn up, and a chapel for seamen had also come into being. Dr. Croswell was now rector of the Church of the Advent, and had perhaps a more elaborate ritual there than met with the Bishop's approval, for he refused for some time to visit this church until, in order to meet this case, the General Convention enacted a canon making it obligatory upon the bishops to visit every church within their jurisdiction as often as once in three years. With this law, of course, Bishop Eastburn felt himself obliged to comply, but after having confirmed the candidates he addressed the congregation as follows:

"I have now in compliance with the usages of our communion laid my hands upon you. To what extent you comprehend the real nature of this act of dedication and what instructions you have received respecting it, I do not know. . . . You may have been told of these gentlemen in the rear that they are priests in the Church of God. In any real sense you are as much priests as they are. . . . They may have told you that it is your duty to confess your sins to them. You have as much right to insist that they should confess their sins to you." The introduction of any novelties in the Church disturbed him very much. If a flower was seen in the chancel nothing would induce him to enter it, and once when an elderly clergyman began to read the Creed with his face towards the altar the Bishop in a whisper said, "Turn around." But the priest took no notice. He then repeated the mandate in a louder tone, but to no purpose until he insisted that his directions must be complied with or some one else must take his place when, by the gentle compulsion of one of his friends, the old clergyman finished the Creed at the lectern. It was not an

edifying scene. Yet Bishop Eastburn was very strict in regard to certain observances. He would never administer confirmation privately or read the burial office in a private house, and required that all should bow in the Creed at the name of Jesus, and rebuked his curate for wearing his silk gown when catechising the children.

After having served for ten years as the rector of two important churches it is easy to imagine the humiliation and disappointment of Mr. Clark with the present situation. However, he was much appreciated at this time as a preacher, for he says, "I have been preaching a course of sermons of which the people give good heed. Daniel Webster has expressed his desire that one of the discourses which he heard might be published, offering to take a hundred copies for his own use and distribution." Later he writes, "Dined with Daniel Webster last evening."

The following letter was written on Thanksgiving Day, 1847, by Dr. Hoffman, late Dean of the Theological Seminary in New York:

Walked to Boston this morning and heard the Rev. Mr. Clark preach a most eloquent sermon on the completeness, stability, and eternity of God's plans. It was truly a splendid discourse. Would that, if God should spare my life, I should by constant study be able to write and preach as well. I do not think, however, that Dr. Clark preached more than half of the sermon as there was no congregation. It was one of the best sermons I ever heard and it must have taken him a great while to prepare it. They certainly make a great fuss here feasting, etc., but that is the only way they seem to keep Thanksgiving.

For two years he lived on Asylum Street, Boston, where a son was born, who was named John Mitchell

in honor of Dr. John K. Mitchell of Philadelphia, whose family had been his devoted friends. Then for another two years he shared a fine double house by the reservoir in Brookline, which had been built by his father-in-law, Benjamin Howard, and named "Oakwood." Here Mr. Clark found much solace and pleasure, during his leisure hours, working with the old gardener in the beautiful terraced garden. Meantime he received calls to St. Philip's Church, Philadelphia, St. Paul's, New Haven, Trinity, Pittsburgh, St. Peter's, New York, and Christ Church, New Orleans. There was also a proposal to build a new church for him in Boston. At last, in 1850, he accepted the charge of Christ Church, Hartford, after, as he said, "four years of mossy quietude as assistant at Trinity Church, Boston."

The war of 1812 seriously affected the welfare of the shipping merchants, and Thomas March Clark, senior, was obliged in later years to leave his commodious house on Green Street and make his home with his father-in-law, Abraham Wheelwright, who had also lost most of his fortune and moved from his stately house which he had built on High Street to a much smaller one. There Thomas March Clark died on the thirty-first of March, 1850, while his son was serving Trinity Church, Boston. I remember my grandfather as a man of great presence and dignity, and a greatly respected citizen. In a letter to a brother his son wrote:

> Nothing has made Father's departure come home so vividly to my mind as to stroll into the old garden on Green Street now that the trees are in blossom, and see everything there

lying idle and untouched. There are a number of little things about the trees which it seemed he must be soon looking after, and there stood in the doorway his old weeding hoe which he made do its work so thoroughly, to be used by him no more.

I went into the garden between daylight and dark at the very season of the year when he was always most busy and I do not know if any train of associations ever made me feel so forcibly the shadowy nature of all things earthly.

The next morning I visited his grave and there was a certain stateliness in the arched turf which covers the mortal form of one who will ever be hallowed by his children. I had a much keener sense of the reality of our loss in this last visit. There was a great void and nothing to fill it.

Thomas March Clark, senior, was a ruling elder in the Presbyterian Church for forty years, and he was much interested in foreign missions and was president of the Howard Benevolent Society from 1816 until his death. In 1816 a company of missionaries when about to go to Ceylon took tea at his house the Friday before their departure, and had religious services. Dr. Clark's mother was president of the Orphanage Asylum in Newburyport for more than thirty years. The year after her husband's death she went to live with her son, Thomas March Clark.

IX. RECTOR OF CHRIST CHURCH, HARTFORD (1850-1854)

IN a letter to his brother, Mr. Clark says:

> Saturday I accepted Christ Church, Hartford. I had supposed, until a few days since, that New Haven was to be the place, but was driven to the conclusion that it must be Hartford. I sacrificed five hundred dollars a year by preferring Hartford but this will do me no harm. I was laid siege to all last week by the Hartford committee.

Here, Mr. Clark found himself, as he expressed it,

> breathing an ecclesiastical atmosphere in some respects different from both Boston and Philadelphia for, as might be expected, in the land of steady habits, the diocese of Connecticut has been conservative from the beginning. It runs to no extremes, leaning neither to Geneva nor Rome. The Low Church party can hardly be said to exist in Connecticut and there is no large diocese in the Church where there is a less amount of excessive ritualism.

Bishop Brownell was not only Bishop of Connecticut at this time, but Presiding Bishop of the Church.

Christ Church is distinguished for having given to the Church nine bishops: Philander Chase, John Mayhew Wainwright, George Burgess, Thomas Church Brownell, William Ford Nichols, George W. Doane, Horatio Potter, John Williams, and Thomas March Clark. John Williams, who was president of Trinity College in 1850, was afterward Bishop of Connecticut, and became the very intimate friend of Mr. Clark. Another contemporary was the Rev. Edward A. Washburn, a remarkable man and profound student. After a short ministry in the Congregational Church, he entered the Episcopal Church, which he regarded as at once Evangelical and Catholic. His first parish was St.

Paul's, Newburyport, and here a singular situation occurred on the day of his ordination to the priesthood. Bishop Eastburn and the clergy had assembled, the bell was tolling, when, to the surprise of the congregation, the announcement was made that the ordination was deferred. The explanation of this extraordinary proceeding was this: On the previous Sunday the news came of General Jackson's death, and Mr. Washburn, who had lately entered the Church and so was not very familiar with its customs, asked a friend if there was any special collect which might appropriately be used in recognition of the ex-President's death, and was referred to the commendatory prayer in the office for the visitation of the sick. He was accused of heresy for offering this prayer for the dead and it was only after a full explanation that the bishop, on a later day, admitted him to the priesthood.

The distinguished Congregational minister, Horace Bushnell, was also the intimate friend of Mr. Clark at this time and, while writing his book on the supernatural, they met every Monday morning to read and discuss the chapters which had been written during the week.

While in Hartford, the Clarks lived in a house which had been formerly occupied by the family of Pierpont Morgan and which still contained some of their furniture.

While there, their oldest son, Bryant Howard Clark, aged ten years, died after a very brief illness, and it was a long time before his father recovered from the shock. But Christ Church prospered under his administration and crowds came to hear the elo-

quent preacher. In the *History of Christ Church,* by Gurdon W. Russell, the following statements appear:

> The Rector was so popular that crowds were drawn to hear him, especially at the third service in the evening. The aisles were filled with chairs, and yet more room was wanted, and so some of the more enthusiastic members wished to increase the sittings, by moving back the organ into the tower, and taking down the stairs leading to the galleries; according to the plan of the architect these were to be placed in an addition to the building in the east, on each side of the tower. The cost was admitted to be considerable, but the necessity for more accommodation was urgent. . . . Shortly afterward Dr. Clark was chosen as Bishop of the diocese of Rhode Island, and increased accommodations were not found to be necessary.

The Bishop says in his *Reminiscences:* "I had just moved into a new house and was standing on the top of a flight of steps assorting my books on the upper shelf, when a telegram, just received by Bishop Brownell, was handed me announcing my election as Bishop of Rhode Island. I was somewhat startled as I had never heard that I was thought of for the place, and indeed was not aware that the convention of Rhode Island was in session, but so it was, and after a parochial ministry of eighteen years I found myself suddenly called to a new sphere and the discharge of new offices." The vote stood Clergy 16 to 5 and Laity 48 to 16. It had been generally expected in Boston that Dr. Alexander Vinton would be elected.

II. BISHOP OF RHODE ISLAND

I. CONSECRATION

THE Reverend Daniel Goodwin, D.D., who was present on this occasion, gives the following description of the consecration of Mr. Clark, which took place at Grace Church, Providence, on December 6th, 1854:

The scene was most impressive. The church, which was quite new, was considered at that time an architectural wonder, and the many arches of the vaulted ceiling looked down in solemn grandeur on the crowded congregation. Through the first painted windows ever seen in Rhode Island came stealing in the many-colored light upon the heads of the Right Reverend Fathers in the sanctuary. What a gathering that was of the giants, not simply giants in office but also in intellect and spirituality. There were to be seen the tall and stately form of Horatio Potter, who had been for just two weeks Bishop of New York; Henry Washington Lee, Bishop of Iowa; John Henry Williams, Assistant Bishop of Connecticut; George Burgess, first Bishop of Maine, poet, scholar, apostle, and saint; Horatio Southgate, late Missionary Bishop of Constantinople; the stern and austere Manton Eastburn; George Washington Doane, Bishop of New Jersey; and the first Bishop of Vermont, John Henry Hopkins, defender of the faith. But chiefly upon my youthful imagination remained impressed the venerable consecrator, Thomas Church Brownell, *primus inter pares,* Bishop of Connecticut, Presiding Bishop of the Church, but meek and simple as a little child. Then what a glad thrill went through every heart, when there arose, clad in his rochet, the still youthful candidate with his dignified form and motions,

certain and alert. How clearly, like a silver bell, rang out his voice as he promised, in all humility of soul, conformity and obedience to the doctrines, discipline, and worship of the Episcopal Church, closing with the solemn adjuration, "So help me, God, through Jesus Christ"—a promise who will dare to rise and charge him with ever infringing through all of the almost fifty years of his pilgrimage?

II. RECOLLECTIONS OF VARIOUS FRIENDS OF BISHOP CLARK

DR. GOODWIN wrote in the *Church Eclectic* in 1903:

If I were to be asked what about our late father in God excited the greatest personal enthusiasm in myself, during his days of vigor, I should reply "His preaching." He was not in the repulsive common sense of the term but in the true and noble sense "a pulpit orator," born, not made. Sometimes he is said to have been the pioneer in America in breaking away from the old formal stilted style of preaching and adopting a familiar talking one. I do not know how true, as a matter of precedence, this is, but what I do know is that he did it. First you were wholly won by the liquid melody of his voice and then carried along by the brightness and depth and charm of what he said.

I remember once entering a church in New York City where I had no knowledge who the preacher was to be. But before I was fairly within the vestibule and the full swelling organ tones of the speaker fell upon my ear I exclaimed to myself, "That can be no other but Bishop Clark," as indeed proved to be the case.

Whenever, in the old days of his rectorship of Grace Church, notice had been given of his intention to preach on a Sunday evening, the great edifice would be filled to overflowing. If real preaching, as some claim, is a lost art, the late Bishop of Rhode Island will be long remembered as one of the

Sketch of Fireplace

in House at 34 George St., Providence, where Bishop Clark spent the first 34 years of his bishopric

By Helena Sturtevant

last practicers of it, as well as one of the greatest. In how many an ear is his voice resounding still through the misty years.

A bishop is, by eminence, an administrative officer. He is the engineer who keeps the great motive machine of the diocese running smoothly and in order. There were those, at times, who used to think that Bishop Clark did not *govern* enough. They were right too, if, in order to govern, they judged that one must assume a bustling, fussy air and figure, upon one side or the other, in every petty parish imbroglio. He never did that. But he was wise enough to recognize the expediency of letting many matters rigidly alone, trusting that with well meaning and right-minded people, such as he had in his diocese, they would eventually right themselves. He believed, on occasion, in practising pleasantry and cheerful wit. How many of the hard experiences of life—how many of its trying situations—did our worthy bishop bridge over and turn into instruments of good through the soul-easing power of his New England sense of fun.

It has sometimes been a subject of speculation to which of the ecclesiastical parties in the Church Bishop Clark belonged. The answer happily is not easy to give. He had his own decided convictions, but recognized also that others had theirs. Least of all did he believe that, as a bishop, he had any right to be a party man. Hence the result that, with marvelous unanimity, all the people of his diocese—High Churchmen and Low Churchmen, friends of an elaborate ritual and friends of very little ritual at all, together with the great conservative class that lies between—join equally in lamenting his loss. Under this mode or administration, the churches and chapels in Rhode Island have increased threefold, the clergy very nearly the same, and the communicants nearly sixfold.

I have spoken of the popularity of Bishop Clark as a preacher of great eloquence and charm of manner, and I should be committing an unpardonable wrong did I give the impression that the solemn purport of the message was lost in admiration of the messenger. From the first, the simple Gospel truths formed the burden of the Bishop's sermons. He preached with the noblest oratory, but his hearers, gentle and simple,

scholars and common people, saints and others, heard him gladly while through it all he preached to them Jesus and the Resurrection.

Bishop Henry Codman Potter wrote in his *Reminiscences of Bishops and Archbishops:*

A very distinct and a very individual figure in the House of Bishops for nearly fifty years was that of the second Bishop of Rhode Island, Dr. Thomas March Clark, who was in many respects less eminent as an ecclesiastic than as a teacher, a thinker, and a prophet. . . . When he began his ministry the usage in preaching was to be stately, ponderous, and somewhat circumlocutory. The last thing that a preacher dreamed of doing was to call a spade a spade; and when Bishop Clark broke with the accustomed usage it was the introduction of a startling novelty. As a lad I was wont to follow him about with a dog-like devotion when he came to Philadelphia, where in his earlier ministry he had been settled. . . . In the House of Bishops he was not a frequent speaker, but when he rose to his feet, his brethren paused from whatever tasks were engaging them, and gave to him their undivided attention. He saw large questions in a large light; and upon a discussion which was running in somewhat narrow and conventional ruts he would sometimes descend with a few pungent and illuminative sentences which cleared the whole air. . . . His mind had in one word that rare charm which Martineau somewhere depicts in a discourse in which he distinguishes between childishness and childlikeness. Bishop Clark never could be childish, but, in that almost weird sense of wonder which all things in heaven and in earth seemed to awaken in him, he could touch and transform the lowliest things of life and make them pregnant with meaning of every age. His genius was never adequately recognized, but it will never be forgotten by those who felt its spell.

The diocese was so small at this time and the salary so inadequate that the Bishop was expected to serve also as rector of Grace Church, the largest par-

ish in Rhode Island, so his life was an arduous one. As the churches rapidly increased, it became impossible for him to do justice to them, especially as during most of the time he was without a curate, and was expected, once a year, at least, to call upon each parishioner, and to prepare two sermons every week. At last, he succeeded, by his own exertions, in securing a fund which yielded an income of five thousand dollars and so was relieved of much care and could give his undivided attention to his diocese, though he was frequently called upon to deliver lectures and orations, and to speak on occasions of all descriptions, his splendid voice and delivery adding greatly to his impressiveness as an orator.

The occasion of Bishop Clark's visitations was always a delightful one to both rector and parish. There was time enough then for him to devote an entire Sunday to many of the country churches which in those days were reached with difficulty, so the rector could give a full account of the condition of his work and the Bishop could advise and cheer. There are still many people who remember the pleasant evenings when he entertained them with his delightful conversation and endless anecdotes. He was contented under all conditions, whether in palace or cottage. I have heard him say, "I never meet a man who cannot teach me something and I always encourage my host to tell me all about his occupation, whatever it may be." Some slight discomforts he humorously mentioned—such as the musty guest chamber, the feather beds, the hot drinks of molasses and water, and on one occasion, when staying with a wealthy clergyman and after a hard day's

work, the depressing announcement that on Sunday evenings they had no supper but some slight refreshment before going to bed. The wives of ministers with small salaries excited his compassion and it was a great joy, in his later days, when he was able to distribute among them gifts of money from a fund placed in his hands by Mrs. William Gammell.

In regard to Bishop Clark's Churchmanship, Bishop Doane said:

> In my judgment, he was far and away the broadest Churchman in the best sense of the word, almost the only broad one I have ever known, among those who either accept or fall heir to that distinction of Churchmanship, because he had absolutely his own clear and positive convictions and, as absolutely, his recognition of the liberty of other people's convictions, not in the rather contemptuous tolerance of the Broad Churchman, so called, but in the honest acknowledgment of the fact that there are differences of doctrinal positions within the broad lines of the Church and that every man had the same right to his own convictions that he had himself.

Dr. George McClellan Fiske, the most prominent High Churchman in the diocese at the time of the Bishop's death, and also his devoted friend, said, in his memorial sermon:

> Bishop Clark has generally been accounted "Broad," so called, and considered, if any man could be so considered, the founder of the Broad Church school of thought in the American Church, but I scarcely think he would like to be thought of as the founder of a party. There was about him very little of the partisan as generally understood. He was one whom all could claim. His mind was naturally, I should judge, somewhat speculative and adventurous. It was explorative, on the lookout for fresh fields and eager to make and appropriate new discoveries.

At the same time he was a thorough Evangelical in his firm hold on the verities of the "faith once delivered to the saints." On the Incarnation, the Virgin Birth, the Atonement, the Divinity of Christ, and the other articles of the faith, his voice rang true, and his "trumpet gave no uncertain sound." I should say that he was a Broad Churchman in the wholesome sense. He was broad-minded and sweet tempered. He sympathized with the Broad school more in its ideal spirit than in its actual conclusions. He created an atmosphere of love and sympathy and succor.

Bishop Clark was a *great* man. He seemed made for great things, for great dealings with men and affairs. He was born to command. His superb presence, his sonorous voice, his simple dignified manner, at ease everywhere, fitly framed and expressed his many-sided mind. His touch with men of all sorts and conditions, his faculty of adaptation and sympathy, and his intense reality were of the very spirit of power. Full of the Holy Ghost, he seemed animated indeed with the very oil of gladness.

The Bishop looked longingly for all Christians to be one. But he took no narrow view of Christian unity. He was as ready and solicitous to hasten intercommunion between us and the great historic Catholic bodies as he was for us to absorb our spiritual brethren of the various names about us. I am told that his last official act was the preparation of a letter to the ecclesiastical authority of the Russian Church, introducing the Bishop of Fond du Lac, with the view to a friendly conference on the relations of the two great bodies.

So on every side our Father in God bestowed a blessing. Our Roman brethren seemed to recognize in Bishop Clark a true apostolic quality. The late Bishop Hendricken, Roman Catholic Bishop of Providence, told a friend of mine that Bishop Clark was just the man for a bishop, and a pastoral letter of his was read under the direction of the Roman bishop in his parochial schools. It was an unusual and, perhaps, unprecedented act. As his life and work and spirit and example come back to us, we shall see more and more clearly how great he was; how he magnified his office by the truest signs of an apostle, by the purity of his life, by his singleness of eye to the glory

of God. I have served under many different bishops, but under none whose fatherhood in God has been truer, more grateful, and more instructive. He has left us a goodly heritage. Let us cherish it worthily and sustain its luster by following in his steps, who so carefully followed the footsteps of the Saviour.

In his personal recollections of Bishop Clark, the Rev. James Vose, pastor of a Congregational church in Providence, says:

Strong as was his intellect, Bishop Clark was a most large-hearted man. Like Hugo's Bishop Bienvenu, he had faith in humanity and was easily touched with appeals for help. . . . So versatile were his talents and so large his sense of humor and his interest in all the varieties of human life, that it would be strange if he did not sometimes appear to others quite different from their notions of a prelate of the Church. But there were depths in his nature that they knew not how to sound, and whatever he might have seemed to shallow observers, he has left by his writings, words, and life an impression on receptive hearts that can never be effaced. Like all true humorists, he had profound depths of pathos and tenderness. He was a spiritual preacher and loved the larger themes of Christian truth and experience.

Through all the intercourse of later years, I always found him genial and friendly. His wit and humor were overflowing. In the early days of my ministry, I occupied a study in my church and went in and out by the front door. On coming out late one afternoon when the Bishop was passing, he cried out to me: "Young man, I suppose you have been in there holding a private confessional." He was a delightful after-dinner speaker, and at the commencement dinners at Brown University was always a welcome guest. At our Congregational Club one evening, when talking of his early connection with the Presbyterian Church, he remarked that one reason for leaving its ministry was that he could not make the long prayer.

Though free enough in extempore speech, he preferred the use of notes and once said he was embarrassed in trying to re-

member any set forms, so that he could hardly say the Lord's Prayer without a book.

His relations with all religious bodies were most cordial and he had warm friends among the Roman Catholic priests and their bishop. In evidence of this, near the close of his life, when his last effort for the diocese was the establishment of an infant ward in connection with St. Mary's Orphanage, a prominent priest of that communion contributed fifty dollars toward the purchase of beds for the babies, sending children from the St. Vincent Asylum, who, after singing several hymns to the bishop in his study, presented him with a basket of flowers, beneath which were found five ten dollar gold pieces. The following is a letter received from Father Lowney, later coadjutor bishop of the Roman Catholic Church in Rhode Island.

Rt. Rev. Dear Bishop:

I humbly beg you to pardon this tardy acknowledgment of your gracious remembrance of the little orphans at St. Vincent's on the annual Donation Day. Dear Bishop, words are inadequate to express the pleasure which your kindly words and kindlier feelings afforded us on that occasion. Suffice it to say that no gift received was more deeply appreciated than that received from your lordship. It is so kind of you, already burdened with the care of many orphans, to think so kindly of the little ones we are privileged to shelter and care for in the name of Him who was born in a manger because there was no room in the inn for Him.

Your little beneficiaries cannot speak for themselves, and they would have me act as interpreter of their feelings, and convey to you the gratitude which their hearts all the more deeply feel. They shall endeavor to give fitting expression thereto when you deign to honor them with a personal visit, a

pleasure we are all looking forward to with anticipation. We assure you, dear Bishop, a warm welcome awaits you, and you will not be a stranger among us. Although not of your fold, we cannot be unmindful of your noble, disinterested work in the cause of religion and humanity. We have learned to know you by your works and we feel towards you the deepest respect and veneration. We pray God to vouchsafe to you yet many more years of fruitful labor in His service and that you may live to bring to a happy and successful issue the new work you have begun.

A son, Howard Lee Clark, was born in May, 1857.

How out of sympathy Bishop Clark would have been with the present so-called "Modernism" in the Church will be seen by the following letter to a young priest who was losing his faith in the Creed:

My dear Friend:

I have read your letter with very great pain and fear that in my extremely weak condition I am not competent to construct a suitable reply. I highly respect your frankness and honesty and I should be sorry indeed to lead you to assume a position which you could not reconcile with your conscience, and if, when it comes to a study of the supernatural elements in the life of Christ, such as His Resurrection, His birth, and His miracles, you perceive more and more clearly every day the impossibility of accepting them on the ground of the evidence of the Bible alone, it seems to me that you are *not* at liberty to continue in the ministry of the Church. I trust, however, that you will not come to a final decision without giving the whole matter most serious consideration and not until you have passed many hours in communion with God, asking most earnestly for His direction. If the supernatural element is excluded from the life of Christ a large portion of His alleged words and acts have no foundation, and the whole record of His life becomes valueless.

It is a very serious assumption to take such a ground as this. The whole value of Christianity as a religion falls to the

ground. There is left for us no Gospel of redemption and, at the best, we have only the record of a wholesome system of ethics and a spotless life.

If there has been no revelation from above, I know nothing of God, except that which I learn from the inexorable laws of nature and, if so, there are many things which must leave our minds in a state of inextricable perplexity and confusion. Nature has no "bowels of mercy." It makes no distinction between the good and the bad. It makes no provision for repentance and pardon. In the most terrible emergencies, it offers us no word of comfort. It gives us no satisfactory evidence of immortality and it throws no light upon our path in the dark hour of bereavement. If the Saviour is taken away from us the universe is a blank. We can see no sufficient reason to account for our existence, and it would have been better for us never to have been born.

There are conditions of mind in which we cannot help feeling the absolute need of a God who is human as well as divine, one who is not only all powerful, all good, and all merciful, but who has undergone the same kind of trials to which we have been subjected and suffered as we do.

Bowed to the earth under the weight of our sins and sorrow we want to feel that there is One standing close by us to whom we can speak as to a confidential friend and tell Him the whole story of our griefs and fears, confiding to Him secrets which we would not care to tell to any fellow mortal. It does not satisfy us to address ourselves to the *Great First Cause*—the far-off *Sovereign of the Mighty Universe!* We long after One who knows what it is to be tempted like as we are, One whom we know to have spoken words of consolation to the repentant sinner, and One who has wept over the dead as we have. If I cannot go to the Lord Jesus as One in whom dwelleth "all the fulness of the Godhead" bodily, One who has the power to forgive sins and wash me clean from all my stains, I am left desolate. Apart from what has been *revealed* to me, I know nothing of the moral qualities of the Godhead and I know those qualities in their perfection only as they are exhibited in Him who once said, "Whoso hath seen Me hath

seen the Father." If there is no possibility of the supernatural, there is no God, or at least no God who is not restricted by the laws and methods of nature. The world is only a machine wound up to move for a certain length of time without variations of time, as the clock moves.

It is a dreary world where there is no intervention of God and prayer becomes of no account.

I have written at some length and with very great effort but you have been in my mind all through the day. I should be most thankful to God if I could say anything to rescue you from the abyss towards which I fear you are tending.

If you go away from Christ you are going out of the light into the darkness. You are losing sight of your only infallible guide. You are going away from one who can be your only helper in the time when you will be in your greatest need of help. There are deadly perils when your safety depends on His presence and His aid. There are agonies which only the presence of Christ can give you strength to endure. Oh, my brother, I implore you to remember what Christ was to you when you first consecrated yourself to His service! And, if you turn away from Him, who can take His place?

One of the conditions of the diocese in 1854 was that there had been very little observance of Lent, and the Bishop at once arranged union services on every afternoon, two being held in each of the largest churches, Grace, St. John's, and St. Stephen's, when every seat was filled. Also he instituted a celebration of the Holy Communion on the afternoon of Maundy Thursday, in which all of the clergy and a great number of people received the sacrament.

At that period, he says, there were no scruples as to evening Communions and Bishop Chase, of New Hampshire, a High Churchman, wrote me a letter of thanks and congratulation on having ordered this service, expressing the wish that it might become general in the Church and, a little time before, Dr.

Croswell, the first rector of the Church of the Advent in Boston and a prominent leader in the ritualistic movement, administered the Communion at this afternoon's service. I mention this simply to show the changes which have taken place in the customs of the Church during the past fifty years.

It was customary, at this time, to have the full Morning Prayer and Litany before the Holy Communion which, in a large church, when there were a great number of communicants, made a very lengthy service, but the Bishop also made this innovation: "Yesterday, I gave notice that, hereafter, I should commence with the Litany on Communion days, and at our convention last week at Westerly we commenced the third service with the Lord's Prayer."

III. GENERAL CONVENTION OF 1859

BISHOP CLARK recorded his impressions of the General Convention of 1859 held in Richmond, Virginia:

I have no distinct recollection of the first meeting of the House of Bishops which I attended, but the Convention of 1859 is strongly impressed upon my memory. Thirty-three bishops responded to the roll call. Bishop Meade of Virginia took the chair as the senior, and the picture of the bishops as they sat in council is still very distinct and vivid. Somehow it seems that they were not formed after the same pattern as they are today, but this may be because there were so few of them. There was Bishop McIlvaine, who so much resembled Washington; Bishop Whittingham, the conservative Churchman, who would not allow the Litany alone to be read in the churches in Lent unless the priest had previously read Morning Prayer; Bishop Eastburn, Bishop Alonzo Potter, and Bishop George Burgess, Bishop Otey, Bishop Kemper, who labored in the wild Indian settlements of the far west and laid the foundation of

six or seven dioceses; Bishop Polk, who later became a general in the southern army and died as a martyr to what he believed to be true and right; Bishop DeLancey, an old-fashioned Churchman of the Bishop Hobart school; Bishop Elliot, father of another bishop, a genuine southern gentleman of the ancient type; Bishop Johns, the saintly and gentle Calvinist; Bishop Davis, whose presence was a benediction; Bishop Atkinson, a man of calm and solid judgment; Bishop Kip who, though nursed in luxury, gave up all that the world had to offer and became the pioneer bishop in California; Bishop Henry A. Lee, a genuine disciple of Christ; Bishop Alfred Lee, endowed with singular intellectual gifts; and Bishop Smith, who became Presiding Bishop.

I was one of a committee of three appointed in the Convention of 1859 to suggest a practical subject for the Pastoral Letter, the House having failed to agree upon either of the letters which had been presented. We labored over the matter diligently, but could not decide on any one topic which it would be expedient to bring before all of our churches, certain evils being rampant in some quarters that were altogether unknown in other places. Lotteries, card playing, dancing, horse racing, theatrical performances, and some other things were suggested: but just how to discriminate in dealing with these evils—if they were evils—did not appear, and to proclaim a crusade against certain customs, which exist in our large cities, but are never heard of in our little country parishes, did not seem expedient. The result was that the Church was blessed with no Pastoral that year. It is possible that a gentle suggestion of mine as to the matter of *slavery* may have tended to produce this result.

When we separated at the close of this pleasant convention at Richmond, we little dreamed that a crisis was impending during which our Church would be temporarily sundered, and that, at our next gathering, there would be so many vacant seats in the House of Bishops; but the irresistible tendency to union in our ranks was shown in the fact that, when the crisis had passed, without any formal action on the part of the General Convention, and even without any formal negotiations, those who had left us came back quietly, and took their seats as if

nothing had happened. There was not a scar to show where the cleavage in the Church had occurred.

One of our number, however, Bishop Polk of Louisiana, who had joined the Confederate Army, was never to meet with us again. I once asked General Sherman if he had ever met him, and he replied, "Yes, once, when I was the means of his death, for, while the hostile camps were quite near each other and we were taking observations of the movements of the forces, I saw three standing on an eminence, and I told the gunner by my side to send a shot into the midst of the group. Two of the persons retired from the scene, while one man remained quietly standing in his place. I then ordered another shot to be fired, and he fell. In the afternoon I learned from the telegraphic signals that it was General Polk whom I had killed."

IV. THE CIVIL WAR

WHEN the call came from Lincoln, on April 15th, 1861, for 75,000 volunteers "for three months, *only,*" there was a great stir in the city of Providence, as well as elsewhere, and on the Sunday following, the chancel at Grace Church was draped with flags, and a beautiful silk banner decorated the pulpit, while the pews on either side of the middle aisle were filled with the reserves of the First Light Infantry, the Westerly Rifles, and the Woonsocket Guards. And every available space and even the sidewalks were crowded with people, all of whom joined heartily in singing "My country 'tis of thee."

At the close of the service came the Bishop's address:

Soldiers of Rhode Island, men and women of Rhode Island, you saw such a sight yesterday (the departure of the First Regiment, which he had already addressed) as your eye never rested on before. It was a day of darkness and of gloom, and

yet it was a day of splendor and sublimity. It was a day which our children will remember as long as they live, and talk about to their children's children; and now I address another body of men equal in numbers, equal in position, equal in courage, equal in every element which goes to form the good citizen and good soldier, with those who have gone. My friends, most of you are very young, and you are called to take up your cross early in life. Remember in leaving us how solemn is the trust we commit to you. All that is dear to us, all that is honorable is in your hands and yet, let me say to you, cherish no evil feeling against your foes. I regret to use the word *foe,* or any equivalent to it, in speaking of those with whom you are to contend, because, as I said yesterday, they are our brothers. I have thought if these men could look in upon us, and hear our talk and lay their hands on the heart of our people, if they could come into such a service as this, I do believe it would turn the current, and they would say to those foul rebels who have led them to this crisis: "Back to your dens and herd with the rattlesnakes whom you have kindled into hellish life."

Cherish no evil feelings against them. Be chivalrous as well as brave, kind to those who are defeated, tender in compassion to all to whom you can render any service, consistent with what is due allegiance to your flag. And let me say, because you are *young* men, beware of the evils of the camp. Away from the restraints of home, away from the salutary influence of public opinion, there is great danger of forming habits which will cling to you through your lives, and perhaps drag you down from the moral eminence where you stand today. Beware of profanity, one of the easily besetting sins of the soldier. Beware of intemperance. Beware of all forms of licentiousness.

Soldiers, in the name of the citizens of this state, I now bid you farewell. God bless you and protect you! God bring you safely home to us again! But if it be otherwise ordered, if through sickness, or the violence of enemies, or any evil to which you may be exposed, you should never return, we will hallow your memory; we will cherish your name in our hearts, and we will provide for those you may leave to our care as brothers and as fathers. It is a solemn hour for us; such an hour as we

never knew before. There is mingled, in this service, the notes of the dirge with the lofty paen of patriotism which God has infused into mankind. Now go forth and do your duty like men, like Christian men. Be always ready to die, and that you may be so ready, keep your hearts in a state of preparation, that if ever the trumpet sounds which calls you upward from the field of battle, and the angels come to bear your liberated souls away, you will be able to say, "Lord, I am ready."

The following prayers were set forth by the Bishop, to be used in the churches during the national troubles:

Almighty God, the Supreme Governor of all things, whose power no creature is able to resist, and in whose hands are the destinies of nations, we implore thy merciful interposition in behalf of our beloved land. Give to our rulers the wisdom and prudence which they need in these days of perplexity and gloom. Strengthen the union of our several states in all brotherly consideration and harmony. Save the nation from anarchy and sedition and from internal dissension and strife. May peace and quietness, loving kindness and harmony, prevail among all conditions of men and between all sections of our country. Restrain all evil passions. Give us grace seriously to lay to heart the great dangers we are in by our unhappy divisions. Take away all hatred and whatsoever may hinder us from godly union and concord; that, as there is one body and one spirit and one hope of our calling, one Lord, one faith, one baptism, one God and Father of all, so we may henceforth be all of one heart and of one soul, united in one holy bond of truth and peace, of faith and charity, and may, with one mind and one mouth, glorify Thee through Jesus Christ, our Lord.

O Lord, great and glorious, that sittest on the throne, judging right, we make an appeal to Thy divine majesty, that Thou wouldst take our cause into Thine own hand, and deliver us from the great dangers wherewith we are compassed. Let not our sins now cry against us for vengeance, but hear us, Thy poor servants, begging mercy and imploring Thy help, and raise up Thy power to be now and evermore our defence. Give to our

rulers the wisdom and strength which they need in these days of perplexity and gloom. Bring to naught the counsels of evil men. May the supremacy of law be speedily vindicated in every portion of the land. Save our heritage from reproach, and our government from destruction. May our soldiers be embued with courage, and all of our people with the spirit of sacrifice and self-denial. Give success to the right, O Lord God, bring light out of darkness, and make it appear that Thou art our Saviour whom I trust, who subdueth the people under me. . . .

The *Church Journal* published a letter from a correspondent in Chester, North Carolina, who wished to thank the Bishop of Rhode Island for his recent pulpit efforts bearing on our present national crisis. The letter exalts them above many similar discourses he has heard and desires for them a wide circulation. He says: "They are all characterized by a just appreciation of southern people and institutions, of the policy and working of our government, and of the causes which have brought among us our troubles and dissensions. We would they were all published in pamphlet form and widely circulated. If the men of the North had all possessed that spirit of love, conciliation, and justice which the good Bishop manifests, the union would never have been broken, or our Church divided. The Bishop of Rhode Island and his gallant little state have won for themselves a good name among our Southern people."

At the end of three months came the defeat at Bull Run, the first battle of the four years' war which was to follow, and the battered First Rhode Island Regiment, with many missing from its ranks, came sorrowfully home. They were greeted, however, as conquerors, and as they came through the streets, with

Burnside at their head, shouts of applause came from the crowds, flowers were thrown from the windows, and a wreath placed around the neck of the colonel's horse. Then again, the soldiers gathered in Grace Church, the service being held toward evening. The chancel, pulpit, and organ loft were draped in black and upon tablets appeared the names of Slocum, the Colonel of the Second Rhode Island Regiment, who had been killed in action, and of Prescott, who was among the missing. He had been a devoted teacher in the Sunday school of Grace Church, where a tablet to his memory may still be found upon the wall of the new building. Upon the drapery in the chancel were these words: *"Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori."* Many of the families of the deceased were present, besides the field officers and staff of the First Regiment.

Bishop Clark, who had gone to Washington with the Second Regiment in June and lived for a week in their camp, spoke from the depths of his heart:

> We are very sorrowful today, but do not feel that we are forsaken—cast down, but not destroyed. So far as the nation is concerned, we have met with a temporary reverse, but I am sure it is a reverse which insures to us final victory. It has taught us the very lesson which we needed to learn in order to make our triumph certain and complete. It is only a painful wrench which has tightened the northern nerve, and now you will hear the tense cord reverberate as it never did before. We understand the solemn issue before us and we shall meet it, let the sacrifice be what it may. Our brothers' blood cries to us from the ground. We do not mean that it shall be shed in vain. The offering is so precious that we will not allow it to be wasted. We have given so much to save the nation that we must give more. Our next movement will be the roll of a mighty

avalanche, and it will crunch the forests where rebels lurk, as if they were a bundle of reeds. Where one piece of artillery has been lost, there will be ten forged to take its place. Where one man has fallen, there will be twenty to rush forward in defence of our flag. Devoutly and solemnly, we shall chant the ancient war song of Israel, "Blessed be the Lord, my strength, which teacheth my hands to war and my fingers to fight, my goodness and my fortress, my high tower and my deliverer, my shield in whom I trust, who subdueth the people under me. . . .

I am unwilling to close without giving expression to the sympathy of our whole community for the wounded and the missing who are left behind and for the anxious friends among us who wait for tidings of them with aching hearts. May God in His mercy soon relieve them of their suspense and restore to us our brothers. We commit them all to His gracious keeping, and may the hand of Jesus shelter them from harm. We will remember them in every prayer and, if our strong cryings and supplications can prevail, they will be safe under the shadow of the Almighty; but in the midst of our anxiety and grief, it is fitting that we render to heaven our tribute of gratitude in behalf of those who are restored to us in health and safety, though they come back with the burden of awful scenes on their minds, mourning for those whom they have left behind, with broken ranks, tattered banners, heavy limbs and saddened hearts, but they come covered with honor. . . .

Around one hallowed spot, reddened with the blood of their comrades, and where the honored remains of the fallen sleep, their thoughts and ours will often linger, when the morning sun gilds it with brightness and, when the moon bathes that sacred burial place with her soft silver light, we will turn our eyes toward it, as the shrine of all that is holy, noble, and true.

During the two weeks in June, 1861, when Bishop Clark went with the Second Rhode Island Regiment to Washington, the following letters were received by his wife:

My dear Caroline: We arrived at three this morning and

I have breakfasted in General Burnside's hut and now seat myself in the same spacious edifice to tell you of our adventures. The last thing which I saw as we swung off from the wharf in Providence was a rush, on your part, back to the wharf to see us start. We had a quiet sail to Newport, but the boat was uncomfortably crowded, so we sent some companies to the steamer *Metropolis,* after which we got on very well. The soldiers sang occasionally and behaved in all respects with great propriety, with one exception. He was a hard case and the Colonel (Slocum) had to lash him to the mast till he reached New York, where he was let loose on shore. On approaching Elizabethport, we ran into the mud, and there it was said we must remain for some hours until the tide had time to rise, but, before long, a huge ferryboat put off from the wharf and took us to our trains. It required two hours to get our cars under way. We started with ninety-two cars in three separate trains. The sight was magnificent, and everywhere, as we moved along, the workmen stopped digging in the fields, children rushed to the doors, and the whole population turned out, keeping the air ringing with shouts and huzzas. We made tardy progress, and did not reach Baltimore until nine o'clock last evening. Yesterday, in order to pass away the time on the boat, I suggested that we should get up a court martial, and Colonel Slocum had Captain Reynolds, of the Light Battery, regularly indicted and tried. The whole thing was carried out with perfect conformity, and made a great deal of amusement.

We had a terribly hot, but triumphant march through Baltimore that night. Not a gun was loaded in the whole regiment and nothing greeted us but huzzas for the Union, Yankee Doodle, Governor Sprague, and Rhode Island. The aspect of the people in the country, after we entered Maryland, was very interesting. As we passed along over the road where every bridge had been so recently burned by the Rebels, and United States troops were stationed all along the line, the enthusiasm for the Union seemed greater than at any point. The action of the Negroes was peculiar; they rarely shouted, but just dropped their hoes and stood bareheaded, in silence, sometimes with their

hands clasped and lifted a little as if in prayer, and sometimes with one arm raised almost straight in the air.

Our ride from Baltimore last night was very exciting. We got away about midnight. The moon made it almost like day, and, as we passed the sentinels, the splendid and vast encampments with their white tents and smouldering fires, it seemed like history and romance made real. The arrival and reception here this morning, in the gray of dawn, was still more impressive. We took a carriage and drove at once to the camp of the First Regiment. They had just sounded the bugle to call the men out to receive us and everything seemed like magic.

June 24th, 1861.

The reception of the Second Regiment at the camp was most impressive. The day had not dawned, so that we could not distinguish the faces of the men when the soldiers emerged from their huts and drew up in line to meet their comrades. In a few moments we heard the distant sound of music approaching from the Capitol. The Second Regiment soon marched into the ground, and as they filed before the ranks, one shout after another rent the air while the music of our band mingled with that of the other. In a few moments the ceremony of reception was over and the men scattered over the field to find their old friends and talk over matters and things at home. Breakfast was soon ready, and a hungrier set you never saw. No rations had been served for twenty-four hours, and they were all ready for the onslaught. I took my breakfast in the tent with Colonel Burnside and a few others. We had tin plates, mugs, and were served like the common soldiers. I then strolled around the camp to meet the Providence boys, and I can tell you the greeting was hearty. Captain Prescott took me around to see the cooking arrangements, which are a curiosity, in fact everybody turned up somewhere, and we had a rich time.

In the afternoon we had a flag raising in the quarters of the band, and of course I made a speech. The Second Regiment had their tents raised in a beautiful grove in the rear of the other camp and adjoining it. They look splendidly as they are ar-

ranged, but not at all like the camp of the First Regiment. The dress parade, last evening, was much more elaborate than what we saw in Providence last week, and the newcomers look on admiringly to see how much better the veterans understand it than they. At this moment, I hear the drum beating, and see the soldiers mustering for inspection. Last night I drove into Washington with Colonel William Goddard, who is very popular and useful here. This morning I preach to the boys. Father Quinn is very attentive, and offers to share his quarters with me. The location of the camp is magnificent. All the main points of interest are in full view. It is thought that, if we are to have a battle, it may occur in a few days.

Two years after, the Bishop wrote:

The Second Regiment, with which I went to Washington, returned on Saturday evening consisting of about one hundred and fifty withered men and ten battered banners. A sorry sight! They have been in innumerable battles.

June 24th, 1861.

The camp is all quiet, and I am writing in my tent by the light of a candle stuck in a bottle. It all seems like a romance, and is a new experience. At twelve o'clock, the Colonel is to send a corporal for me, and I am going with him on what is called the grand round, which consists in a compassing of the camp, in order to test the faithfulness of the sentinels. I am determined to see the whole of military life now that I am here. We had both regiments together at service, with quite a company from Washington, and I preached a short extempore sermon. The music was splendid, with the accompaniment of the full band. At evening parade, the general order was announced that, in consideration of the services of the Rt. Rev. T. M. Clark, etc., the camp should be known as Camp Clark. This is something new under the sun, a camp called after a bishop.

This morning, I drove to General Mansfield's headquarters, where we procured a pass into Virginia. We went first to the entrenchments at Georgetown, then to Arlington Heights, where General Lee, the rebel, resided, and whose house is occupied by a New York regiment. Toward evening, I went up to

the White House, and both of our regiments and batteries marched into town and were reviewed by President Lincoln. I stood by his right hand through the whole ceremony, and was much pleased with his demeanor. Tomorrow morning I am going to call upon him, by appointment. The parade of the regiments through Pennsylvania Avenue was said to be the finest military display that has yet been seen in Washington.

I took tea with Father Quinn this evening. He is very pleasant and polite, and does for me every kindness in his power. A battle is expected every day in this vicinity. The President and General Scott are reported as saying that, if there is a general battle here at all, it must take place between two or three days. One or two regiments enter this city daily, and the force will soon be overwhelming. The Rhode Island regiments are great favorites among the people.

It is now near midnight, and all that I can hear is the stamping of the horses who are bivouacked near my tent, and an occasional call from the sentinel. If I should hear these heavy guns fired, I should know that it is the signal for the immediate mustering of all the troops in the vicinity. I am getting strangely familiar with all the details of camp life, and have enjoyed the whole thing very much. Now for the grand round.

Bishop Clark became a member of the Sanitary Commission during the Civil War, which met at intervals in Washington. It consisted of ten or twelve men, among whom were Drs. Van Buren, Agnew, and Newbury, Professor Walcot Gibbs of Harvard, Mr. Horace Binney, Jr., Dr. Samuel G. Howe, Prof. Bache, George T. Strong, with Dr. Bellows as president, and Frederick Law Olmstead as secretary. It was the most gigantic charity the world had ever known, and in the disposition of its stores and in the services rendered to the sick and wounded, the commission made no distinction between friend and foe. A beautiful and impressive letter was once read to the commission written

by General Lee of the Southern Army, acknowledging the various kind offices which had been rendered to the men under his command, in the hour of pain and sorrow.

While in Washington, Bishop Clark occasionally saw President Lincoln, and of one visit he writes:

I called at his private office, soon after breakfast, and found him at his writing desk with a loose dressing-gown about him. After one or two general remarks he said, "I can hardly tell you how relieved I am this morning. I have just finished my message to Congress, and now that is off my mind."

I told him I was sorry he had called this extra session of Congress, for nobody could tell what mischief it might do, and I wished he would take the whole responsibility into his own hands, for I was sure the nation would stand by him if he did. He answered, "I have called this Congress because I must have money. There is Chase, Secretary of the Treasury: sometimes, he calls for a million of dollars in the course of twenty-four hours, and I can assure you that it is not an easy matter to raise that amount in a day." He then continued, "The result of this war is a question of resources. That side will win, in the end, where the money holds out longest, but if the war should continue until it has cost us $500,000,000 the resources of the country are such that the credit of the government will be better than it was at the close of the war of the Revolution, with the comparatively small debt which existed then."

Suppose someone had whispered in his ear, "This war will go on until it has cost the nation nearer five *thousand* million than five hundred."

On another occasion, when Mr. Lincoln was asked what could be done for the exchange of prisoners, he said, "I feel just as you do about this matter. I don't like to think of our men suffering in the Southern prisons, neither do I like to think of the Southern

men suffering in our prisons; but you don't want me to recognize the Southern Confederacy, do you? Well, I can't propose an exchange of prisoners without recognizing the existence of the Confederate government." The Bishop asked, "Why is this necessary any more than it is when you send in a flag of truce?" The answer was, "I never sent a flag of truce; the government has nothing to do with that. It is done by the officers of the army on their responsibility." "If this is so, why could not the matter be accomplished in another way? A while ago the Southern authorities sent back fifty-seven of the sick and wounded prisoners in their hands, whom, of course, they were glad to get rid of, and someone at once sent back the same number of men whom we had in confinement. Why cannot this be followed up until the board is cleared?" Lincoln answered, "I will tell you why it cannot be done at present; I have not capital enough on hand to discount."

V. EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS WRITTEN BY BISHOP CLARK DURING THE WAR

Washington, September 6th, 1861.

I FIND that our duties on the commission are no sinecure. We meet at 10 A.M., and adjourn at 10 P.M., with short intervals for meals. This evening, I have an appointment with General McClellan in order to arrange with him for an inspection of the whole army. He is the busiest man in the world, and Burnside is constantly with him. He told me he rode forty miles on horseback yesterday.

They are now very busy throwing up entrenchments. Everything is going on with great vigor, and it is not thought that any attack will be made by the enemy. They are rather melting away. You cannot know anything through the papers. I found

that the people here did not even know that entrenchments are in progress all along the Potomac, on this side, toward Banks' Column. I am in the way of getting much knowledge of matters and things, but I do not like even to write you all that I know.

By universal consent our Second Regiment is here allowed to stand in the front rank of the army. General McClellan made a little speech to them the other day, and said that he considered them the cream of the whole army. They are all ready and anxious for another fight.

We hold our sessions in a delightful room in the Treasury Building, and just now are engaged in making arrangements for erecting cedar posts at the head of every grave where a soldier is buried on the field, and his name is to be branded on the same. We have also petitioned the Secretary of War to arrange at once for 1,500 additional hospital beds, so as to be ready for the emergency of another battle in this vicinity. The present hospitals are now full.

I am astonished at the range of subjects brought before the commission. It is of immense importance and efficiency.

September 7th, 1861.

The Rebels are now packing up and appear to be starting in some direction or another from Manasses, but whither no one can tell. This fact was brought to the General last night by his spies; don't make it public from me. General McClellan sent me a copy of a general order he was about to issue, of great interest to the public. I thought that the style might be a little improved, and, accordingly, I took the liberty of rewriting it. Burnside says it is greatly improved, and has no doubt that McClellan will be glad to adopt it.

It seems as if every department of the army comes under our notice, and I am getting thoroughly posted in regard to all the details of the campaign. Every kind of defect or abuse is brought to us, and then we communicate the facts to the respective departments. The public has not the slightest conception of the range and power of this commission. Tomorrow I shall preach at the camp and 5 P.M. in Washington. The commission all dine

together this evening with Professor Bache. They are a very genial and able set of men.

September 9, 1861.

Yesterday, I drove to Camp Brightwood to preach once more to the Second Regiment. Their greeting was as cordial as could be, and I found a large and distinguished company of visitors from the city and neighborhood. While we were singing a hymn, we heard strains of splendid music down the road, and presently the Massachusetts Tenth and the New York Thirty-third, with the State and National flags flying, marched onto the ground. This made a congregation of some thousands and, with the tattered Bull Run flag of the Second Regiment floating over my head, I preached a very short and indifferent sermon. The scene, however, was superb, and to see the emblems of the several states mingled together, as they were, made my blood thrill. I dined in camp and stopped for a few moments, on my way home, at the old place where our Rhode Island regiments were quartered at first. It seemed very sad and desolate. At five p. m. I preached at the Church of the Epiphany, the center of Secession in Washington. The rector is from Georgia, and Jeff Davis and other men of like stamp have their pews there. The congregation was large and attentive. I did not know the character of the church until I returned to the hotel, when great surprise was expressed that I should have been in such company.

September 10, 1861.

The commission visited the hospital this afternoon at our old camp ground and then went over to inspect the Second Rhode Island regiment. We remained through the dress parade, after which Dr. Bellows made a short but admirable address to the soldiers. The exercises closed with prayer and the singing of Old Hundred, accompanied by the band. The members of the commission were very much impressed with the whole scene, and the effect upon the regiment must be good. Governor Sprague arrived this morning and has gone to the camp, but I have not yet seen him. General Porter has sent me an urgent invitation to come over and see him. He is on the other side of the Potomac near the enemy's lines. I am going after dinner,

if Burnside is at leisure. Colonel Marcy, General McClellan's aide and father-in-law, has promised to send me, today, a pass which will take me anywhere. New regiments continue to arrive every day. I think there are as many soldiers in this vicinity as could possibly be handled to advantage.

Yesterday afternoon I saw the Secession flag for the first time. Their entrenchments, on Munson's Hill, are distinctly visible from our hospital, and their flag is easily seen with the naked eye. Everything in Washington continues quiet. There is no evidence whatever of excitement. Long files of United States wagons wend their slow way through the streets. The military patrol, in little squads, occupy the corners and guard public places. An occasional company of cavalry dashes along, but hardly any one looks up to see what is going on. There are detectives in all quarters looking for spies and rebels, or "shadowing them," as the phrase is here. On Sunday, Burnside pointed out to me a plain-looking man and said, "That is one of my shadows."

March 5, 1862.

The army of the Potomac has not yet moved, but every preparation is made to do so just as soon as the guards will allow. At present, they are in shocking condition. I am sorry to find that the general confidence in McClellan is so much impaired here. Many think that he is aiming to conciliate the South with an eye to the next presidency. I do not believe a word of it. I hope to see him while I am here. It seems like getting out of the stream of excitement into a quiet pool to be here in Washington. No one is excited about anything.

New Orleans will be taken within a month, the authorities say. How the movement is to be made in that direction, I cannot find out, simply because no one knows. The commission is just assembling with some new members from the west.

March 6, 1862.

I have just attended General Landers's funeral. There was a splendid military display, and the services were held in the Church of the Epiphany. The President, Cabinet, General McClellan, and all the other great people were present. While

I write, I hear the music of the procession returning. I was called to make the address on this occasion, and did so, standing close by McClellan, whose eye I did not lose for a moment. I am getting behind the scenes and could write a startling letter to the *Journal,* if it would do.

March 7, 1862.

I had an interesting visit last evening at General McClellan's, and ventured upon a little advice, which he received kindly. He told me that he should move very soon; that he did not care, *personally,* for all the criticism and pressure brought to bear upon him, but what he most apprehended was positive order from the President which he should be obliged to obey, whatever his own judgment might be. I think that he is a little depressed, not at the general condition of affairs, which could not be better, but with the abuse heaped upon him. Somebody, of course, tells him all the disagreeable things which are said about him.

This morning I breakfasted with Mr. Chase. He was very confidential, and says the expenses of the government next week, that is for six days, will be $24,000,000. My address at General Landers' funeral seems to have given general satisfaction. I have been requested to preach at the Capitol on Sunday, but have declined. Movements of the army are going on with increasing rapidity; thousands cross over the Potomac every day.

September 16, 1862.

Yesterday there was great exultation over McClellan's bulletin, but this morning there is much fear lest Harper's Ferry has been taken by the rebels. General Halleck was extremely anxious last evening and says that, if Harper's Ferry is taken, the enemy will get possession of an immense quantity of valuable stores. There is intense dissatisfaction here with the administration. The President reads no newspapers and cannot be convinced of the truth. He told General Banks this morning that he feared Harper's Ferry had surrendered, and, if so, it offset all the victories we have just obtained.

A prominent man said to the President the other day: "Sir, do you know that you and your cabinet are within a mile of

hell?" "Well," he replied, with his usual skill in repartee, "that is just the distance between the White House and the Capitol."

VI. LAST YEARS OF THE WAR

DURING the last years of the war, vessels suddenly appeared in Narragansett Bay loaded with more than two thousand wounded and invalided men for whom provision had been made on shore, at short notice, at a place then called Portsmouth Grove, and which now is called Bradford, a few miles from Newport, Rhode Island. All at once the retired spot became a center of life, and the Bishop, as a member of the Sanitary Commission, had a kind of oversight of the place and went a great deal among the soldiers. Among the inmates of the hospital were a number of Confederate prisoners, but there was nothing to distinguish them from the rest of the soldiers. They went about with the same freedom and were treated with much kindness, but they were very homesick, and they asked the Bishop if they might not be sent back, when able. He accordingly applied to the authorities in Washington and was told that they were desirous to find as many prisoners as possible for the purpose of exchange, but had not known before that there were any in Rhode Island. And so the order was given by telegraph for the immediate transportation of these men to headquarters. Before going, they published an article in the local papers, written by an accomplished actor from New Orleans, expressing their gratitude for the kindness with which they had been treated.

In the grove where many of the trees still remain, were laid the bodies of numerous soldiers, both north-

ern and southern, *one* sea-shell marking the resting place of the Confederates and *three* those of the Federal army. That was all, and now the graves are forgotten. The Bishop's daughter sang the hymns there on one occasion when her father read the burial office.

As the fourth year of the war dragged wearily and hopelessly on, the Bishop, who was brought in such close touch with all its sorrow and distress, became much depressed and was full of an intense desire that in some way it should be brought to a close. The following extract from a sermon preached in Grace Church at that time gives expression to his state of mind:

> We have sinned in that we have, to a great extent, banished God from our councils and divorced Christianity from statesmanship. We have built a stupendous engine and left out the regulator. It is not strange that we have an occasional explosion. I think the world has found out where we are weak. We are not weak in numbers or resources, but we are weak in that efficient action which comes of faith, earnestness, self-denial, or unity of purpose. We have made many awful sacrifices to no purpose. We follow up nothing so that it tells upon the final issue. The fault is laid here, there, and everywhere, and there are none so positive in their censure as those who know nothing of the facts. Oh, that the unity of the nation might be restored in the bond of perpetual peace! We will sacrifice everything but principle to this. Blow from the south the winds of God and carry back the message of fraternity and peace! Scatter the darkness, roll away the clouds, and give unto all once more the sunshine of tranquil rest! Under the shadow of Thy wings make our refuge. O God, give us peace.

Then, on that morning in Holy Week when came the news of Lincoln's death, he exclaimed in despair, "Now the country is in ruins."

The Bishop never recovered from the distressing experiences of the war, or the apprehension they created in his mind for the future welfare of the nation. They find expression in addresses delivered as late as 1890:

It is a comfort to know that one great cause of strife will trouble us no more, and yet the days of storm may not have ended. Dark clouds still linger on the horizon, and no one can tell how soon they will discharge their fiery bolts. The questions at issue today concern the great multitude who will control legislation, as soon as they learn how to exercise their power, and who can tell what will be the result! It is our boast today that we are the richest country on the face of the earth, and yet, at periodic intervals, there are terrible financial crises which arrest the processes of trade, stop the wheels of our factories, reduce the millions of working men to want, destroy the value of investments, rob the farmer of his markets, ruin multitudes of helpless widows and orphans, while, at the same time, the earth continues to yield abundant harvest, and the warehouses are glutted with products for which there is no sale. All forms of excess are followed by a corresponding reaction, and that is the trouble now in the financial world. The nation is not rich, because it contains a handful of very rich men. According to the most reliable estimates, the average annual income of the hundred richest Americans cannot be less than $1,200,000, and probably exceeds $1,500,000. It may safely be estimated that 200,000 persons control seventy per cent of the national wealth.

Is this a desirable condition of things? Does it accord with the teachings of Christ? Is it what might have been expected as the result of those teachings? In New York City there are, at this time, one thousand and one hundred and three millionaires worth from one to one hundred and fifty millions each, while more than two-thirds of the population live in tenement houses. If, "in this piping time of peace," things continue to drift as they are now drifting for another twenty-five years, when the

millions will have become billions, the mountains rising higher and higher all the time while the dead level below remains immovable and perhaps sinking instead of rising, what must we expect? The reign of anarchy means reign of ruin, but it can be averted if Christians, or if all who prosper and call themselves Christian, will obey the precepts and follow the example of their Master. *Absolute* social equality is a dream that has never been realized, and never can be realized, and never ought to be, but the enormous inequalities in the temporal condition of God's children are a libel upon Christianity. These inequalities were never so stupendous as they are now. The wealth of Croesus was estimated at only $8,000,000, while there are seventy American estates which average $35,000,000 each.

The nabobs of the late Roman republic became famous for their immense fortunes, but the entire possessions of the richest were not equal to the annual income of at least one American. If it is true that things alter for the worse inevitably unless they are altered for the better, designedly, what must we look forward to in the future, if we sit down inertly and just let things slide?

VII. THE FIRST GENERAL CONVENTION OF THE CHURCH AFTER THE WAR

(Extracts from the Bishop's Letters to His Wife)

Philadelphia, October 9, 1865.

Thus far everything is quiet and fraternal in the House of Bishops. The action as to the South was unanimous; but it is doubtful whether it will be so in the other House. Bishops Atkinson and Lay are sitting here as quietly as if nothing had happened. Bishop Gregg of Texas is on the way, but has not yet reached here. Nothing could be more kind or Christian than the temper of all the bishops. Dr. Balch gave a great dinner at his hotel on Friday in honor of the Bishop of Montreal. About twenty-five were present and we had toasts, speeches, etc. I dined with Dr. John K. Mitchell. Old times seem to have returned.

October 13, 1865.

We have got around the corner of our main difficulties and the action of both Houses, on the main points at issue, has been, strange to say, unanimous. The Episcopal Church in this country is one again. I have taken a somewhat active part in our House in engineering matters and have spoken very fully on important questions. The best possible spirit prevails in all quarters. At this moment, there are no persons present besides myself and the secretaries and the Bishops of North Carolina and Arkansas, who are conferring together a little to my left and reading over, as I gather from a word which occasionally reaches me, their southern correspondence. We have no further agitating questions to come before us.

The Bishop of Honolulu has just appeared and taken his seat on the right of the Presiding Bishop. They have now gone back, to the astonishment of most, to polite discussion. Where we shall bring up I don't know. Bishop Hopkins is defining his position. The air grows thicker. Bishop Whittingham is on the floor. Bishop of North Carolina on his feet. One vote taken. The main one pending. Everything which was done yesterday in the way of conciliation has been reconsidered. Vote taken, unity of the Church fixed.

The convention has adjourned from St. Luke's to St. Andrew's Church. An excellent letter has just been read from Bishop Johns. Bishop Atkinson of North Carolina appeared in church yesterday and, at the close of the service, entered the chancel and took his place with the bishops without his robes. It was quite impressive. As soon as he took his seat, he covered his face, and the tears were seen running down his cheeks.

VIII. LETTERS FROM EUROPE TO HIS WIFE, 1867

IN the autumn of 1867 the first Pan-Anglican Conference was held in England, and knowing that, as yet, Bishop Clark had never been to Europe, his good friend, Mr. Alexander Duncan, who was then living in London, asked him to come over in July and travel on the continent as his guest with a courier to relieve him of all care. So he set sail on the steamship *Persia* on June 26th. The following are extracts from letters to his wife:

After a peaceful voyage in company with about 150 people, I landed at Queenstown about seven o'clock this morning, July 5th, and put my foot for the first time on the land of the old world. While I was waiting on shore, I was assailed by such a host of beggars as I never saw before and having been so unwise as to give six pence to an old woman, thought that I should never be rid of the swarm. I finally found my way to the hotel and such a funny place you never imagined. Irish all over, and while my breakfast was cooking I took a stroll through the town. Everything seemed like a dream. I cannot begin to describe the strangeness of the place. Everybody took it for granted that I was a Roman priest, and old and young made their obeisance at every quarter. I was addressed in the most confidential manner and got off luckily without being called upon to hear confessions. At the breakfast table there were two Irish priests, splendid looking men and very kind. They soon found out who I was and we took a compartment together on the road to Dublin. They gave me full information in regard to everything we saw and we parted on the best of terms. On this ride, I have seen Ireland in its most Irish aspect, for the north of Ireland is not Irish. I passed twenty or thirty old ruined castles which were in their glory eight hundred years ago, where the old chiefs entrenched themselves; passed the Blarney Stone, which I had not time to stop and kiss; saw hundreds upon hundreds of the regular Irish hovels with their

thatched roofs and mud and windowless walls; rode through the peet bogs, but hardly saw a fence or stone wall all the way. The fields are divided either by hedges or, more commonly, by entrenchments of earth thrown up with a ditch by the side. The country is superb, full of flowers and clothed in such a gorgeous green as I never saw before, but it lies desolate. The laborers have gone to America and only old men and old women are seen in the fields.

Chester is the most ancient walled town in Britain and I walked on top of the walls until I had literally compassed the place, passing under the shadow of the castle and seeing a review of the troops in a wide and beautiful plain. But the cathedral! I should be obliged to write for hours to describe all the wonders of the place. I attended morning service, which was beautifully sung, introduced myself to the canon, McNeill, and then committed myself to the man who shows the place. The structure is immense and different portions of it were built at different periods. No one here knows how old the oldest parts of the building are. It is only known that the Romans had a temple on this site in the year 70 and this was, no doubt, the germ of the church. The effect of the weather on the stones is the first thing to strike the eye. The winds and the waves and snows have been beating on this old pile for a thousand years and a half, and have worn great grooves, in some places a foot deep, and over the entire walls of the most ancient parts.

This was an abbey as well as a cathedral and all of the appointments are still preserved. Besides the main body of the building, there are an innumerable number of other structures. I walked in the cloisters where the old monks used to air themselves, saw the room where they ate, with the little gallery cut in the wall for the man who read to them at their meals. I sat in the chair of the cornice chamber which the judge occupied when he sentenced heretics to the stake. I also sat in one of the seats which were so contrived that, if a man fell asleep during service, and lost his balance, the heavy oaken concern would fall with a terrible clatter and drop him on the floor. I fairly tested the experiment. I went down into the vaults where they kept their wines and other stores and looked into the subter-

ranean passages which go no one knows whither. Saw the old Prayer Book with its rusty iron chain which was used to fasten it to the desk, and other strange things in the way of stone carving in the nave of the cathedral which can hardly be written with propriety.

From Chester, Bishop Clark went to London and, of course, the great city was thoroughly explored. He was the guest of Alexander Duncan, while Junius Morgan, who lived nearby, did much for his entertainment.

At eight o'clock I found myself at the vicarage, an ancient house in the heart of Kensington, formerly a quadrangle in which all was quiet as the country, with cows grazing on the lawn. There were about fifteen persons at the table, including the Bishop of Bangor, the Master of the Temple, another archdeacon, Bishop Eastburn of Massachusetts, and several of the London clergy and other gentlemen. It was odd to see these dignitaries with great, bright buckles on their shoes and their dress just as it was a hundred years ago with everything about the place in keeping. I was seated on the left of the Archdeacon and found him very agreeable. He is the son of Sir John Sinclair, with whom Washington was so intimate. He has been in America and likes our people very much.

The conversation at table carried me back to old times. They talked of Beau Brummel, who was well known to one or two of them in their youth, and of many more celebrated charters, and the Archdeacon said that Sir Isaac Newton lived one or two doors from where we were sitting, and that Macaulay was one of his parishioners and was very liberal in his contributions, offering to pay a hundred pounds a year to sustain the clergymen whenever the rates should be abolished. I could not help recalling Anthony Trollope's descriptions of English clerical life as I sat at the table. The Archdeacon is a bachelor so there were no ladies present. The dinner was most elaborate—some fifteen courses with wine in abundance.

July 14th.

Yesterday I called upon our minister, Mr. Adams, and next left my card at the house of the Bishop of London. Then I drove across the river to Lambeth and was so fortunate as to find the Archbishop (Longley) at home. He was very affable and in a few minutes I found myself quite at ease. He showed me all over the palace and through the new portion, which he inhabits, with marvelous guestrooms looking out into a spacious park, and then over the ancient part where the historical interest centers. Lollard's Tower, so famous in the annals of martyrdom, the ancient chapel where one of our bishops was consecrated, the Guard Rooms, once occupied by the military retainers of the establishment, the portrait gallery of all the Succession, and it did seem strange to hear the list of these men away back before the Reformation called over by the Archbishop himself and their characters discussed. I was invited to stop and lunch with the family, but was obliged to decline.

While we were looking out of the window the Archbishop called out, "There comes Melbourne!" and in walked one of the Australian bishops. It seemed to impress us all that such antipodes should have encountered each other at Lambeth. I told the Bishop of Melbourne that when we were at home our feet were opposite each other. The Archbishop has asked me to become his guest in September, an invitation which I thought it well to accept. My friends here seem to think I have received special honor in being thus noticed. They think a great deal of such matters in England. Rank is everything, almost.

Just at present there are great demonstrations here in honor of the Sultan and Viceroy of Egypt, who are visiting England for the first time. I saw the Turkish flag floating for the first time over Buckingham Palace. The streets are full of Turkish and Egyptian banners. . . .

Last evening, Mr. and Mrs. Wigfall, of rebel notoriety, dined at the Duncans's, and Sir Edward Cunard. . . . Went to the House of Lords. The Duke of Cambridge was speaking but I did not pay much attention to what he said. I was absorbed in studying the scene: the presiding officer sitting upright on the wool sack with his funny pepper and salt-colored wig;

the secretaries with their two funnier wigs (two tails hanging down behind); the bishops in their robes which, by the way, are pretty well rumpled; the Lords lounging about with their hats on; the royal throne a blaze of gold and vermilion, etc., etc. The room is as splendid as it could be made and the exterior of the palace is also superb.

In the evening I dined with Mr. Morgan, and by his invitation went to the Royal Opera House. The Prince of Wales was to accompany the Sultan and the Viceroy to see the show and all the great people of London were to be there. The performance was mainly gotten up with a view of representing to these orientals the most magnificent spectacular display that could be arranged. There were, at one time, eight hundred people on the stage, everyone dressed in the most striking manner. The best artists in Europe sang. The scene was as magnificent as man could make it. In the closing scene the multitude of men, women, and children on the stage knelt and sang the famous prayer of Auber in *Masaniceto,* and suddenly the whole stage was transformed into a battle and the peasants and the soldiers had a fight. Feather beds and everything else flew through the air: the musketry rattled, the bells of the city tolled, flames poured through the streets and men were falling in every direction when the curtain fell. Then the orchestra struck up the national anthem and the immense audience rose and turned toward the box where the royal guests were seated.

The Prince of Wales fell back a little and the Sultan stepped forward, with oriental grace acknowledging the welcome and hurrahs of the assembly. The London *Times* says this was probably the most impressive demonstration of the kind ever known in the history of the world. I sat between twenty and thirty feet of their majesties so that I could have them in full view. The Sultan, Viceroy, and Prince of Wales occupied one box and the heir to the Sultan, a little boy of about ten years old, with his attendants, was in the adjoining box. He looked very much like Howard, only a shade or two darker and was very attentive. All were in full costume and it was one blaze of gold and diamonds. It exceeded all that I had ever dreamed of in oriental magnificence. The Prince could converse with

the Sultan only through an interpreter, and it was fun to watch them. I thought the young chap seemed a little bored.

Yesterday I went with the Duncans to the Crystal Palace where there was another ovation. Here again I was seated with the royalties in full view, but they were in ordinary costume. Imagine four thousand performers dressed in red and white garments and looking like a flower bed, and thirty thousand people seated or standing below, and, when the royal party entered, the choir of four thousand sang "God Save the Queen" while the audience joined at the tops of their voices. Then all was hushed and the best singers in London gave a performance.

At half past nine we went outside to see the display of fireworks. It was a beautiful moonlight night, but the poor moon had to give in. Balloons wandered about in the air. The calcium fires which they carried burned like suns. Fountains illuminated with all kinds of colored lights were playing, showers of golden fire rained in the air, while the heavens were filled with the most exquisite combination of stars, but it is of no use to describe it.

Alas! now came the penalty we had to pay for this. Imagine thirty or forty thousand people crowding out of the building, a stream of carriages extending four miles and yells and screams such as "Earl Popinjay's carriage" or "Lord Dicie's servant." I yelled too as loud as I could. We stood for an hour wedged, jammed, and knocked about until, at last, the footman appeared and escorted us a mile or two through the mud to the carriage, in which we sat, moving about ten feet in twenty minutes until we turned off on a side street. Mr. Duncan said that at one time he would have given five hundred dollars to have been out of the scrape.

From London, Bishop Clark went to Belgium.

Antwerp.

I came today on one of the most extraordinary curiosities I have ever seen. The carriage stopped in a tumble-down old corner of the city and the coachman knocked on a weather-beaten gate which immediately opened and I saw an inscription in several languages, "No charge for visiting Calvary." Another

gate then opened and I entered an enclosure surrounded on one side by the lofty walls of a church and on the others by houses of about the same height. I walked between two walls built in the most fantastic manner of stone and plaster and great clinkers, besides what looked like human bones, and on top of these walls were full sized figures representing the several stages of the Saviour's sufferings, with stone kneeling places worn by use. On either side of these walls were heaps of the same incongruous mixture of stones and bones surmounted by statues of the ancient prophets, patriarchs, and apostles.

I walked through this pathway until I reached another great heap of clinkers, rocks, and plaster, and in the middle of this was an iron door with pictures of Roman sentinels painted upon it. I knew at once that I was supposed to be standing in the garden of Joseph of Arimathea. Through a small circular opening in the door I was just able to discern the figure of Christ wrapped in linen, with the cloth over His head and His hand, marked with nails, projecting from the folds of cloth. It was an awful sight but strangely impressive.

I then observed that there was some kind of a cave on one side of the tomb, and entering it I found myself in hell or rather in purgatory. Looking in between iron bars, I saw figures of men and women writhing in the midst of red tongues of flame! I never imagined anything more hideous! As I came out, I observed a box with the inscription "Contributions solicited to keep Calvary in repair." I did not give anything. I wonder that we never read of this strange place.

Rotterdam and Amsterdam were next visited, and of two ancient cathedrals the Bishop gives the following description:

One is called the *old* cathedral and one, the *new,* the latter being three or four hundred years old. They are grand and massive, but entirely destitute of the richness seen in Flemish buildings. The strange thing about them is that they have been turned into Presbyterian meeting houses. The chancel end, which is about one third of the edifice, has been closed up and

is used no more for worship, and the nave filled with pews and a huge pulpit placed on one side. Most of the old windows have been destroyed and the space filled with common square glass, but four or five remain which are of surpassing beauty.

I attended the opening of the service in both buildings. The people came straggling in, the men with hats on their heads, who, when they reached their seats, stood for a moment covering their faces with them and then resuming their hats when they sat down. The custom was, I suppose, at first intended as a protest against Popish reverence for sacred places. A man wearing a black dresscoat and bands then entered the clerk's desk and read a hymn of some twenty verses. The congregation (the men still wearing their hats) took up the music and sang one of those magnificent old German chorals for which the region is famous. The pews were full of Bibles, all immense quartos.

From these cathedrals, I went into an obscure street, not more than eight or nine feet wide, and, passing through an ordinary door, crept up three or four stories through a crowd of people thronging the narrow stairs and there found myself in an upper room about fifty feet long with an altar at the end, from the steps of which a priest was preaching. This is the place where the Roman Catholics, who once worshipped in the magnificent cathedrals, were driven at the Reformation. Not being allowed to say Mass publicly, they had resorted to this obscure place, and there they had remained ever since.

The Bishop then went to Cologne, Berlin, and Dresden, and his letters contain full accounts of his impressions of cathedrals, museums, pictures, and especially of the music, which seems to have given him intense delight. While in Dresden he writes:

This morning at 8:30 I attended service at the Lutheran Church. They had an early service at five o'clock, for it is a way which the Protestants have in Germany to get over their religious duties as soon as possible, and then enjoy themselves as they may fancy. These same people whom one sees crowding

the church in the morning and singing and praying with all their might, before evening will be found in the theater, ball room, circus, or any other reputable place of amusement.

There are but fifteen churches of all sorts in Dresden with a population of a hundred thousand, but they are very large and well-filled. Singularly enough, with all their looseness as to amusements on Sunday, if a man is caught in any kind of *labor* he is heavily fined. A farmer cannot hurry in his crop of grain on Sundays, if he sees the rain coming, without permission for which he has to pay a fee, and then must not work during church hours. By the way, I saw this morning a lady borne to church in an old fashioned sedan chair which was carried by two men in bright orange coats.

The Lutheran church I attended is about four hundred years old and is heavy, dingy, and vast. It seats four thousand people and has three rows of galleries, except just across the chancel. The lower gallery is boxed off like a theater and each box or pew has a window in front. Over the altar is a large picture of the crucifixion, and on the altar a crucifix with candles on either side. When the organ sounded, a minister, in close fitting black gown and bands and with a cap on his head, entered the chancel and knelt for a moment before the altar, then rose and with his back still to the people chanted a sentence which, of course, I did not understand. The choir responded and then the congregation sang one of their interminable hymns. The minister disappeared at once and did not return until the hymn was over, when he took his place at a lectern in the middle aisle and read the Epistle for the day. Then he disappeared again and another long chant followed for a quarter of an hour, and then for the third time the minister appeared and read the Gospel and once more vanished. The choir and people then chanted the Litany, and thus fifty minutes passed and the clergyman was not present more than six or eight minutes. When the service was ended another man entered the pulpit, made a short prayer, and preached. Altogether it was a pretty dull performance. It is however a matter of necessity that everything should be sung in these great build-

ings, for you cannot understand one word in twenty which is *said*.

The King of Prussia will sooner or later become the Emperor of Germany. He is absorbing these little old principalities, and Saxony today virtually yields to him. I meet Prussian soldiers at every corner. Everything is under government control and the result is perfect order everywhere; no drunkenness, no fighting, no incivility. You see very few people who look like ladies and gentlemen: perhaps they keep out of the way.

Prague.

Today I have exchanged Saxony for Bohemia. I see Austrian and not Prussian soldiers at all the corners. This place carries me back to the Middle Ages and seems to be more entirely antique than any place I have visited. . . . The church I have visited is five hundred years old and contains from twelve to twenty chapels or shrines, some of them of pure silver; some with walls composed of valuable stones; the building actually filled with the strangest old relics which can be imagined.

I wish that you could look in upon my room with the ever present white porcelain stove in the corner, ten feet high, the floor of wood inlaid with handsome figures; the funny little bed with its funnier pillow, the oval pudding dish three inches deep and the glass decanter which constitute all of my bathing apparatus. The dinners also grow queerer and queerer. Half the time I have not the slightest notion what I am eating.

Vienna.

I have taken a drive through the city this evening. It is very splendid but does not interest me as much as those places which have more of the marks of antiquity. I passed the King and Queen of Saxony and had a bow from the Archduke William of Austria, a pleasant looking man.

I am getting weary of cities and long for a little repose, that is, I want to get to Switzerland. Think what a string of places I have visited in about three weeks: Cork, Dublin, Chester, London, Brussels, Antwerp, Amsterdam, Cologne, Berlin, Dresden, and Prague. I am learning a great deal and laying up

a store of rich treasure for the future, but there are a great many annoyances in this sort of life. When one is entirely alone, week after week, it is pretty dull, especially in the evening. In these hotels there is no common room—no place in which you can sit down and read; in fact there is nothing to read but German papers. What would I give to see an American newspaper, and also what would I give for a good dinner of beef! Everything here has a sweetish sort of flavor as if there was a little sugar put into the dish. Still further how I should enjoy a glass of ice water! Such a thing is unknown here. I have not drunk two glasses of ice-water since I came to the Continent. The water is horrid.

I strayed into a Roman Catholic church in Venice and heard portions of sermons here and there delivered in very animated Italian, by which of course I was not much edified. It is funny in these churches to see gathered around the image of some favorite saint, little models of legs and arms which have been miraculously healed, and piles of old crutches which have thus become superfluous. I do not hear of any services in Venice which attract the slightest attention. No music, no parade, nothing but the relics of the past.

I fell in with the American consul and his wife last evening on the piazza and he tells me there is no other American residing here. I think he finds it rather dull. It is a cheap place to live in. You can buy a magnificent marble palace for less money than you could buy our house in Providence, and food is abundant.

It is delightful to glide about so gently in the gondolas which are made as comfortable as a bed, and it is a pleasure to hear the soft notes of Italian on every side, but the perpetual importunate begging and thrusting everything for sale upon you wherever you go is most annoying. These chaps follow you up and dodge you until you want to kick them.

One word as to table manners. Let me tell you that people of the first quality eat with their knives, lick them occasionally to keep them bright, crumb bread into their wine and eat it with a toothpick, wipe out the gravy and so forth from their plates with bread and eat that, gobble up their soup like

pigs, and do some other things which it is not necessary to mention. How would you like to have these foreign manners introduced into our benighted land? The fact is, I am more and more of an American every day and satisfied upon the whole that we are ahead of the rest of mankind. In some things we might take pattern from these people. They are always civil. One must lift his hat on entering a car and say, "Good morning, sir."

Padua.

This morning, I bid farewell to Venice. As I glided along in my gondola, by the old palaces, I felt sad to think that henceforth this splendid old city would be among the memories of the past. I had climbed to the top of the Campanile, 320 feet, on an inclined plane winding round and round, and looked down on the wilderness of red tiles and off on one side at the sea and on the other upon the Alps of the Tyrol. I had wandered through its narrow streets—for there are streets in Venice, though in many of them one can touch the houses with both hands at once—had established friendly relations with a few beggars and refused hundreds, seen splendid churches until my eyes were weary, and I was ready to depart.

In an hour after leaving Venice, I found myself in Padua. I thought I had seen old places before, but Padua was an ancient place when they were founded. Here, for the first time, I saw the vestiges of a pagan Roman city. . . . I have not time to write of the magnificent churches which in many respects are more superb than any I have yet seen, but I must speak of one which was built on the foundations of an old Roman castle, and underground things remain as they were before the Christian era.

My attendant took a large candle from the altar, lighted it, and motioned for me to follow. Down I went through a trap door until we reached a low, narrow, crooked passage which I was able to traverse only by bending double, until at last we reached an old rusty iron grating about a foot square. The man thrust his candle through the bars and told me to look in. There I saw a space six feet long, three feet wide, and two or three

feet high, about large enough to hold a large sized coffin. I asked what it was, and he told me to my horror that it was one of the holes in which the Christian martyrs were confined during the great persecution under Nero. I looked into another place of the same size and then into a third, only four feet long so that the prisoner could neither stand up nor lie down. I thought that the dungeons in Venice were bad enough, but these were worse.

Verona.

At five o'clock, I reached Verona and am housed in a palace more than five hundred years old. This evening, I have wandered about, at random, in this, the city of Romeo and Juliet, of the Capulets and Montagues; and if there had been a moon, I would have wandered off till I had seen "How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank." . . . They say here that the whole story of Romeo and Juliet is literally true. Tomorrow I must see where they are buried.

Milan.

The cathedral is the most impressive edifice in the world, but I have told my courier that I do not want to go into any more churches at present. Priests are as thick as hops and they look like men who have just stepped out of an old picture frame, with their great cocked hats and buckles, and girdles and long black robes. Milan was once the center of fashion and from this the word milliner originated, but now the ladies wear no bonnets and have only black veils on their heads. Hardly anyone is traveling at present, in this region, for in the month of August people avoid Italy because of the heat and fear of disease. I have not had a moment of sickness since I left home. I met a couple of disconsolate young men, one from Boston and one from Andover, who seemed to know me very well. They were intending to go to Venice but had been deterred from doing so by the reports of cholera there. I told them I had just come from that place and had heard nothing of it. They said it was a great comfort to meet someone who could speak English. How anyone can manage to get about who does not know the language of these countries I cannot tell. If I had been alone, I should have been perfectly confounded.

Lake Como, August 8.

For five or six weeks, I have been in a whirl of cities, gazing upon pictures, statues, churches until I grow weary, and tonight I find myself out of the world in the most quiet sequestered spot you can imagine. I cannot remember the name of the little hamlet where my lot is cast tonight. I step out from my chamber window upon a stone balcony and there at my feet lies the lake, shut in on every side by mountains, some of them crags of barren rock three thousand feet high. Scattered about, in all directions, are villages of some ten or twenty houses, and half way up the mountain where there is no other building near, you see a church perched upon a rock, where the people hold their fêtes at intervals. After dinner, just as evening was coming on, I took a boat and sailed across the lake which is only two miles wide. The little rowboat was called the *Lincoln* because, as the boatman said, "Lincoln was a great American." I passed two other boats on the lake with the American flag flying, and it seemed strange that this should be the place where I saw that flag for the first time since I left New York. They have a great idea of Americans in this region.

Nine o'clock. I have just stepped out upon the balcony and the scene is most beautiful. The moon makes the lake look like silver; the lights are gleaming from the villages along the shore; you hear the notes of distant music, and away off are the white peaks of the mountains. If only you were here to enjoy it with me! It is mournful, at such a place, to be all alone. . . . I hear the clatter of sandals under my window. The women wear nothing else on their feet. They consist of a thick wooden sole with one strap passing over the foot so that they rattle up and down all of the time. Such a lazy set of human beings as the Italians are I never before met with. If they take off their hats to you, you may be sure that they want to be paid for something real or imaginary.

Stresti, Lago Maggiore, August 11th.

Here, with my English friend, we rowed three miles across the lake to see the curiosity of the region. The tradition is that, many centuries ago, a man was wrecked on the rocks of

the precipitous cliff that we visited, and he made a vow that, if his life were spared, he would never leave this spot. Accordingly, he dug a hole about half way up the cliff and there lived till his death. A church was then built on the spot and he was buried there. About three hundred years ago, two stones weighing several tons each were dislodged from the over-hanging precipice and fell upon the roof of the church directly over his tomb. But, by a miracle, when they had penetrated the roof so that only the corners touched the ceiling, they were suspended in the air and so the sainted body remained unharmed. I saw the stones and the body. The latter was dressed in great style with kid gloves, and how the stones are kept from falling I do not see. This morning, I read the service and preached in the chapel of the hotel and dined again with my English friend.

Martigny, August 14th.

This morning, I wandered over the little town of Sion to see what I could find and I tumbled first on the old palace, or rather castle, of the bishop who used to rule over the people with such an arm of steel, until one day they took him and rolled him from the castle down the precipice and so extinguished him. The ruins are highly picturesque. Next, I found the town hall and found there interesting relics of Roman times and a most elaborately carved door. Over this door is the queer inscription dated 1660, partly in Latin and partly in French, "The Lord loveth the gates of Sion more than all the tabernacles of Judah." At first, I could not think what this meant, on a town hall, and then I remembered that the name of the village is Sion. The Swiss women wear the funniest bonnets in the world and never change their style. They are indescribable. I saw little carriages drawn by one ox. Monks move around the streets, early in the day, with long canvas bags on their shoulders to receive food or whatever else may be given them.

Chamouni.

I think I forgot to mention one incident in the ride from Shesa to Domo d'Ossola, and that was my being rafted over a *village,* which at four in the afternoon on one day, last March, while the children were playing on the shore of the lake, sud-

denly disappeared, carrying houses, the road on which we should have traveled, and fifteen persons into the water, where they now lie buried so deep that no vestige of them has ever been found. All without a moment's warning or any apparent cause.

Yesterday morning, I was up at daybreak and mounted my mule to cross the Alps once more by the Tête Noir. The day was perfect and in a few hours we found ourselves at the resting place at the top of the mountain where I ate a fried perch and potato, made a few purchases of Alpine souvenirs to take home, and while the mules were taking their dinner I told my courier that I would walk on ahead and he and the guide might pick me up on the way. I wanted to be alone for a while with the Alps and most heartily did enjoy it. Above rise the high peaks clothed in eternal snow. Down their sides murmured on every hand the waterfalls made by the melting ice which you could trace like threads of silver from their source until they emptied into the river below; and then by the side of the path you could look into the valley over a precipice sinking thousands of feet to the level. I amused myself by throwing stones over sides of the path and then I stopped to hammer a cross into the black rock, which I will show you when we go by that way. After a while, the mules came along and I mounted again. Who should I meet, in this strange place, but Professor Pynchon of Trinity College. We exchanged salutations and went our way. I passed one lady with six guides who were carrying her on a litter, seated in a chair. I pitied the poor fellows. . . . By and by we came upon some stones by the way, close by a rapid stream, which were sprinkled with blood. A few days before an Italian bandit had, as he supposed, murdered a priest at this spot, and then thrown the body into the river. The priest, however, only pretended to be dead, and being revived by the coolness of the water, got out of the stream, and gave the alarm. In these passes, everything that is going on below can be seen from the sides of the mountain and very soon the whole region was stirred. As there is only one way to get out, of course it is very difficult for a criminal to escape, and before long the man was caught. I passed the little church and house of the priest and sent in my respects with inquiries after

his welfare. He was in bed and still suffering very much but will probably recover. He expressed great pleasure that an American bishop should manifest such an interest in his behalf. Does not this read like a bit of old romance! As the afternoon hours wore away we came into the valley of Chamouni with the glorious peaks of Mt. Blanc looming upon the air, but I was so weary with my ten hours of mule riding that I did not enjoy the scene as much as I might. Glad enough was I to find myself, at last, in the hotel at the foot of the great mountain.

Today I have performed a feat not soon to be forgotten. Of course every visitor must ascend the mountain and see the famous Mer de Glace, but I was so disgusted with mules that I told my courier I preferred to go up on foot, to which he simply replied, "Very well," and went out to get one of the long iron pointed sticks which are used on such occasions. Forty years ago I climbed to the top of Mount Holyoke and I have never quite gotten over it. Imagine me now working my way up a mountain, three times higher than that, fifty-five years of age and weighing 200, that is, I *did* weigh that. I do not believe that I do now. If it had not been for my reputation, I would have given up the expedition long before I was half way up, but on I slowly clambered, even declining the aid of a mule that was offered me on the way and, at noon, I stood by the "Sea of Glass." Imagine the ocean tumbling out of the sky with the waves suddenly frozen on their way down, and you will know how it looked.

From Chamouni, the Bishop went to Geneva, Berne, Lucerne, Zurich, and Vevay. In Geneva, he even records dining with a countess of great celebrity whose father was a member of Louis Philippe's family:

I have a note from her asking me to visit her in Paris, which I intend doing. The hotel where I am staying is crowded with Russians, Italians, French, English, and all other races. Counts, lords, and so forth, are as thick as hops, and Swiss, English, and American flags float over the hotel. I was assigned the head of

the table at dinner. It is very hot but I am well. My hat box was knocked into the lake just before arriving here and recovered in a somewhat damaged condition.

Zurich, August 26th.

A few moments ago, I passed the Empress of Austria at the door and had a steady look at her. She is a fine looking young woman nearly thirty years of age, well-dressed and without any airs. She is staying at the hotel on the lake.

I have just visited the cathedral where Zwingli preached and which may be regarded as the nursery of the Reformation. It is the plainest old church inside that I have seen but interesting for its associations. I then went to the place where the relics of the prehistoric lake towns (recently discovered at the bottom of the lakes) are kept. There are all sorts of domestic wares, bits of cloth, jewelry, seeds, and so forth. I also saw Lady Jane Grey's original letter to Zwingli in Latin and beautifully written.

Next came Munich, where the picture galleries proved a great delight to the Bishop, and from there he went to Nuremberg where he writes from the old Red House, an inn two hundred years old:

This is the one place in Europe that has never been visited by the ravages of improvement. I have visited such streets, such houses, such churches: all solemn, shadowy, ante-deluvian —a little washing would be an improvement—and I have just been wandering over the old castle, up into the towers, bedrooms, down into the horrid torture room, where there is every kind of implement for tearing men to pieces, looked down into the well, eight hundred years old, and three or four hundred feet deep. The attendant lowered five or six candles to the bottom, and when water was poured down it seemed a long time before we heard it strike. Next we drove to the cemetery where wreaths of colored cut paper hang everywhere on the strangest monuments you can imagine.

Heidelberg, August 31st.

This morning, I went to the Church of the Holy Ghost, divided by a wall in the center, and the Protestants worship in one part and the Roman Catholics on the other. The music in the Protestant service was delightful. This evening as the sun went down, I stood upon the high towers of the famous castle of Heidelberg, founded by Rudolf in the fourteenth century and greatly enriched by Frederick V when it became the residence of his bride, daughter of James I of England. Although a ruin, this edifice retains much of its former splendor. The evening was perfect. A band of music filled the air with melody. The sun went down in beauty, and there I stood, hour after hour, thinking, looking, dreaming of the past until the shadows of night covered the earth. The great drawback was that I looked on it all alone. In the cellar of the castle, I climbed up on the famous Heidelberg tun, that held eight hundred hogsheads of rum and has been filled only three times in a century.

September 2d.

This has been a busy day. Rose at sunrise and at eleven was in Frankfort. Went to the house where Luther was born, standing right in the market, picturesque and rather grotesque, then to the house where Goethe first saw the light, and then to the Jews' quarters where the first of the Rotschilds was born—a mean, mouldy, rickety building and in such a street as Dickens could adequately describe. I ought to have had more time for Frankfort but had to hurry on to Wiesbaden. Now picture the most superb garden with fountains, lake flowers, and trees; one of the finest bands in Germany playing and a palace on one side with hall after hall—spacious, lofty, and glistening with paint and gold. Then in the center of each of these halls, a table about as large as a billiard table around which old women and girls, old men and middle aged, are seated as thick as they can be placed, all gambling for dear life. As you enter, it is as solemn as a prayer meeting, not a word is spoken except by the man who tosses out and rakes in the gold, uttering in a kind of monotonous click the fate of these poor wretches. I was glad to get away at nightfall to this quiet town of Castel.

Cologne, September 3d.

Today, I have sailed down the Rhine. Tell Howard I went close by the tower where Bishop Hatto was eaten up by the rats. I will not attempt to describe the vineyards, towers, castles, and towns which have made the river so famous. Most of my letters are written at night after a journey of hundreds of miles and after a hard day's work, by the light of one poor candle for which I have to pay a franc.

Hotel Chatham, Paris, September 5th.

Here I am in the center of Paris where I shall probably remain for ten days, sending my courier home and casting myself on my own resources. I have already seen something of its splendor, but what is this to the feast I have had in devouring letter after letter from home!

September 6th.

Last evening I strolled with my courier about the Palais Royal and he took me into a queer place underground, "The Blind Man's Coffee House." . . . It was a stifling atmosphere and crammed with the common people, old and young, who go there to sip their harmless drinks, and see the exhibition. This consists of a rude performance all conducted by blind people, which it is difficult to describe. The performers were mostly old men, playing on fiddles, trumpets, drums, clarinets, and so forth. Worth seeing *once,* and that is sufficient.

This morning, I picked up Bishop Quintard of Tennessee, and we took a drive about the city. Napoleon is pulling down Paris and building it over again most superbly. I passed the Empress as she drove by and lifted my hat but she did not seem to remember my face. The first building that I visited was the Cathedral of Notre Dame. By paying a trifle, I was admitted to an anteroom, where are exhibited all the priestly dresses and cloth of gold and other articles used at coronations: the robes of Napoleon I, and so forth, and what interested me more than all, the garment stained with blood which the Archbishop of Paris wore when he was murdered in the streets by the Revolutionists.

September 7th.

Today is the fête of the Czar of Russia and I was invited to attend the service at the Russian Church. I had attended the oriental service in Geneva but had not time to give you any idea of its character, but I must tell you what I saw this morning. I was introduced as a bishop of the American Church and at once taken into the sacred enclosure. There I stood in the dim light of the holy place and saw the whole ceremony. Three of the priests officiating were literally clothed in cloth of gold, with emblems worked with silver thread. An abbé wore a dress of silk, rich in color and texture, while suspended from his neck were two splendid crosses that had been presented to him by the czar. The altar stood in the center of the sanctuary and was a perfect cube in shape. Over it hung a crimson light and a cross with a picture of Christ painted upon it with seven candles behind.

One of the priests had a voice which I never heard approached. It was a whole orchestra in itself, and it seemed like a strange enchantment as they walked round and round the altar, sometimes in silence and sometimes responding to the marvelous music which constantly stole upon the ear from the choir without, while the incense rose in clouds and filled the air. After a while, the central gates were opened for a moment, and the priest held up the Bible before the people (it was an immense book bound in gold and jewels), kissed it, and restored it to its place, and the doors were closed. A young man dressed also in cloth of gold then opened a little brass door in the wall and with a pair of tongs took out two or three live coals and replenished the censor, the fires of which were now dying out.

Then came the great commemoration. I cannot tell you of one half of what was done. The bread and chalice were taken from the credence table and a thick crimson veil was drawn across the door, signifying that the veil of the temple was not yet rent in twain. The bread was laid upon the altar, uncovered, and I observed that it was crossed with a gold band. This band was taken off and the bread and wine were consecrated. Then the priest held the paten on the top of his head and chanted a sort of minor song, walked slowly through one of the side doors

across the space outside in view of the congregation, returning by a side door opposite. This signified Christ's passage to Calvary. The paten and chalice were then incensed and the little brass door in the wall opened again and a copper kettle taken out from which two cups were filled with hot water. What this meant I could not conceive. In a few minutes one of the priests poured this hot water into the chalice and broke the bread just as we do, put one of the pieces into the cup, consumed another piece, then put all that was left on the paten into the chalice, drank a little of the wine and water mingled, covered the chalice with a corporal, and the act was completed. The veil was then removed, the doors thrown open, and the priests marched forth with the sacred vessels held high over their heads, in token that the sacrifice was complete and man redeemed. The music now became jubilant, and the man with the great voice of which I wrote sang as I never expect to hear mortal sing again. . . .

After all was ended, I was introduced to the Abbé Grandin, who expressed the deepest interest in our branch of the Church. The service was quite unlike that of the Roman Church in every respect which affects doctrine. There was no worship of the Virgin, no adoration of the Host, and no locking up of the consecrated bread. What a rare opportunity this was to see the interior of the old oriental worship of the Greek Church, which is veiled even from their own people.

September 8th.

Sunday noon, but mighty little is it like our Sunday. Here and there, a shop is closed. That is all. I went this morning first to the Church of St. Rocque, as there is said to be the finest music in Paris there. . . . By paying two centimes, I procured a chair near the choir. A procession of men headed by two men about six and a half feet tall, in full military uniform, chapeaux and feathers, swords, long spears, etc., passed up and down the aisle, only bass voices singing to the accompaniment of one trombone carried by a man in a surplice. There were about fifty in the choir: the boys dressed in embroidered surplices over red cassocks with blue sashes around their waists and wearing red caps. When they had compassed the church three times and

reached the choir, the bass voices stopped and the boys took up the music. The effect of this sudden change was striking.

This over, I went to the Madeleine where the scenic effect was better, the building being entirely unobstructed by columns. I thought the music about as good as at St. Rocque. Both churches were crowded with Protestants as was apparent by their taking no part in the worship. In the afternoon, I preached in the American Church.

IX. THE LAMBETH CONFERENCE, 1867
(Extracts from Letters to his Wife)

London, September, 1867.

Dear Caroline:

Tuesday attended a meeting of about fifty bishops, the Archbishop presiding, to arrange for next week. I said a few words and only a few. Some of the bishops talked too much and we were four hours in session.

The opening service of the council is described as being very simple. Bishop Hopkins was appointed to preach the sermon, but fearing that he might not be strong enough, he asked the Bishop of Illinois to be ready to act as substitute, if necessary, and when the time came he insisted upon filling the place. No action was taken in regard to publishing the sermon and the reason is given as follows in the life of Archbishop Tait, written by his son-in-law, Randall Thomas Davidson, now Archbishop of Canterbury: "There certainly was an unreality in the sermon. I like the Bishop of Illinois, and though certainly it appeared to me that he was too fluent, I do not know that I should have thought more of his wordiness, if our American brethren had not spoken of it, as they did, telling of a great speech which he made in their convention. The speech ended, the bishops retired, and in the room in which several were spending the evening was a new dictionary. 'What is it? You will see on the title page that it professes to contain 4,000,000 words. Let us begin by returning thanks that our brother of Illinois had not seen it or he would have gone on forever.'"

The meeting of the council originated with the Colonial bishops and not with those resident in Great Britain, and the

Bishops at the Lambeth Conference of 1867

[Bishop Clark at the extreme left.]

Archbishop of York, with the bishops of the northern province, declined to attend. One of the objects of the meeting was to secure the approval of the Church to the action of Bishop Gray of Southern Africa, in his condemnation and deposition of Bishop Colenso, who inasmuch as the condemned bishop continued to retain his office, with its emoluments, under the authority of the state, any interference on the part of the English bishops would, of necessity, involve many delicate questions incident to their own tenure of office, and so, not because of any special sympathy with Bishop Colenso, but as a matter of general policy, it was not found desirable to interfere with the matter at all. So of course there followed a great deal of talking against time and, among other things, a long and dreary discussion of the question whether the first six General Councils of the Church should be declared to be of authority, or only the first four.

At last, however, by some side issue, the dreaded explosive was introduced, and like a bag of dynamite required to be handled tenderly. Two members of the English Bench wished to get rid of it as quietly as possible, and the American bishops, with the exception of Bishop Hopkins, took little part in the debate, not regarding the matter as especially concerning them, while the African Metropolitan (the so called "Lion-hearted Bishop Gray") advanced to the fight with all his armor on. On one side Bishop Tait with his skilful rapier did his best to parry and turn aside the attacks of Bishop Gray, while Bishop Wilberforce steered the ship carefully between Scylla and Charybdis, that the Church might not touch the rocks on either side, and Bishop Thirlwall's carefully chosen words fell like a ponderous trip hammer upon the anvil, while Bishop Gray maintained his cause unflinchingly and with a fiery earnestness and ferocity of virtue, indicating that he needed no help from others, but was entirely competent to fight his battles alone. The result of the whole controversy was the refusal, on the part of the conference as a body, to take any official action in the premises.

A somewhat novel series of services were held at noonday, in old St. Lawrence Church in the Jewry, for the benefit of business men. The crowds in attendance were so great as to lead the London *Times* to protest against the blocking of the

streets in business hours by these gatherings. I was appointed to take my turn, but the carriage was late and it required all the skill of the driver to make his way through the crowd, and after this experience I was not in a very good condition for the work before me; and as I had written nothing, of course, I was in an anxious and uncomfortable frame of mind. There was no preliminary service but the *Te Deum,* and when I looked down from the pulpit upon the crowd of men assembled in that ancient temple, my heart sank within me. However, I did my best to rally my scattered faculties, and at last when I struck the right key, and began to tell the laymen how indispensable it was for them to take hold and do their part if they wished to save the old ship, I had no further cause for embarrassment, and the manifest sympathy of the congregation helped me comfortably to the end.

London, September 25th.

On Monday evening I took the train for the Archbishop's in time for dinner. A carriage without riders and four splendid horses was in waiting at the station, and we drove three miles before reaching the park, then another mile or two to the palace. The grounds are perfect and the flowers exquisite, and it is hard to believe that you are within a few miles of London, for you may wander almost anywhere in the grounds and not see a sign of human habitation. It covers four hundred and fifty acres. The style of everything in the house is unlike any other experience I have had. The palace is a plain two story stone building, covering a large space, and so intricate and extensive in the interior that one is constantly getting lost. At nine in the morning the bell rings and all of the family go to the chapel in the house, some twenty or thirty servants included, where the chaplain, in full costume, reads prayers, the Archbishop sitting on a kind of simple throne. After breakfast we go into London and return in time for dinner at half past seven. Everything is as easy and unconstrained as possible. We have all sorts of nice games, croquet, etc.

I made a short address in St. James Hall, which was well received, and at night attended a state dinner at Fulham, the Bishop of London's (Tait's) country palace. There were about

forty present and we sat down in the banqueting hall, built in the reign of Henry VII, with the old portraits on the walls. Bishop Bonner lived here and his portrait is at the lower end of the room, where the minstrels used to play during dinner. There was a great deal of magnificence, as might be expected. The English bishops appeared dressed in purple, which they wear on great occasions only, in the presence of royalty, etc. I was told that we might consider it a special compliment rendered, I suppose, to the sovereign people. The Bishop's chaplain sat at the table in full canonicals as you see in Hogarth's pictures. I was honored with the seat on the right hand of the Bishop of London.

Winchester College, October 18th.

You remember Trollope's picture of the twelve old men and hospital in *Barchester Towers*—well, Barchester means Winchester, and yesterday I visited the scene and wish I could bring it all before you; the quiet grassy quadrangle which you enter under a decaying arch where the servitor stands all day to deal out, through a little wicket, the dole of bread and beer to weary travelers as has been done for ages. I called for my dole, and ate my piece of bread and drank my beer out of the old horn tumbler. A beautiful church, recently restored, fills one side of the enclosure, and the old men's houses the other. Each has his own separate residence, and I sniffed an excellent dinner cooking in one of the kitchens. There were great withered leathern jugs lying about and I thought of the text, "I am become like a bottle in the smoke." There was no fire in the hall where these jugs were, only a brick platform in the center, from which the smoke went where it would away up among the rafters. Luckily smoke rises.

Next, I went through the college where I am quartered. It is the oldest institution of the kind in England and was founded by William of Wykeham. I saw in the books an entry of all the scholars' names from the beginning, the first dated 1393 and, on a stone pillar, I saw "Thos. Ken, 1656," cut by Bishop Ken when he was a student here. Think of this the next time you hear his morning and evening hymn sung—"Glory to Thee, my God, this night." The boys, called Pensioners, wear funny dress

coats of gray cloth. The room which I occupy, and where I write, is all of panelled oak, almost as black as ebony. There are some extraordinary things in and about the college.

The cathedral is the longest, with one exception, in Great Britain, and its early history is identified with all the most important political events of early times. . . . It is full of interesting monuments and other relics of the past. At half past four P. M. the melodious chimes sounded and a procession of fifty or sixty choristers, clergymen, etc., entered the building, preceded by the venerable vergers in their queer dress and each carrying a long silver wand and followed by the Bishop of Winchester and myself, the hoods of all colors giving quite a picturesque aspect to the whole procession.

The service was very grand. The choir was brilliantly lighted and crowded with people, the music was overwhelming, and, stranger and more impressive than all, the prayers were intoned by one of the canons who is ninety-two years of age and entirely blind. His voice rang through the arches like a trumpet. After the service I was ushered to the pulpit and, while I was preaching, daylight faded from the great windows until all was in shadow down the long nave. After service we were entertained at the deanery where the venerable old Bishop, nearly eighty years old, a perfect specimen of an old school English gentleman, rose and said that before he left he must make a few remarks. I will tell you what he said when I see you. At night a meeting was held in the Town Hall, the mayor and aldermen on the platform and a member of Parliament in the chair. The Bishop of Oxford, who had promised to preside, was detained by severe illness, and so the whole burden came upon me. I spoke for about an hour, and they took fifty pounds for missions.

Cambridge, October 20th.

Today, I dined in Trinity and in the evening addressed, for an hour, a meeting of students, learned fellows, and grave professors, the dean of one of the colleges presiding, and at the close three or four gentlemen expressed themselves in terms which modesty forbids my recording.

Lunched at one o'clock with one of the magnates and at two proceeded to the Senate Chamber. There I was robed in

red from top to toe and brought before the Vice-Chancellor to receive the degree of Doctor of Laws. The students occupied the gallery, while the dignitaries and a few ladies sat on the floor below.

The Vice-Chancellor entered (preceded by the vergers in uniform and with great maces in their hands) dressed in a scarlet robe and wearing a cope of white fur. Some one then presented me, after the usual manner, to the Vice-Chancellor, and "the public orator," as he is called, delivered an address of about ten minutes in length. After this was ended, I went forward, when the Vice-Chancellor took my hands in his and said over me the prescribed form by which the degree is made to take effect, and then I took my seat at his right hand while other business was transacted. Everything, of course, was said in Latin, but fortunately I was not called to make a speech in that tongue.

Oxford, October 22d.

I arrived here yesterday at two P. M. and found one of the students, a son of the Dean of Winchester, waiting at the station. He said that I was to be his guest, and proceeded at once to do the honors. I went from college to college, chapel to chapel, quad to quad, saw the men row, attended choral service in one of the chapels at six, a most beautiful service in a beautiful church, and dined at seven in the college with a dozen of the canons, tutors, etc. This morning I have been honored with the pilotage through All Saints, by the Vice-Chancellor, the head of the University, and through other places I have been shown by the warden of one of the colleges with whom I lunched. I have seen the spot where the martyrs, Cranmer and others, were burned, the very lantern carried by Guy Fawkes, and all the rarest treasures of the Bodleian Library have been thrown open to me.

This evening I dine with the Bishop of Oxford and pass the night at the palace. I have no cause to complain of any waste of hospitality here. Thus far, I have dined only once in my hotel.

October 23d.

After mailing my letter yesterday, I drove about seven miles to the Bishop of Oxford's. He has a fine old place rebuilt about the time of Charles II. There were ten or twelve at dinner, the Vice-Chancellor of Oxford, Mansell the philosopher, whose works have been familiar to me, Liddon, the High Church preacher in England, and a number of other notables, making a somewhat distinguished company. The evening passed off very pleasantly, no reserve or stiffness, so that I could not help telling them how all my preconceived notions of them were knocked in the head. Professor Mansell was particularly jolly. The Bishop told some stories in his best style. At eleven all of the guests returned to Oxford, and I remained through the night. The Bishop's son told me they sometimes prepared beds for thirty-five guests. This morning, I came to town with the Bishop and lunched with a fine young fellow at Christ Church College (a nephew of Lord Napier) and several other students. At five P. M. I left, after having seen every college and every other object of interest, under the most favorable circumstances. I had no idea that everything there looked so old, the buildings crumbling away amid the statues covered with moss.

Ripon, October 25th.

Imagine a most beautiful valley, shut in on every side by wooded hills, with a little stream of water making music all along, and where stand the ruins of the most magnificent abbey which ever existed—Fountains. They are not exactly ruins, to be sure. The roofs are all gone, the ivy climbs over the pillars, shrubs and grasses grow in the walls, but there stands the chapel 350 feet long, and above all rises the grand tower as it has stood for five or six hundred years. It is all quiet as the graves of the monks and abbots who lie everywhere about York. The rooks in vast numbers caw all around the summit of the tower, birds sing in the trees, but all of this makes the silence more impressive. The cloisters, where the monks used to walk, are still complete, the walls of the dining room still stand, and also the kitchen with its enormous fireplace, and the buttery, the wine vaults, etc. There is the place where they brewed the beer and the stone sink with the lead pipes still attached, where they washed their dishes.

I attended the service in the Ripon Cathedral, a marvelous old structure. Then I went down into the crypt, the oldest in England, A. D. 647. Took the two P. M. train for Eainbury, and here I am in the delightful home of Dean Ramsay. He is one of the Scotch notabilities and has published many works, some of which have had a large run in America.

York, October 27th.

To think that I am writing in a palace six hundred years old, where Cardinal Wolsey once lived! Perhaps I am writing on the very spot where he used to sit and write and scheme, until the King hurled him from his high estate. The fact is I feel, sometimes, when I go to bed, as if the old fellows, who lived ages ago in these palaces, were hovering about them yet. The Bishop came into the room and, for three mortal hours, we have been chatting as fast as tongues could go. He was in a confidential mood, and I was somewhat surprised to find in how many respects I am in sympathy with him. He is quite addicted to science, and has published a work on logic, which he tells me has been reprinted in America, "The most gratifying thing that ever happened to me," he remarked.

I find the life at the palace as easy and natural as you can imagine. It is filled, all the time, with lords and ladies, and we play games and tell stories very much as at home.

October 28th.

I addressed the good people of Old York in the City Hall at twelve o'clock today, the Archbishop in the chair and a large gathering of clergy and nobility on the platform. His Grace responded in quite an eloquent strain, and spoke very pleasantly of America and of our institutions. At two o'clock we all lunched at the deanery, a fine old house standing in the cathedral close, and, after a sumptuous entertainment, which they called a luncheon, but which might be considered a great dinner, I made a more thorough exploration of the cathedral under the guidance of one of the canons.

(Letter to his son, Howard Lee Clark, aged ten.)

October, 1867.

Here I am in Mr. Duncan's highland home away up in the country that Walter Scott tells about in the poems which you like so much to hear your mother read. Away up on the hills I can see the tops of the old castles.

Yesterday I climbed a high hill to call upon a highland school master and sat down in his house to drink milk and eat Scotch scones. Today I preached in a little stone church right in the woods. About fifty people were there, many of them the lords and ladies who live in their castles about here, and some were dressed in kilts. This dress is the same as it was a hundred years ago.

Last Sunday evening, as I was driving to church in the oldest part of London, I saw a great clock above which several bells were ringing, while by the side of each stood a wooden man with an iron hammer in his hand and every quarter of an hour he lifted the hammer and struck the time on the bell.

When I come home I am going to teach you a game called golf, which you play out of doors. Mr. Duncan is to give me two golf sticks and a dozen gutta percha balls. Old men play it over here as well as boys.

X. THE HOUSE OF LORDS

IN 1876, Bishop Clark made quite an extensive tour in Europe with his wife and his son Howard, and the following is an account of his visit to the House of Lords:

Last Monday it was reported that both houses of Parliament would consider the Eastern question which, just now, is the only absorbing topic not only in England but all over Europe. Having received a special invitation to attend the session of the House of Lords on this occasion, with the privilege of a place on the floor, at five o'clock in the afternoon I applied for admission and was ushered by one uniformed officer after another, through corridor after corridor lined with statues and great historical paintings, until we reached the robing

room of the archbishops, where I found the secretaries and legal advisers of the ecclesiastics in waiting.

After a sociable cup of tea in the robing rooms, I entered the House of Lords under the shadow of the Archbishop of Canterbury and took the place assigned to me. The hall in which they meet is very beautiful above and somewhat plain below with a gorgeous ceiling and richly painted windows, and is not much larger than some of our city churches. . . . On two sides of the room there are rows of seats projecting from the wall at a considerable elevation and protected in front by brass railings, which are set apart for the exclusive use of the noble ladies who may come to hear what their lords have to say of public affairs, and also for any members of the royal family who may wish to attend the debates.

On this occasion, Prince Christian, who married the Princess Helena, was the only occupant of the brass-mounted seats. After standing for two or three hours, I found the temptation almost irresistible to seek repose on the steps of the throne, upon which several weary persons had already seated themselves without regard to the sacredness of the precincts.

The lords themselves are by no means as luxuriously accommodated as our high and mighty senators in Washington, having neither desks nor chairs, nor stationery, nor newspapers, but only plain benches to sit upon where they lounge and stretch themselves with their hats on their heads. If one enters the House of Lords expecting to see the nobility of Great Britain looking or behaving unlike any other class of respectable people, he will be disappointed.

In comparing the present with the past, we are likely to be disappointed, but then we should remember that the statues and pictures of the illustrious dead are almost always a vast improvement on the original.

The Lord Chancellor, the three clerks, and the bishops are the only persons in the House who are in any way distinguished by their costumes, except indeed the attendant ushers who are more gorgeous than all, and as I stood behind the wool sack, on which the chancellor sits (which by the way does not at all resemble the ordinary bale of wool such as you see on the wharf) and studied his appearance at leisure, I could not help wonder-

ing that the power of association and the charm of antiquity should give dignity and impressiveness to his extraordinary costume—rusty black gown and the two-colored wig, with its twelve rows of little curls (I took the trouble to count them) and the round hole on the top with a valve which looks like a small ventilator.

The general effect of the scene interested me more than the debate. It was not difficult to identify at a glance the more prominent men, most of whom have been familiar to us all, more especially through the medium of caricatures, in which the English excel and which they apply with ruthless impartiality to all sorts and conditions of people. In some instances the impression made on my mind was that the caricature must be a better likeness than the original.

The session was opened by a distinguished earl representing the opposition and he demanded of Her Majesty's government, with a very winning smile irradiating his face and with words that sometimes cut like a razor, certain explanations of the extraordinary and inconsistent course which they had pursued in regard to the protocol and other matters affecting the peace of Europe, etc. To this Lord Derby replied in equally courteous style, giving just as little information as was possible to give without seeming to infringe upon the proprieties of parliamentary debate.

Only one noble lord attempted anything in the line of eloquence and, although he was a free and forcible speaker, he was listened to with less attention than the rest who talked in a quiet, easy way as if they did not care much whether or not they were listened to. How the reporters manage to hear one half of what is said I cannot comprehend, for the members of the House of Lords rarely speak much above a conversational tone and are not over-distinct at that. It is not merely the pitch of the voice which seems to give a familiar conversational character to their talk, but they also use the most simple and colloquial expressions, very unlike the lofty and sonorous periods which we associate with oratorical debate.

The same peculiarity also distinguishes some of the most popular preachers of the establishment, and this to a degree which would hardly be tolerated in our American pulpit.

XI. AMERICAN CHURCHES IN EUROPE

BISHOP CLARK visited and held Confirmations in many of the American churches in Europe at this time and makes the following report in a letter to the Providence *Journal*:

It saves a great deal of trouble when one is allowed to address his friends through the columns of a widely circulated newspaper, instead of writing the same information in detail to several hundred persons. Will the editor of the *Journal* allow me to make a sort of ecclesiastical report of services performed on this side of the water during the last two months?

On Sunday, July 30th, I preached in the old village church of Killarney, in Ireland. Only two weeks before I officiated in our own Newport, also a watering place much frequented by visitors; but how unlike the old Irish town in all its features and surroundings! Old as Newport is, the oldest parts of the town seem but of yesterday, compared with the antediluvian, moss-covered stone cottages of Killarney. In August I preached at Birnam in Scotland, made famous by Shakespeare's Macbeth, and as I looked out of the window at the woods directly over the way it was easy to imagine that they were moving towards the church door, as they waved and swayed in the wind; in which case, of course, my sermon would have come to a premature close.

I omit divers services held in the halls of hotels, etc., as not having any general interest and jump at once to Geneva, where I found the Rev. Arthur Mason, once a presbyter of Rhode Island and ordained in Providence, in charge of the American Episcopal Church. Here I held a confirmation and made an appeal in behalf of an edifice for their own use, which is much needed.

A lot of land in the heart of the city has been given for this purpose, and I believe that the cornerstone of the new church has already been laid.

In many places the English and American Churchmen unite in one organization, but for several reasons this is impracticable

in Geneva. In the latter part of October and all through the month of November, I officiated constantly in the American and English churches at Dresden. The English church is a magnificent building, and is the munificent gift of a lady who erected it as a memorial to her deceased husband. The congregation is very large, and the church is open two or three times every day, by the indefatigable rector, for public worship.

The Americans occupy a splendid hall in the Bourse, or Exchange as we call it, the walls lined with variegated marbles, and ceilings superbly decorated. It accommodates the congregation very well, but can be had only on Sundays, and then it must always be vacated at a certain hour in the afternoon in order to clear away the chancel and all of the furniture for a public ball or some other entertainment in the evening. For these and other reasons an effort is now in progress for the erection of an American church.

Things are strangely mixed up here on the Lord's Day, and an American sabbath is a thing unknown.

On Thanksgiving Day, we were invited to hold our service in the English church. In some of its aspects it was without a precedent. We had our own familiar form of worship, with the addition of a prayer for Queen Victoria and the reigning family of Bohemia, our own choir sang the chants and hymns, the American and English rectors divided the service between them, and a Bishop of the Church of England assisted me in the administration of the Holy Communion. It happened to be the day set apart by the Archbishop of Canterbury for intercession in behalf of Missions which gave me the opportunity to allude, in the course of my sermon, to the obligation that we were under to use the fostering care of the English "Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts," which contributed every year to each of the Episcopal churches in Rhode Island up to the time of the Revolution.

I told them something about Trinity Church, Newport, St. John's, Providence, St. Michael's, Bristol, and the old Narragansett church at Wickford.

A liberal collection was made for the benefit of our American church in Dresden.

On the first Sunday in Advent I visited Leipzig by special request, and addressed the Anglo-American congregation.

They are, at present, without a pastor, and would gladly receive an American clergyman, if a suitable person could be pressed to supply the vacancy.

There are a great many young people here, both from our own land and England, prosecuting their studies in the university, and this makes it very important that the services of the Church should be vigorously sustained.

The Bishop of London will cheerfully recognize an American clergyman for this station, and give him the same pecuniary aid that would be furnished to an Englishman. We held our services in a Lutheran church about 300 years old, and I wish that I could give you a true idea of the style of the building and its furnishings.

It gave me a peculiar sensation to stand before the old Lutheran stone altar, surmounted by huge candlesticks and a crucifix with representations of the Lord's Supper, the tomb of the Saviour surrounded by weeping women over the body fully exposed on the wall behind, all carved in wood and painted and gilded in the most lively manner. The church was full of queer representations.

I have made appointments to visit some other places in Europe and hold confirmations, of all of which I will make a report at some future time.

XII. DEATH OF HIS WIFE*

ON August 15, 1884, there came to Bishop Clark a greater affliction than he was able to bear, for after an illness of only three days he lost his beloved wife, who each year had grown more and more necessary to his happiness, and whose wisdom, justice, and calmness had helped him in many a time of trial and perplexity. She was nine years younger than he, and was married at the age of seventeen years. Never can I remember a time when she was willing to leave home if my father was there and, during the last years of her life, her favorite seat was by his study table where he wrote. The shock of her death brought a return of the intense melancholy which had followed the death of his son, Bryant, in Hartford, and which lasted, this time, for five years, and though he fulfilled every duty and kept every appointment, he walked in great darkness, and the old Calvinistic doctrines, so deeply impressed on his mind in his youth, returned with great force and added to the depression. At last the light returned in a measure, but life was never the same for him and he was very pitiful in his loneliness.

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* During the middle years of Bishop Clark's episcopate his daughter, Mrs. Sturtevant, did not live with him, and unfortunately Bishop Clark kept no diaries and destroyed most letters. From this point on to his later years the narrative is necessarily less full and consecutive.—Ed.

Caroline Howard Clark

Wife of Bishop Clark

XIII. FORTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF BISHOP CLARK'S CONSECRATION

IN October, 1894, was the fortieth anniversary of the Bishop's consecration, and there was a large gathering in Providence of clergy, with several bishops. There was a celebration of the Holy Communion at Grace Church in the morning, followed by a luncheon at noon and an informal meeting in a hall. I remember that Bishop Potter, Bishop Lawrence, Bishop Whitaker, and Dr. William R. Huntington were present. Dr. Huntington read a delightful poem. The clergy of the diocese presented Bishop Clark with a beautiful watch. He looked forward to this occasion with very great pleasure, but was taken quite ill just before the day and was never so strong again, and in 1898 Dr. William Neilson McVickar was elected coadjutor.

Perhaps it would be difficult to perceive a better and truer estimate of Bishop Clark than that embodied in the following poem by the Rev. William R. Huntington, rector of Grace Church, New York, read on the fortieth anniversary of his episcopate:

"Right Reverend"? Yes, "Most Reverend" if you will.
"My Lord," "Your Grace"—what matters what you say?
Heap on the titles, there's a better still;
We greet you "Friend" today.

Kindly your rule through all the changeful past;
The sheep have loved you, for they knew your voice.
Have loved, and love, and will love to the last,
The shepherd of their choice.

Nay, other sheep, perchance, beyond our bounds,
Have peered across their palings, now and then,
And whispered, as they saw you on your rounds,
"There goes the best of men."

They know you where the Blackstone pours its strength,
Starting ten thousand shuttles at their play;
They know you all adown the rippled length
Of Narragansett Bay.

They know you by the land-locked bit of sea
Where bold King Philip held his court of braves;
They know you where the proud cliff dwellings be
That look out o'er the waves.

Near by, they know you, in yon rattling street,
Where once, alone, the outlawed Roger trod,
True *Vox Clamantis,* bidding woods repeat
Some lofty psalm to God.

And far away they know you, by the dunes
And broad salt marshes from the sea redeemed;
Where, on his rock, long summer afternoons,
Great Berkeley lay and dreamed.

Yes, far and wide, through little Rhody's realm,
They know you for the very man you are—
A pilot trusty at the Church's helm,
Sure follower of the Star.

They know you, all, th' unlettered and the wise,
The rich, the poor, the simple and the "smart";
And, what is best (one reads it in their eyes),
'Tis knowledge got by heart.

XIV. PUBLICATIONS

OF these there were, of course, innumerable orations, charges, sermons, and lectures, besides a book called *Primary Truths,* which was well received here and in England, and was translated into the Japanese language. Dr. Muhlenberg, writing from St. Luke's Hospital, says, "It is an invaluable book, and I should say the book of the times." There was also a small volume entitled *Lectures to Young People,* and in 1894 his *Reminiscences,* from which I have made a number of quotations. Then, for ten years he sent an article every week to the New York *Ledger,* showing wonderful ingenuity in his selection of subjects as all religious and political controversies were prohibited. The following are some of the titles. The articles were usually written very rapidly and at one sitting.

The Art of Leaving Off
Traps for the Young
The Man with a Hobby
Impressions of People
The Way he said it
Ceremonial
The Other Side of the Moon
A Monday in Prison
Tell the Truth
How to Use Money
What Next?
A Trip to the Sun
Petty Grievances
What makes men poor
Moving with a Rush
The Chronic Grumbler
Artificial Morals

Reading as a Fine Art
Growing Old
Literary Bigotry
Public Opinion.

This work involved five hundred and twenty different subjects in the course of ten years.

In the days of the Lyceum Lectures he was in great demand, and often in winter went far west, suffering many discomforts and being frequently snowbound.

I have still the copies of these well-worn manuscripts of which some of the subjects are:

Inventions of the Age
The Living Machine
The Incas of Peru
Law of Periodic Rest
The Next Fifty Years.

Of *The Living Machine,* he writes his brother Samuel in 1863, "I am on a lecture tour! Woe to him who invented the system. My poverty and not my will consents. Tonight I repeat the 'Living Machine' for the one hundred and sixth time. Poor old machine!"

One was repeated three hundred and fifty times.

The Next Fifty Years, written in 1853, contained some remarkable prophecies, as for instance:

It costs no great effort to imagine, fifty years hence, a splendid locomotive hotel with spacious parlors, dining rooms, and dormitories moving gently as a bird flies and going through in four days from Boston to San Francisco. Posterity will not be contented to travel, as at present, only thirty miles an hour, seated in these narrow cars, distracted by noise, and occasionally pitched over a precipice into destruction.

Again these unsightly telegraph poles, which now deface the landscape, will disappear, and in their place there will be a net-

work of vibratory nerves hidden underground quickening the very bosom of the earth with messages of intelligence and affection. The language of telegraphic signs will be so improved that thoughts instead of syllables will be clicked off by the register, and men may communicate as rapidly as by the tongue. An electric battery, which now in some of our cities strikes the midnight alarm in the steeples, may also be made at evening to light all the street lamps at one flash, secure perfect uniformity of time in all the public clocks, kindle a beacon on those dreary rocks in the sea where human beings now endure a melancholy and dangerous solitude; heaven only knows what it may not do.

There is another invention, certainly not more impracticable than Babbage's great calculating machine, which I, for one, would hail with delight. It might seem absurd to predict that the time will come in the progress of civilization when it will not be customary to teach children to write. It would have been just as absurd, fifty years ago, to have foretold that the boys of this generation would generally grow up without knowing how to make a pen. What a tedious, and, to some of us, what a painful operation is this slow process of inscribing with the hand, letter by letter, the impressions of the mind upon paper. How difficult to make the ink flow as fast as the thoughts. How many rare fancies are lost, banished before they can be recorded, just because the writer must slowly clamber up to them, over the rough ascent of words and syllables and letters. Why need it be required six hours to write what can be spoken in one?

Now imagine a man in the year 1900 sitting down to prepare his lecture with the last improved chirographical instrument on the table before him. He opens the keyboard and begins to think. The order of his discourse having beeen methodized, his facts arranged, and his subject duly digested, an inspiration comes upon him and he lays his fingers on the ivory keys. Unconsciously, as an accomplished musician strikes the note which the harmony requires, does his hand sweep the phonographic scale, impressing by simple mechanism every thought in legible characters on the page, and fast as he can think are his conceptions transferred to paper. Lecturing will

be easy business then, provided one has anything to say, and he ought not to speak unless he has something to say.

In 1892, when eighty years of age, he delivered the lecture on Peru for the last time and writes, "My paper was received with applause. An old Unitarian minister followed with extended hand and very complimentary remarks, quoting Latin felicitously, and then Professor Gould of Harvard followed with a beautiful address confirming all that I had said by his own experiences in South America."

Wherever there were children, Bishop Clark delighted them with stories, one of which, *John Whopper,* was published anonymously, and for a long time the author was thought to be Edward Everett Hale. After the Bishop's death a new edition appeared with a preface by Bishop Henry Potter, and this book can still be obtained from L. C. Page & Co., 53 Beacon Street, Boston.

One story which I remember well was about a party given by the Man in the Moon who invited all the heavenly bodies, including the Sun, the last invitation being given without any thought of the consequences, for, as His Majesty approached, the heat became intolerable, the ice cream began to melt, the music to evaporate, the dancing stopped, and all were miserable. At last it was decided that a polite request should be sent to the Sun explaining the suffering which he was causing, and asking if he would kindly remain at a distance. Alas, this message made him very angry, and he withdrew at once to such a distance that the situation became worse than ever. The cream became solid ice, the music froze in the air, and the

guests began to leave, when a happy thought came to the Man in the Moon. A very good-natured comet chanced to be present, and he was asked if he would be so good as to allow them to set fire to his tail, which would probably furnish just enough heat for the festivities to be continued. This he kindly consented to do, so the right temperature was secured, the music melted, and all were happy.

The story with all its details was made so vivid that it was hard for me as a child not to believe that there was a benevolent gentleman living in the moon. When the Bishop was about ninety years old I begged that he would try to recall it all and allow me to make notes, but he said, "I have lost my astronomy."

XV. THE FRIDAY EVENING CLUB

SOMETIME about 1880 there was established a club consisting of a number of remarkably brilliant men, then living in Providence, each in turn being expected to furnish an essay on some subject of general interest at that time. I have not all of the names of the members, but the following were among those who were most prominent:

Bishop Clark, John R. Bartlet, Prof. Chase of Brown University, Prof. William Gammell, Mr. Edwin Larned, Prof. Lewis Diman, Mr. Augustus Hoppin, Judge Bradley, Mr. Alexander Farnum, Prof. Lincoln, Pres. Caswell of Brown University, Rev. David H. Greer, D.D.

The last meeting Bishop Clark attended was in May, 1883, at which he read a most amusing sketch of each member, including himself, of whom he says:

There is a fifth person who has his place in the club, although he is not particularly eminent for scholarship or profound writing, or many other accomplishments which distinguish his illustrious confreres; but he has the faculty of doing a great many inferior things, after a certain fashion, and doing them all about equally well. He is like a watering cart, inasmuch as he covers a large space, in a short period of time, with a limited amount of material, and never exhausts the reservoir by any excessive overflow. He is a serviceable person, being always ready to do other people's work, and to address the world on any subject whether he knows anything about it or not.

Although naturally of a grave and somewhat melancholy temperament, he does his best to avoid throwing a cloud of gloom around the meetings of the club; knowing, as he does, what heavy financial and literary burdens most of them have to bear, and how much they all need relief, after the ponderous exercises of the earlier part of the season are over.

It has been observed that he sometimes shows an incapacity to appreciate the profounder wisdom and subtlety of his associates, and a degree of impatience under the broad and generous amplification of a suggestive thought, which has justly given offence to his more gifted and learned brethren. It indicates the singular courtesy of this erudite body that no public rebuke has ever been administered, even when he has rushed in where angels might fear to tread.

In regard to the papers which, from time to time, have been presented by this member, a truthful candor obliges us to say that, as a general rule, they have fallen much below the average standard of excellence recognized by the club.

This is in part owing to the fact that, through a desire to save himself trouble, he has more than once inflicted upon the club some withered old production, prepared for altogether another kind of audience; with the feeling that, whatever might be thought of the paper, it would at least be accepted as a ticket to the supper which follows, where he generally appears to be quite at home. In justice to him, it should be said that, when he has stumbled upon a subject that interested him, and taken proper pains with the preparation, his efforts have been received

with something more than forbearance. In the department of oral criticism he does not shine; partly because he is usually in a hurry and partly because he has either too much or not quite enough to say.

A view of the back of the Bishop's head appears on the first page of the pamphlet which contains these impressions of the learned men who formed this brilliant gathering, and who greatly enjoyed the wit and humor of their episcopal member.

XVI. FRIENDSHIP WITH PHILLIPS BROOKS

THE following account of his friendship with Phillips Brooks is in the Bishop's own words:

I had no intimate acquaintance with Phillips Brooks until the last six or eight years of his life but, during that period, his house has been to me as a home, and the last words that I heard him say were these: "Now solemnly promise that you will never again go anywhere else to stay, when you come to Boston, as long as you live." I little thought that, within a month from that time, he would have found his home in another world. Many and many a time have I sat alone with him, "in the dead vast and middle of the night" which he made full and bright with his instructive talk, telling of the strange things he had seen in foreign lands, his experience in the remote regions of India, his visits to the various English and American missionary stations, which, he said, had impressed him most deeply with the conviction of their importance and usefulness, discussing men and books and Church affairs and rarely, if ever, alluding to himself personally. It was necessary to know him somewhat intimately before he was inclined to give free vent to his thoughts, and, for this reason, some persons regarded him as reserved and uncongenial.

It was always a mystery how he could manage to accomplish the vast amount of work which he did with his pen, in view of the incessant interruptions to which he was subjected.

He made it a rule to answer every letter that he received, let it come from whatever quarter it might—even all the begging letters which poured in upon him like a flood. On the morning after his election to the bishopric a single mail brought more than a hundred letters.

Bishop Brooks was a rigid judge of men, and sometimes expressed himself with great freedom in regard to certain persons whom he thought unreal and untrue, defects of character for which he had little forbearance.

In the midst of the fiery battle which assailed him, after his election to Massachusetts, he said to me one day: "After all, they have let me off quite easily; as yet I have never been charged with breaking either the sixth, seventh, or eighth commandments."

In all the details of life he was singularly scrupulous and never allowed any duty to be slighted or deferred, however trifling it might be. He never seemed to forget anything, and was at the beck and call of everybody, for every sort of thing. He was careful in regard to all the *little* attentions that people expected of him, and was never inclined to transfer a disagreeable thing to others in order to save himself trouble. The extraordinary hold he had upon the community was attributable to his personal qualities. He might have swayed the minds of men by his marvelous words, but he could never have secured the hold upon their hearts if he had been nothing but a great preacher.

During the time of his great trial, when the question was pending whether such a man as Phillips Brooks was worthy to have a seat in the House of Bishops, I was frequently at his house and in somewhat active correspondence with him, and although he must have had his anxious hours there was something wonderful in his calm serenity and faith through it all, and the persistency with which he always held me back from saying anything to refute the charges of unsoundness in the faith urged against him I have since learned to admire, although I was restive under it at the time. On the morning when the Massachusetts Convention was to elect its bishop, I said that there was little prospect of his having a majority of the

Rt. Rev. Phillips Brooks, D.D.
Sixth Bishop of Massachusetts

votes, and he replied that he had no doubt about it, "but," he added, "if I am not elected this morning I am ready to go into the Convention this afternoon and vote for the other candidate. Dr. Satterlee will be entirely satisfactory to me."

It is as a preacher that Bishop Brooks holds the most conspicuous place, but I shrink from an attempt to describe his preaching. It is as difficult to do this as it would be to produce, in words, the varied impressions made by the harmonies of a great orchestra. There is no other preacher to whom he can be compared. He copied no one, and no one could copy him to advantage. It is easy to say in what he was deficient. He dealt little in the logical analysis of doctrines. There was not much of formal argument in his discourse: he could reason very ably when he had occasion to do so, but, in his ordinary preaching, he seemed to feel as if he had more important work to do; he did not think that the Kingdom of Heaven could be taken by logic. To all appearances, he was not so much bent upon communicating his own thoughts to others as he was in trying to kindle into a blaze the latent sparks of good which he believed existed in every man's heart. He was not, by any means, what is popularly understood by the term, an eloquent preacher. He had no arts of elocution, but rather trampled them underfoot; his great desire seeming to be just to get his thoughts uttered and brought home to the apprehension of his hearers; for which, however, he hardly allowed sufficient time. He dealt almost exclusively with positive truths and had little to say in the pulpit about heresies and biblical criticisms and disputed dogmas and ecclesiastical expedients. He went directly to the reason and conscience and hearts of those whom he addressed, revealed them to themselves, making them shudder at some things which were disclosed and long to find some way of escape.

It was thus that he preached Christ to them, not always, perhaps, in the accredited form, but he brought the Saviour close home to them, so that they could see Him and feel the touch of His healing hand and apprehend the power of His Cross, in such a way as to lead them to take up the cross and follow Him. How often I have heard him say, "I love to preach!" and no wonder that he did, but the wonder with the

listener was where all his thoughts came from; for there was such a spontaneity in his utterance as to make it seem as if he could not help himself. It was often very difficult to guess what was coming when he gave out his text, but, as he went on, he would extract meanings from it and suggestions in it of which no one else would have dreamed, and yet, as he proceeded, the hearer felt as if these suggestions were natural and obvious enough. It hardly needs to be said that he presented few colorless thoughts.

From the beginning, Phillips Brooks has stood as the most conspicuous leader of what may properly enough be called the "experimental school of thought"; in other words, a religion founded upon experience. He was an apostle of light and love and liberty, and it was his great aim to bring men into such actual sympathy with Christ as to make it impossible that they should ever be disturbed by any open or covert attacks of infidelity, any questions of biblical criticism, or any false assumptions on the part of the proposed defenders of the faith.

Bishop Brooks was not, in any sense, a partisan. He could see the good in every system of theology, if there was any good there, and also the bad if there happened to be anything bad there. It would have been impossible for him to move in narrow lines, in a road so narrow as not to allow room enough to turn aside in order to allow one to pass who happened to be going the other way. The nature of his mind was such as led him to look upon forms and institutions with reference to the spiritual work which they were likely to accomplish. He loved the Church because it was Christ's great instrument for the elevation of humanity. He loved the Episcopal Church because of its breadth and comprehensiveness, because of its sedate and solemn services, because of its simple and efficient discipline, because it rests on the foundation of the apostles and prophets, Jesus Christ Himself being the chief cornerstone. He believed in the episcopal office, or he would never have consented to assume the vows of the episcopate; he was too honest a man for that.

This great man had all the tenderness of a child; there was no personal sacrifice that he was not ready to make, no humblest

office that he was not willing to discharge. I would want no gentler hand in sickness and no softer voice to soothe me in the hour of sorrow. The world at large knew little of his work among the poor and solitary. He has kindled the fire on many a cold hearth stone, lighted the lamp in many a darkened dwelling, and clothed many a poor, shivering child.

And now his last word has been spoken and he sleeps in silence, but he was never so living as he is now.

The following are a few of the letters of Phillips Brooks when he anxiously awaited the consent of the required majority of the bishops and standing committees to his consecration, and was in correspondence with Bishop Clark, who was perhaps his most intimate friend among the bishops and who had perfect faith in his Churchmanship and fitness for the office.

233 Clarendon Street, Boston,
July 5, 1891.

Dear Bishop Clark:

The bishops do not seem to be in any very anxious haste to have me one of them, but I can freely wait, and when they have entirely made up their minds no doubt they will kindly speak and all the world will listen. . . .

I am glad of this quiet summer, and especially of the quiet days at North Andover, before the change comes. I have been thinking a great deal about it all, and hoping and praying that I may be able to do my duty. The work looks very interesting, and I think the simplest view of it makes it most serious and sacred. I do not know why we should not carry into it the same simple faith by which we have always tried to live, that He, whose the work is, will give the strength—and so I do not dare to fear. I am counting on your visit by and by.

There came about this time an earnest appeal from the Bishop of New York asking Bishop Clark to urge Dr. Brooks to declare, from the altar, his belief in

the Apostles' Creed, and so put to an end any further question as to his soundness in the faith. The following was the reply to this suggestion:

October 30, 1891.

I should despise myself and you would despise me, if I did what these bishops want, which is to use a solemn occasion, the administration of the Holy Communion, to justify myself and to relieve them of a responsibility which I never asked them to take but which they assumed of their own accord. I shall do nothing of the kind, but shall try to say whatever words seem most to befit the occasion, without regard to my reputation or their comfort. This sort of thing has gone about far enough. I do not know what Bishop ———— means by saying that he thinks that "the sacrifice, in such a case, ought not to be all on one side." I know of no sacrifices which he has made for me. Certainly I have not asked for any. And now I propose to go my way and do my duty as well as I can, without feeling myself under any obligation to set myself right. Is not this the true way for me to feel? You know it is, my dear friend, and I am ever and ever, Yours affectionately,

Phillips Brooks.

November 3, 1891.

By some strange mishap I failed to find your note enclosed in Bishop ————'s letter which you sent me the other day. I have but just discovered it and read it. I need not say that if I had seen your letter endorsing and urging Bishop ————'s appeal, I should not have written to you exactly as I did. The *form* of my remarks would have been different, but indeed, my dear Bishop, the *substance* would have been the same. I cannot now quite believe that you really think it would be good for me to do what he and Bishop Williams desire. At any rate, I *cannot* do it. This letter only tries to excuse the somewhat vehement tone of my last and to bespeak your forgiveness and affection.

July 13, 1891.

Dear Bishop:

Yes, it is settled, and with God's help I will be the best bishop that I can. I am going to see Bishop Williams on Thursday, and we have communicated most cordially already by letter. At his request, I have expressed my wish that the consecration should be in Trinity Church, that he should preside, that you and Bishop Whipple shall present me, that Bishop Potter shall preach the sermon, and that my brothers shall be the attendant presbyters.

Let me thank you, my dear friend, for all the true interest you have taken in it all, and for the comfort and strength you have given me for the past months. I do not know what I should have done without you, and your kindness will always make one of the happiest associations of the beginning of my episcopate, and I thank you with all my heart.

Minnegua, Penn., July 21, 1891.

I want to tell you what a delightful visit I paid to the Presiding Bishop. How can I tell if he was as much pleased with it as I was. But, at any rate, we got on beautifully, we talked together and smoked together, and I examined his robes, which are very shabby and dishevelled, and I lunched with him and he was courtesy and kindness itself, and he talked as if nobody had any right to misgivings about my orthodoxy or he himself had ever doubted whether I could say the Nicene Creed. Then we arranged the ceremony for Wednesday, the 14th of October, of which you will please make immediate note, because you are to be there and present me, and remember you are to stay at my house at that time, being the only bishop I shall distinguish with that invitation. On the whole, I think the visit to Bishop Williams was a success, and there is no reason why we should not be on the best of terms hereafter, as long as we live. . . . I shall never be free with him as with his brother of Rhode Island, but he is a splendid figurehead for the great Church, and I must thank him for the kindest treatment. Then I went to New York and ordered a set of the preposterous garments which we bishops

wear, and which are to be ready by the 14th of October, and then I came here where my brother Arthur has a house, where I have spent a pleasant two days, and where your most kind letter reached me with the reports of all the good things which the bishops said. All this about my miserable self.

In the midst of the controversy there appeared in one of the daily papers a very absurd picture of Phillips Brooks, which so greatly amused Bishop Clark that he enclosed it in his next letter, to which came the following answer in verse:

And is this then the way he looks
This tiresome creature, Phillips Brooks;
Is this the man so long debated
Whom Coxe has doubted, Perry hated,
Who puzzles Bishop Williams so
If he has been baptized or no;
Whom Whittle cannot stand and yet
Who equally offends Paret,
And still who has received consent
And Bishop Clark will dare present
To take in hands unskilled and green
The great Episcopal machine?

No wonder if 'tis thus he looks
The Church has doubts of Phillips Brooks.
Well, if he knows himself, he'll try
To give these dreadful looks the lie.
He dares not promise, but he'll seek
Even as a Bishop to be meek,
To walk the way he shall be shown,
To trust a strength that's not his own,
To fill the year with honest work,
To serve his day and not to shirk,
To keep his heart and keep his head,
Until men laying him to rest
Shall say, at least, He did his best.

On July 8th during the following year Bishop Brooks wrote as follows from London:

These be kind words indeed which you have said of me in your convention address. I do not deserve them, of course, but I hope the clergy and laity believed them, nevertheless, and at any rate, I treasure them, and it is little to say that I would rather have had them come from you than from any bishop of them all. If *you* think anything like this of me, the other bishops may think as they choose, and pray keep on thinking good things concerning me and I will humbly try to struggle to deserve them.

I wish I were at North Andover this morning, and that you were with me writing words of wisdom on the other side of the study table. This is all very good and I have much enjoyed a pleasant voyage, and a week on shore, but once in a while one hungers for old friends and the home things, and then these English folk, hospitable as they are, are very trying. It is odd when we think of how a lot of our American Churchmen worship them, to see with what supercilious indifference they think, or fail to think of us, and the cumbersomeness of their great ecclesiastical machine is awful. It creaks at every joint, and they are so heavy that it is hard to keep in mind how good they are.

But I am coming home in September and then, soon after, we are going to Baltimore (to the General Convention). Remember, I am to be your guide, philosopher, and friend, and see you safely there, and if you wish I will make all your speeches for you and tell you how to vote while you are there. Keep well and strong and happy till the great time comes. If you see a good man for Trinity, secure him for the pulpit which Greer has foolishly declined.

St. Moritz, Switzerland, August 10, 1892.

When a man can write a letter such as this of yours to tell the story of his eightieth birthday, past and over, he is indeed snapping his venerable fingers in the face of time. I am afraid

it is not wholly right and you, somehow, will be punished for it. There is a mossy quietude which people associate with your time of life, and whose absence they resent if it does not appear. If indeed you are eighty after all, and it is not all a mistake or a fraud, are you quite sure that you were not changed at nurse? As to your legs, you must not worry yourself about them. They are not what interest your friends. It is not your walk but your conversation that we value. We will carry you in our arms so that your feet shall not touch the rough coarse earth, if you will only stay with us and brighten and enlighten and console and strengthen and amuse us! You will, won't you? Speaking of carrying you, I am counting with all my heart upon the journey which we shall make together to Baltimore in October. . . .

I wish that you were here this morning! It is more bright and splendid than I know how to describe. I will not try, but your ever young imagination will tell you all about it and I will tell you by and by.

Need I say that I shall rejoice to be presented in the queer old house by you? It will crown your thousand kindnesses in all of this business. Goodbye, God bless and keep you well. Be good.

Your grateful friend,
PHILLIPS BROOKS.

The General Convention of October, 1892, was, alas! the only one at which Bishop Brooks was present, for he died, after a brief illness, January 23, 1893, after an episcopate of only fourteen months.

I reached Baltimore in time to present Bishop Brooks to the House, and I left my chair in order to do this. He was graciously received, and thus far all goes quietly. It is a great comfort to be close by the church and to have the use of Bishop Brooks' parlor all of the time and to pass my evenings there.

Yesterday I presided all day over the whole convention and was complimented on the way in which I steered the ship. One of the bishops said that I was the only person in the church who

Thomas March Clark, D.D., LL.D.
Bishop of Rhode Island and Presiding Bishop

could be heard with perfect distinctness. I have taken my old place on the committees and am going to work as usual.

Bishop Clark, who was called upon at once to preach a sermon in memory of him in Cambridge, wrote thus to his daughter:

Bishop Brooks died this morning. No one can tell what a loss he is to me. . . . I shall miss him in a hundred different ways. He seemed to be almost indispensable to me, but he is at rest and would not come back if he could.

XVII. PRESIDING BISHOP

IN 1899, through the death of Bishop Williams of Connecticut, Bishop Clark, at the age of eighty-nine, became Presiding Bishop. First Bishop Doane and then Bishop Dudley was his assessor.

He had long felt very strongly that, as the Church has so greatly increased in numbers and strength, this position, which now had become one of great responsibility, should be held by a bishop selected for his special qualification for the office and one in middle life; however, he took up its burdens cheerfully, even at his great age, and though it so happened that many perplexing problems and situations arose during his administration, he showed great wisdom and discretion in his dealings with them.

There were many troubles with the Church in Mexico at this time, among which was the discovery that two native priests, about to be consecrated bishops, were men whose character was challenged, and the mandates which had been signed and sealed had to be withdrawn.

He asserted himself, perhaps a little too sternly, on the occasion of a consecration in which additions of which he did not approve were made to the usual service, and received from the bishops who took part a very severe reprimand. Never before, it was said, had a Presiding Bishop been such an autocrat or presumed so much upon his official position; and a remonstrance, drawn up by seven bishops, was sent to him.

At the same time there had been some disorderly occurrence in one of the Boston churches, and one of our Church papers, in its comments on the situation, said, "We wonder what that pope in Rhode Island thinks of this." He was criticized for calling himself "Presiding Bishop *of the Church,*" instead of Presiding Bishop of the General Convention, and so altogether there was quite a storm.

The whole affair, however, after the first flush of anger subsided, only amused Bishop Clark, and when he was told that one of the bishops had arrived for an interview with him he welcomed him gladly, and to the clergyman who announced his coming he wrote the following letter:

I have had no controversy with any bishop or am I aware of having set up claims to anything like general authority. I had not even noticed that I called myself "Presiding Bishop of the Church" until my attention was called to it by the newspapers, though, taking into consideration all that has to be done for the Church at large in this office, there might seem to be sufficient reason for the title. There is the responsibility of the appointment of provisional bishops and, in case of vacancies, as in Mexico, at the present moment, the care of the Church in this country. There is the duty of calling special meetings of the House of Bishops and, under certain circumstances, the re-

sponsibility of deciding the time and place for the meetings of the General Convention. There is the calling together of councils of conciliation, and the Presiding Bishop is the representative of the Church in America in its correspondence with foreign countries.

I had supposed, when the office came to me, that its duties were few and simple, but a glance at the Record Book will show how much I mistook the situation, for its responsibilities have involved much labor and anxiety.

All that I have done in regard to the consecration at Fond du Lac was to disclaim any responsibility for certain changes made in the usual order of the Church, by bishops acting in my place and under a commission issued by me.

The newspaper articles, which have been so abundant, have never given me the slightest anxiety and I have not felt called upon to enter into the controversy which seemed to me like Don Quixote's fight with the windmill, and I have wondered at the waste of time and energy which has been expended upon it in the newspapers, when there are so many solemn and eventful issues at stake in the Church and in the world. If Bishop ——— will come to see me, I shall be glad to talk with him, though I can say no more than I have said in this letter to you, and I should prefer to converse on other and more useful subjects than the present controversy.

On this occasion a few humorous remarks, which I will not record here, served to dispel the clouds of wrath from which the thunder was still grumbling. He made the offended bishop laugh, and he returned to his diocese with the cheerful news that all was serene in Rhode Island.

To the end Bishop Clark was always prompt and punctual in his correspondence. Every letter was answered on the day of its arrival, and entries in the Presiding Bishop's book were carefully made. He much regretted that letters in regard to important matters

had not been preserved by his predecessors as he would often have found precedents of very great value, so remembering this, his daughter, who for several years had served as his secretary, carefully classified after his death all correspondence which might serve to aid the next Presiding Bishop.

During this time, though unable to appear in the churches, he wrote each month a charge or sermon for the Diocesan Record, and on the occasion of the opening of the infant ward of St. Mary's Orphanage appeared in person and blessed it, in the presence of a large gathering of people. During these years, Dr. William Neilson McVickar was Coadjutor Bishop of Rhode Island, and bore the full burden of the diocese.

XVIII. EXTRACTS FROM ONE OF THE LAST PASTORAL LETTERS WRITTEN BY BISHOP CLARK

IT was the intention of the Saviour that His Church should be in the world but not of the world, coming into contact with society in every relation of life. It was not to be an institution for special times only, but its influence was to be felt everywhere, and to be manifested in the daily habits of the people, controlling their thoughts and passions and actions. It was intended that the Church should regulate the business relations of men, making them honest and honorable and high-minded in all their dealings; that it should control political life and give character to the laws and government of nations. It was to make men pure and holy in their lives and upright and truthful in their speech. It was intended that the Gospel should have dominion in the household circle and that the recreations and amusements of society should be subject to its restrictions.

But as we look about the world at the end of these nineteen centuries do we feel it scrupulously fulfilling all these re-

quirements? Certainly there should be a marked distinction between the communicants and non-communicants of the Church, but as I sit here apart from the world there come to me sad and strange rumors. I hear that in all directions the sacred marriage vow is wantonly broken and violated, I hear of business transactions which would never have been warranted by the Saviour; of days and nights wasted by men and women over idle games, harmless perhaps in themselves, but perilous and sinful when attended with gambling. I hear of sumptuous habits of living which must, in the end, weaken and disease both the body and the mind, I hear of profanity and drunkenness even among those who profess to be followers of Christ, and of fortunes wasted on vanities which perish in the using, while the cries of the poor, the sick, and the suffering are going up to Heaven unheeded, and I ask can it be possible that these are the men and women who not long ago publicly renounced "the pomps and vanities of this wicked world, and all the sinful desires of the flesh"?

The communicants of the Church should not be content to stand on the ordinary level of humanity. Their reputation should be so bright and clear, so free from any suspicion of fraud or misdemeanor—they should be so conspicuous for their Christian graces, that when the question is asked of this or that man "Can he be trusted in business?" it should be sufficient to answer, "Most certainly, he is a communicant of the Church."

At the last day we shall be called upon to give an account of our stewardship and will be asked, "What have you done to relieve the wants of the sick and suffering about you—what have you done to lift your poor degraded brothers and sisters out of the depths of misery or corruption into which they have fallen? What have you done to rescue the wretched children who swarm in the filthy alleys, not a mile from your luxurious mansion? What have you done to aid the industrious workman in obtaining a comfortable home for himself and his household? What have you done to purify the springs of political life and secure to our towns and cities such wise and honest administration as the public welfare demands? Where are the hospitals, industrial homes, churches, libraries, and charities which you

have endowed? What have you done toward sending the Gospel to those who are in darkness and "to make the wilderness and solitary places blossom as the rose"?

In a Sunday congregation there may be found persons who represent every shade of character and opinion, and I fear there are not a few who, though they are regular in their attendance upon the Sanctuary and who contribute in a greater or less degree to the support of public worship, yet remain, year after year, without the pale of the Church, manifesting no interest in its sacramental ordinances, never presenting themselves for confirmation and possibly never having been baptized. If you could induce them to speak with you confidentially, they might say that although they are in a degree interested in the services of the Church and regard it upon the whole as a benefit to society, religion in itself is a subject which has never appealed to them or taken any special hold in their hearts or minds. Their view of religion seems to be that it is simply an appendage to life which may be put on or off at one's pleasure. They do not recognize the fact that it ought to be the very substance of life itself. God calls us into being to serve Him and in so doing to build up a holy and elevated character, and this constitutes what we call religion. A religious man is a complete man, ready and furnished for every good work. For one to say that he has never taken any interest in religion is to say that he does not care for the purpose for which he exists.

The community will never be what it ought to be until every man is controlled by the principles of the Gospel. Besides there have lately appeared among us those who teach that there is no necessity for salvation, as there is no such thing as sin; disease and pain are not realities, and inasmuch as God is love, He can be nothing but a principle. It is somewhat difficult to see how a principle can, in itself, be an object of personal affection and take the place of God in our devotions. A liturgy based on this doctrine would be a great curiosity. It is amazing in this twentieth century there should be found so large a number of people who can be affected by such an absurdity as this, and the most melancholy feature of the whole imposture is the dreadful havoc it is making among those who heretofore have held a high

position in the Christian world. The light which was in them has become darkness. For them there is no longer any Intercessor pleading with their Father in Heaven. The Cross on Calvary has lost its meaning, and the Gospel has become a sealed book. The time is soon to come, to them as well as to all of us, when we shall see ourselves just as we appear in the sight of God. The sins and iniquities which we have kept concealed from our view come to the surface, and we cry out in our anguish, "Who shall deliver us from the body of this death?" Now this is the hour above all others when we shall feel the need of a *personal* God. If we are living without God in the world we must be living without hope. Do you know what this means? There will be no refuge from the storm, no shadow from the heat, no hiding place when the earth is sinking under our feet. There is not a ray of light left to direct your footsteps, no reply when you cry out in the darkness, and no hand to sustain you in the day of trouble.

Almighty God, the fountain of all wisdom, whom truly to know is everlasting life, send down Thy Holy Spirit to show us the way in which we ought to go. Keep us from all error, all indulgence in evil thoughts and evil actions, from all vain delusions and from everything which is inconsistent with our Christian profession. Forgive us the sins we have already committed. Abandon us not to temptation, and by faith in Jesus Christ Thy Son, may we be kept from every form of error, and when our work on earth is finished, find rest in Him who is the resurrection and the life, and the Saviour of all who put their trust in Him, and this we ask in His all prevailing Name to whom be the glory and dominion, world without end. Amen.

XIX. THE END

ON the afternoon of Monday, September 7, 1903, Bishop Clark seemed in great haste to dictate to his daughter the names of a number of colleges and schools to which he wished copies sent of an article on Social Purity which he had just completed. He had been all day sitting on the piazza of her house in Newport, but at four o'clock went up stairs with great difficulty, having to rest in a chair on the landing. A few moments later, after saying to his attendant, "There is nothing left of me," he sat down and quietly breathed his last breath. The tired heart simply stopped beating.

The funeral took place in old Trinity Church at Newport on the afternoon of September 10th, and the body, dressed in its robes and a beautiful white stole embroidered by the Sisters of the Holy Nativity, lay there all day watched by a guard of honor consisting of six clergymen, five of whom he had ordained. These were Arthur Rogers, John B. Diman, Alva Carpenter, Frank Appleton, Herbert C. Dana, and James P. Conover. Bishops Henry C. Potter of New York, Doane of Albany, Dudley of Kentucky, Niles of New Hampshire, Burgess of Long Island, Vinton of Western Massachusetts, Lawrence of Massachusetts, Johnson of Los Angeles, Walker of Western New York, Leonard of Ohio, and McVickar, the new Bishop of Rhode Island, were present. The clergy of the diocese, in their vestments, occupied the pews on each side of the central aisle, and the service was read by the Bishops of New York,

Albany, and Kentucky, while the Bishop of Ohio read the committal service at the burial in the beautiful churchyard of St. Mary's, South Portsmouth, Rhode Island.

A requiem was held on the same day at St. Stephen's, Providence, and later memorial services in every church of the diocese. There was also a large assembly at Grace Church, Providence, when Bishop Potter preached a memorial sermon.

The diocesan memorial of Bishop Clark was the partial endowment of the infant ward of St. Mary's Orphanage, which was founded by him just before his death.

The Last Voyage, written by the Bishop shortly before his death, is a fit close to a life lived very close to his heavenly home.

The Last Voyage

My work on earth is well-nigh done,
I wait the setting of the sun.

I hear the surging of the sea
That beats upon Eternity.

I see, far off, the shadowy realm
And thither turn the trembling helm.

The winds which blew so cold and drear
Grow softer as the end draws near.

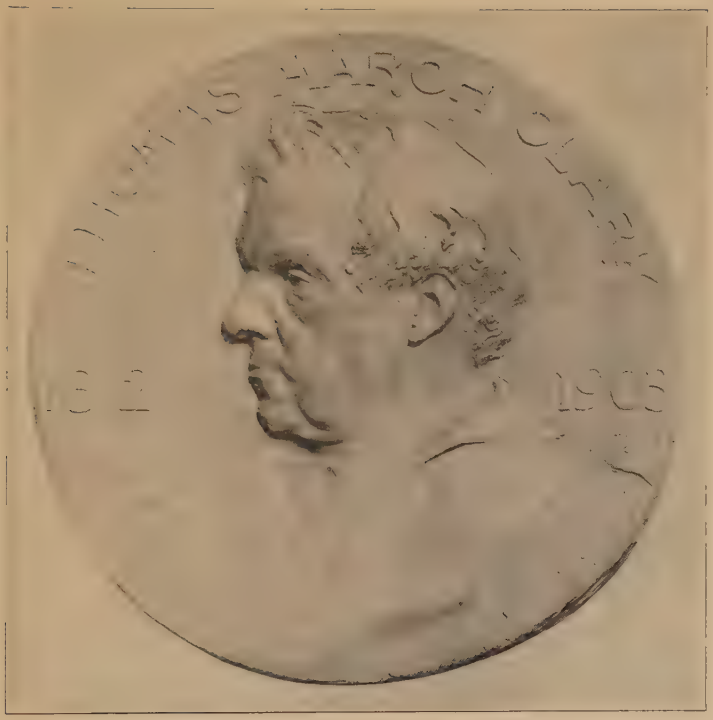
The distant gleam of silver light
Relieves the darkness of the night.

There stand upon the misty shore
Faint forms of loved ones gone before.

The voice that once said "Peace be still"
Now whispers softly, "Fear no ill."

I sail alone, yet not alone,
The Saviour takes me for His own.

I wait His greetings when I land,
I wait the grasp of His loved hand.



Bas-Relief of Bishop Clark

On wall back of pulpit in St. Columba's Chapel, Middletown, R. I.

The sculptor, B. L. Pratt, made this bas-relief (after Bishop Clark's death) from several different photographs. Below the bas-relief is a tablet with the following inscription:

Thomas March Clark
Bishop of the Diocese of
Rhode Island
1854-1903
Presiding Bishop
1899-1903
And they that be wise shall
shine as the brightness of
the firmament, and they
that turn many to
righteousness, as the stars
forever and ever. —Daniel 12: 3.

APPENDICES

I. REMINISCENCES BY THE RT. REV. WILLIAM LAWRENCE, D.D., LL.D., SEVENTH BISHOP OF MASSACHUSETTS

OUR summer cottage was at Nahant during my boyhood, and the Union church there used to have the leading preachers of the country during July and August. Among them was Bishop Clark, who usually stayed with us. To a boy like myself he was interesting. His personality stood out in my boy mind. He was not a child's man. He did not play with us, and only occasionally told anecdotes, but his talk with the older people was so vigorous and human that we enjoyed listening to him as we did not to most of the other preachers.

When he came to preach, too, he again stood in our minds as unique. He was the first preacher that I ever heard who did not use the conventional sermonic language. Indeed, I remember that at his twenty-fifth anniversary in Grace Church, Providence, when Bishop Potter and I gave addresses about him, Bishop Potter said that Bishop Clark was the first preacher in our Church, and probably in the Church of England, to talk English. In the potato famine in Ireland instead of speaking of the potato as an "esculent root essential to the diet of the Irish," Bishop Clark would have called it a "potato."

His delivery also was as real and natural as his style. He had a rich, deep voice, which in running up to the higher notes rang out like a bugle. As I look back to the Nahant preachers, and a number of them were great preachers, I see Bishop Clark, and hear his voice more clearly than any of the others.

As I came to know him better, I realized that his sense of humor, his keen wit also, were a vital part of his temperament and character. It would have been as unreal for him to repress them as it would have been to repress his sense of indignation

at wrong, or his sympathy in sorrow. When he became an old man and much depressed, he felt at times keen remorse at the way in which he had given play to his wit and humor in other days. Such remorse was unnecessary and unnatural, for he never used wit or humor to scoff at or to injure anyone. His humor came up to the surface so naturally that even he himself did not know how happy it was until the response came in the smiles or laughter of others.

I remember, for instance, when he preached the sermon at the consecration of the church in Ipswich, he described the conditions of earlier days at Ipswich and Newburyport with which he was so familiar. It so happened that Benjamin F. Butler was Governor of Massachusetts that year, and as Bishop Clark read from an ancient document of Colonial days telling how the Governor walked of a Saturday down to Ipswich in order to exhort the people on the Sabbath Day, he looked up and in his quizzical, simple way remarked, "Think of the present Governor walking down to Ipswich to exhort the people on the Sabbath!"

As he was describing in his sermon the perfect quietude of the Ipswich village, the noonday whistle of the factory—for the service was of a weekday—struck up and silenced him for half a minute. To which he responded immediately, "And no such sound as that checked the preacher's voice."

At a dinner given him soon after my consecration, he and President Eliot both spoke. He gave his reminiscences of the earlier days of his ministry under Bishop Eastburn, who was a very pompous man and held the people at a respectful distance. Bishop Clark, in describing Bishop Eastburn, in his inimitable way, closed his description by saying, "While he was alive I esteemed and revered him. Now that he is dead, I love him." I never knew President Eliot to be so overcome with laughter as he was during this speech. Indeed, his handkerchief went to his mouth, and to conceal his mirth he bent his head below the table.

Upon the death of Phillips Brooks, he preached a memorial sermon at St. John's Chapel in Cambridge. After the service he said to me, "I wish I could have dared to tell the people really

what I felt about Brooks' kindness. I should like to have told them that when at the last General Convention I mentioned in the evening that I needed a certain medicine in the morning, I found on my breakfast table the bottle, which Brooks had taken the pains to buy. I should like to have told the people that, not feeling well this morning, I had taken some medicine from that very bottle. When I was staying with Brooks last summer at North Andover, my suspender broke. Brooks took me into the barn and mended it with a piece of wire. I am wearing it now. I should like to have shown the people my suspender as it was mended by Brooks."

If he had done so, it would have been to him as simple and natural as any other part of his sermon.

His ability and tact as a lecturer and popular writer were quite unique for that day. In the days of lecture bureaus he was one of the most popular lecturers in the country. He told me a story which illustrates his tact upon the platform. He said that when he was in England sometime in the sixties, and when Bishop Wilberforce was at the height of his reputation as a public orator, he was invited to speak for a few minutes at a great workingmen's meeting before Bishop Wilberforce came on. On arriving at the hall, which was packed, the chairman told him that a telegram had just come from Bishop Wilberforce saying that his train had broken down and he could not be there. The chairman added that Bishop Clark must fill the evening. In view of Wilberforce's great reputation and the fact that the crowd had come to hear him, Bishop Clark was appalled. However, in opening he said, "I have prepared a few minutes' address to you, and I am going first to get that off. Then I am going to stand here and let you fire questions at me. I am an American. Everyone in this audience probably has a son or daughter or brother or sister in the States. You know very little about that new country. I know a great deal about it. Now you ask me any question that you want." The result was that what with the intelligence, the vigorous style, and the humor of Bishop Clark the audience stayed on until well toward midnight.

Henry Ward Beecher wrote a column each week for the New York *Ledger,* receiving $100 therefor, a large sum for

those days. When Dr. Beecher was in the shadow of his trial, Mr. Bonner, the proprietor of the *Ledger,* turned to Bishop Clark, who wrote the column week after week; and who, if I remember right, built his summer cottage at Warwick Neck out of the proceeds of these columns, and named it after the proprietor and the paper, "Bon Ledge."

I asked him how it was that he could get fresh thoughts each week for popular consumption. He said, "The topics multiply upon me so fast that I find my drawer full of possible columns when I stop writing." Indeed, he so enjoyed writing that it was his habit to anticipate the delivery of his sermon.

He once preached a Commencement sermon at the Cambridge School in June, and remarked to me afterward that he had written it in December when my invitation first came. I said, "I do not see how you can write in such a real and vivid way for delivery six months hence; I should think that the thoughts would have become stale to you." "On the contrary," he said, "when I come to the time of delivery and read my sermon over, I find it very fresh, and wonder how it was that I knew so much six months ago."

Brought up as he was a Presbyterian, and in the old New England theology, his habit of thought in later years was interesting, for while he could not entirely shake off the methods of theological expression and thought of his earlier days, his love of truth, his sensitiveness to moral values, and his honesty of expression drove him to conclusions and ventures of spiritual faith rare in the pulpit of the days of his prime.

It was this attitude of mind, his intellectual courage, and his faith in Christ as the Truth that won the attention and loyalty of the younger generation. He and Phillips Brooks were devoted to each other. They were in many respects of the same mould; but they were in certain respects as far away from each other as the poles; for Brooks, being of a younger generation, saturated himself with Coleridge, Maurice, Bushnell, and Robertson, and had absorbed a habit of thought and attitude of mind in his elastic years which it was impossible for an older man like Bishop Clark to do. The conversations between those two men were delightful, in that they were so sympathetic in

their deeper convictions and so diverse in their methods of coming to them that they ended by agreeing to disagree.

Bishop Clark's genuine piety was very deep and real. Indeed I have known few men so vigorous, able, and popular to retain such childlike simplicity of faith. Throughout life, and especially in his later years, he was as a little child, and his relations with his Heavenly Father were those of a child with his parent.

One June he stayed with me at Cambridge, and was the guest at the Commencement dinner in the Theological School. After he had made his speech, he slipped off to my house to go to bed, and as it was next door he would not allow me to go with him. About an hour after, as a friend and I were walking home across the lawn toward the porch, I said, "Well, the old boy has probably gone to bed by this time." Bishop Clark's voice came out from the shadow of the porch, "No, he is here." It turned out that the front door was locked, and as the evening was mild the Bishop had sat and waited for us on the porch.

Mrs. Lawrence told me later that she had heard Bishop Clark talking or conversing during that hour. On my asking him the next morning whom he was talking with, he said in a perfectly natural way, "Why, I was talking with my Heavenly Father. That is my habit when I am alone; and I ask God a good many questions, and as I wait and meditate He answers me."

Thus this virile, outspoken, witty man revealed the sweetness and simplicity of character which won for him the love of all who knew him.

II. REMINISCENCES BY THE LATE REV. JAMES DE WOLF PERRY, D.D.

WITH great pleasure I contribute some reminiscences of Bishop Clark, and incidents of the years during which he was my faithful friend and benefactor. I was his assistant at Grace Church, Providence; his way of choosing and appointing me for this work was characteristic.

He was present at my graduation from Brown University in 1860, and congratulated me on my giving the Greek oration. In the evening, so Mrs. Clark told me two years later, he said to her, "Young James Perry was one of the graduates today and will prepare for the Christian ministry, and I hope to make him my assistant at Grace Church." In the following October, with his approval and advice, I entered the Berkeley School at Middletown, Connecticut. At the end of the school year I felt that it was my duty to undertake some work for my self-support, and by friends in Bristol was asked to teach a private school in that town. The importance of this proposed change in my plans led me to call on the Bishop asking his consent and advice. I was surprised and disappointed by his refusal to give me advice, and his reply that without advice or influence from him I must myself make the important decision. After some days of anxious thought, I went again to his study and told him that I had reached the decision to interrupt my course of study and to postpone my ordination in order to teach school. Searchingly he asked me if I had fully and finally decided, whether I would change my mind, and would I not regret it. Having satisfied himself with my answers, he amazed me by saying that he would at once ordain me to be a deacon, and to be his assistant at Grace Church, and that he had not made this proposal until now and had refused to give me advice, lest he should influence my decision. To all my remonstrances and expostulations that I was unequal and unfitted for so responsible a position and work, he replied that to judge of that was his business as my bishop. Accordingly in October of that year, 1861, I became his deacon and assistant, giving to the work, which was assigned to me at Grace Church, Saturday and Sunday of each week, and

on the other five days teaching school and private pupils in Bristol. In the evening of my first Sunday with him he presented me to his family as his "new assistant who neither smokes, nor drinks, nor uses profane language." By this humorous introduction he kindly relieved my embarrassment and nervous constraint, which I had painfully felt, and evidently had showed during this trying day. But a greater trial still awaited me in my first effort to preach. I had confessed and protested to the Bishop that I had never even attempted to prepare a sermon; to relieve my apprehension he told me that he had made such arrangements for this year that he need not be out of his pulpit on many Sundays. But on my fourth Sunday with him he announced to me in the evening that I would preach on the following Sunday afternoon, and to all my excuses and remonstrances he merely replied, firmly but kindly, "You will preach next Sunday afternoon." The intervening week was neither idle nor happy, but

"Come what come may,
Time and the hour run through the roughest day."

In the vestry room of the church, at the hour of service, I was annoyed by finding that the Bishop had invited to be present my friend the Rev. Walter Noyes, who recently had been ordained. As we were putting on our vestments the Bishop said to me, "Mr. Noyes and I will take the service and you are the preacher." It was an invariable custom at that time for the preacher to return to the vestry room in order to exchange the surplice for the black gown, while the hymn before the sermon was sung. While doing this I saw that the Bishop and Mr. Noyes had followed me to the vestry room, and were removing their vestments. Asking the Bishop why, and what they were going to do, I received the disconcerting reply, "We will sit in a pew." My entreaty that they would not do so, but would sit behind me in the chancel, was unavailing. When I entered the pulpit they were seated in the front pew, immediately beneath the pulpit, where my outstretched hand could almost touch them, and where I could not be even for a moment unmindful of their disconcerting presence. When at the close of the service we three returned to the vestry room, the embarrassing

silence was broken by the Bishop's remark: "Mr. Perry in that twenty minutes you preached more theology than I have preached during the many years of my ministry." To which I timidly replied, "Owing to my inexperience I had nothing else to preach." Then came most kindly the Bishop's explanation that unexpectedly he found that he must be absent, leaving me to occupy the pulpit more frequently than he had anticipated, and that he had subjected me to this trying ordeal in order to learn with what confidence he could leave me to preach, and he ended by saying that young clergymen can be taught to preach as puppies are taught to swim—plunged in over their heads they have no alternative and are forced to make the best of a difficult situation.

The Bishop emphasized the importance and value of domestic relations and responsibilities, by practice, as in his preaching, he taught that the family is a divine institution, and fundamental in the upbuilding of human society. Unless prevented by official duties he spent Sunday evenings with his family. To me was kindly extended the privilege of taking supper and passing the evening with them. His daughter Mary sang with a sweet voice to her own accompaniment on the piano, and pleasant and profitable conversation and occasional calls from friendly neighbors made the evenings only too short. The Bishop withdrew to his study for a while in order to tell a bedtime story to his boy Howard; he was thus occupied one Sunday evening when Mr. Whitney, the well-known bookseller and publisher, called. The door of the study stood open, and notwithstanding his effort to be courteous and to take part in our conversation, Mr. Whitney showed that he was more interested in the Bishop's story. When the Bishop bade Howard goodnight and returned to the sitting room, Mr. Whitney enthusiastically exclaimed "Bishop, you must let me have that story for publication." "By no means," replied the Bishop, "it is a childish thing which I invent to amuse my boy; it is not meant for others." Mr. Whitney's persistence, coöperating with the Bishop's kindness, was finally successful.

The little book bound in cloth had the title *John Whopper.* Its cover was illustrated by the figure of a boy with mouth wide

Mary Clark Sturtevant in 1899

Daughter of Bishop Clark

open, jauntily uttering a whopper. The book gave in continuous narrative what the Bishop had told in short portions on different evenings, relating romantic and improbable adventures of a boy who sold Boston newspapers to help support his widowed mother. On one day, carrying his bundle of papers near to Canton, Massachusetts, he fell into a bottomless hole from which he came out on the opposite side of the earth in Canton, China, where he sold his papers at high prices to merchants who welcomed the opportunity to learn, in advance of usual means of information, at what prices merchandise and securities were selling in the American market. Practical and enterprising, John used this accident to establish a regular and profitable business, daily jumping through the hole with his papers to sell them in China. Later, to meet increasing demand for the papers, he remained in China, and took into partnership his brother who, in Boston, bought the papers, and wrapping them in a strong leather cloth threw them into the hole to reach John in China. With marvelous experiences and adventures are interspersed quasi-scientific suggestions and discussions, giving a tone of probability to the story, prompting a child's mind to enquire and think. The book was published anonymously, and with the explicit agreement that the Bishop's name should in no way be associated with it. But the book attracted so many readers among both children and adults that its authorship could not remain unknown, it gradually became an open secret, and of course increased the sale of the book. The Bishop was much annoyed, but could not withdraw it nor buy up the copies. He could only forbid and prevent the issue of another edition.

Another book which may be classed as a juvenile, of which the Bishop was the acknowledged author, was entitled *Primary Truths of Religion*. It disappointed those who expected to find in it a theological treatise, or even a positive and complete statement of the Bishop's religious convictions. It was not written for this purpose, but to answer disquieting doubts and to help settle religious questions, which disturb minds during the period of transition when generally accredited and accepted truths are challenged and questioned, and before sufficient patience, mental ability, and balance, have been acquired to "think things

through." This stage of immaturity and unsettlement is not peculiar to college students of the present time. Living in a house on George Street facing the college campus, the Bishop was in close contact and sympathy with the students. Of their number were his two sons who brought home consideration of such doubts and discussions. These conditions prompted and justified the writing of this little book. Its like may be seen in *The Substance of Faith,* written by Sir Oliver Lodge. Those who criticized it as inadequate and unsatisfactory, and less than might be expected from a leader of thought, failed to understand its purpose. The Bishop's brother, the Rev. Samuel Clark, D.D., of Elizabeth, N. J., may have shared this estimate of the book, but more probably was moved by his habitual humor and spirit of fun, when, on his bed of sickness, he was visited by the Bishop, and feebly raising and supporting himself on one elbow he greeted his brother with the exclamation: "Have I the honor of a visit from the author of *Primary Truths*?" I always welcomed the meeting of these two brothers as an occasion when, especially at a Rhode Island clambake, their good humor and fun had full play.

In June of 1861, when I was a student at Berkeley School, Middletown, Bishop Clark was invited by Bishop Williams to preach the sermon at the graduation of the Senior Class. He was a guest at Bishop Williams' house, and on Saturday evening the two sat in Bishop Williams' spacious study chatting and smoking. My friend and fellow-student, John Rogers, and I were candidates in the diocese of Rhode Island, therefore we were invited and privileged to sit with them, and to enjoy their reminiscences and anecdotes. They recalled a meeting of the House of Bishops, when these two—Bishop Williams and Bishop Clark—were guests in the house of the resident bishop. Under the impression that their host did not smoke tobacco, and did not permit its use in his house, they abstained from smoking. But their visit was prolonged, and to indulge in one good smoke the two guests met in one of their bedrooms, late in the evening after the family had retired for the night, and sitting on the floor, in front of a wood fire which would carry their smoke and its fragrance up the chimney, they were startled by

a knock on the door which, being opened, disclosed their amused host standing in the doorway. Gayly scolding them for their secretiveness, he confessed that out of respect for them he had refrained from smoking in the house while they were his guests; now that scruples and obstacles were surmounted and mutual understanding was reached he sat with them on the floor, and the three merry smokers enjoyed a compensation for the period of their needless self-denial.

Another story which was told on this Saturday evening, and to which both the bishops contributed, dated back to a time when Bishop Clark (then Dr. Clark) was rector of a church in Hartford, having Bishop Williams for his diocesan. On a Sunday morning Dr. Clark with vestment bag in one hand was hastening to take a train to a neighboring city, where he was engaged to preach. He slipped on the pavement, and in his fall, and effort to avoid falling, tore his trousers; not having time to return home, he entered the house of a parishioner, who lived near by, and, borrowing a pair of trousers, hastened to his train and fulfilled his appointment. Bishop Williams, hearing this mishap, wrote to him a letter, assuming a serious tone, regretting that it was his painful duty as his diocesan to rebuke him for the scandalous impropriety of traveling on a railroad train and preaching without his trousers. Dr. Clark enjoyed the joke and waited for an opportunity to retaliate. Seeing in a newspaper a conspicuous advertisement of pure liquors and fine wines for sale by John Williams, he enclosed it to his bishop, respectfully entreating him that if he found it necessary to resort to such means either for his own support, or to supplement the receipts of the divinity school, he should do so as a silent partner, or under an assumed name. In such boyish fun these distinguished divines found wholesome diversion and relaxation, which recalls the ancient legend told of the Apostle John, who was amusing himself by playing with a tame partridge, when a hunter, returning from his day's hunt, expressed surprise that he found his revered teacher so trivially employed. The apostle, pointing to the bow carried by the hunter, asked why it was unbent with its string hanging loose. "Because," replied the hunter, "if always bent and tightly strung it would

lose its elasticity and become useless." "Even so," said the apostle, "it is with the mind of man."

In later years, when evening shadows were gathering and deepening, the Bishop himself came to visit me in my rectory, and to preach for me at Calvary Church. Remembering his fondness for good cigars, I purchased for his visit a box of a brand specially recommended, and offered it to the Bishop, with the remark that I was not a good judge in choosing a cigar, having given up the use of tobacco long ago. The Bishop surprised me by declining with the words: "Thank you, I do not smoke." Expressing my surprise, I ventured to remark that when I was his assistant he was a habitual, if not an excessive smoker, and asking him when and how he gave up the habit. He replied, "One evening, alone and thoughtful, sitting in front of an open fire, I was enjoying a good cigar, when I said to myself: Tom Clark, you are a slave to your cigar, and slavery of whatever degree and of any kind does not become a Christian man; I threw my cigar into the fire and have not smoked from that time." Asked if he did not miss what he had enjoyed during so many years, and if the abrupt change did not require a struggle, he replied, "Yes, but only for a few days, and the result was worth the effort." With increased veneration for the aged saint, I returned to its place the cigar box, silently repeating to myself Tennyson's lines:

"Our wills are ours, we know not how:
Our wills are ours, to make them Thine."

III. SERMON BY THE LATE REV. GEORGE M'CLELLAN FISKE, S.T.D., AT A SOLEMN REQUIEM EUCHARIST AT ST. STEPHEN'S CHURCH, PROVIDENCE, OCTOBER 7, 1903

He was a good man, and full of the Holy Ghost and of Faith: and much people was added unto the Lord.—Acts xi: 24.

THE service here today is not of a diocesan character. Such a service it pertains to the Ecclesiastical Authority of the diocese to appoint. We are here as one congregation of mourners in this parish church, to offer a parochial tribute of priests and people to the memory of their Father in God.

There is especial reason for our doing this. The Bishop was a near neighbor for many years. In a certain literal sense he was a parishioner. One of the pews in this church during all the years I have ministered here, and I know not how long before—perhaps from the consecration of the church—bore his name; was set apart for his use; and his family, or some members of it, have been worshippers here until this day. Bishop Clark laid the cornerstone of this edifice, and consecrated it to the Triune God. He admired its architecture, and not long ago, in an address, which he sent to be read on the occasion of the Thanksgiving for the completion of the Tower, he spoke of the deep interest with which he watched the rearing of the building. And I may say that I am certain that in no parish of his diocese was the Bishop more beloved and in which he was more welcome than in St. Stephen's, Providence.

The dates and facts of Bishop Clark's life and career have been made so familiar to you all, that I need not rehearse them now. We have come together to think and speak to one another of the Bishop as we knew and saw him—as he presented himself to us. My knowledge of Bishop Clark dates from my earliest childhood, wherein I heard him constantly spoken of. It was an event cherished in the annals of our household, and of which I learned almost as soon as I was able to understand what was going on around me, that Dr. Clark, when rector of Christ Church, Hartford, had been once entertained in my father's house.

From that time on, I was aware that the Bishop of Rhode Island was one of the Church's greatest sons. The first time that I ever saw him was during my student days at Trinity College, when he came there to deliver one of the addresses at the unveiling of a statue of Bishop Brownell, the founder. The occasion was one which called out a number of distinguished orators, Bishop Williams of Connecticut, Bishop Horatio Potter of New York, Governor Hawley of Connecticut, and others. I remember that to me, Bishop Clark, and what he said, were the memorable features of the day. I was deeply impressed by his appearance, and his address was one which appealed to my youthful imagination. I recognized in him the true orator. Pathos, hallowed sentiment, delicate humor, and cultured reflection were combined in his words, and I could at this moment repeat much of what he said. Fifteen years after, here in Providence, as the rector-elect of this parish, I met him for the first time.

The shadow of that unspeakable bereavement, which sharply divided his life into two distinct periods, had just fallen upon him. He gave me a cordial welcome to his diocese, and spoke in terms of affectionate encouragement. I knelt and received his benediction, which I believe has followed me for the nineteen years past, and I went out from his presence carrying a recollection of paternal benignity which was only strengthened by all our subsequent relations and intercourse. From that day on, I have seen much of the Bishop and have had ample opportunity of seeing what he was in the near approach of man to man. I can truly say that in all my life I have never met one whom I more thoroughly revered. I have seen him ripening for the harvest of a holy, happy, and glorious Eternity. Let others speak as they will, and as they can, and as they *ought* to speak, of those days when he was more fully in the eye of the world, of those summer days of meridian manhood—as the sun shineth in his strength, when the Bishop of Rhode Island was a great and splendid figure in American public life—when thousands were fired by his moving eloquence, when pulpit and platform rang with the clear notes of his rich voice, giving forth to the world lofty thoughts of light and leading. Let them speak of the spark-

ling wit which vitalized his discourse of almost every kind, as naturally as the sunshine strikes the sober drops of water and makes them blossom into gorgeous rainbows—let them speak of the eminent positions from one to another of which the young priest stepped in rapid succession during eighteen years, when in the forty-third year of his age he ascended the episcopal throne, to occupy it almost half a century, and die as one of the great Metropolitans of Christendom.

I will concern myself with, and confine myself to these last nineteen years—solemn and mysterious—the autumn of a fruitful year—the evening, clouded though it seemed, of what had been a cloudless day. Those years of tragic sorrow—pathetic, heroic, apostolic—grown plainer in Christian significance now that they are over. It was the shadow of the Cross. The disciple was being conformed to his Lord and Master. He was receiving the imprint of thorns that he might wear the crown of Amaranth hereafter. Those who have stood around him during these years can bear witness how meekly he bowed beneath the rod, and how adoringly he embraced the Cross. The great depths of his nature were broken up, and the fragrance and beauty and sweetness of the abundance of tenderness, truth, and holiness were poured out. It was the breaking of the alabaster vase to anoint the feet of Christ, and the perfume filled the house. Yes, those who were near him all those years saw how the Saints are made. They beheld the process of sanctification. The formal lives of the canonized saints contain no instances of the wonderful power of God's grace, that are more real than that instance which we are now considering. When we are passing through an actual experience of this kind, we do not, we *cannot* adequately realize its import. But we do realize it afterwards. And as times goes on and we think over what has taken place and what we have seen, we understand it better and its true character comes out.

So it will be with anyone who shall survey this remarkable life from a supernatural standpoint. The standpoint of eulogy after the natural man would be to dwell upon what the Bishop was, as men would say, "in his best years," "in his prime." These last years of his life would, according to this natural

view, be treated as less important, as the years of his decline. Not so, from the point of view, transcending nature. There was no decline. As the days of his youth, so was his old age. His last years were the greatest years of his life. His life was one that gathered power. He went from strength to strength—Why? How?—because as he advanced in age, it became more and more evidently and splendidly true of him that "he was a *good* man and full of the Holy Ghost and of faith, and much people was added unto the Lord." Could there be any better description of our Bishop's character, any completer enumeration of the results of his work? He was a holy man—a disciple of the Holy Ghost—and he brought many souls to God. This is *true* greatness. The Bishop was orator, poet, philosopher, and wit. All these aspects of him will be duly and rightly dwelt on by others. Let it be the burden of our parable, of us who lived beside him for so long, and saw him in the light of every day—let it be ours to dwell upon his *goodness*. This is the true, the real greatness. As his strength failed; as his voice grew feeble; as his step became infirm; as he withdrew from public functions and society; as the world saw him no more—the outline of his spiritual stature was cast upon the troubled waters of human life around him, and a mighty and commanding outline it was. All who sought him were impressed by his goodness. They saw and felt that he lived only to warn sinners from the error of their ways, to love God, and to lead sinful souls to the fountain opened for sin and for all uncleanness.

The pastoral letters and other writings of the Bishop during the last nineteen years form a collection unique among Episcopal writings. Probably no other Bishop has spoken with more apostolic simplicity and directness, in such a practical, personal manner, so calculated to arrest the attention and turn the hearts of people in general. He was a man of unceasing prayer. He lived in colloquy with God. He conversed with the Saviour as a man talketh with his friend at his side. He lived momently in the presence of God. He had but one thought—to please God. He burned with the desire to do something, to say something to rescue, to heal, and to help. It was this flame of divine love for souls which led him to espouse the cause of hapless infants and

to give the best energies of his very last few years to the establishment of the infant ward in St. Mary's Orphanage, assuming the entire responsibility for its support, and pleading for it day by day, to his latest breath. It was his sense of duty to reach out a hand to pluck the brand from the burning, that led him to address to his Convention, at its last session in June of this year, the intense cry of entreaty to stem the tide of secret vice among young men and boys.

Full of the Holy Ghost and faith, he stood faithful unto death, a watchman on the walls of Zion. We shall hear his voice no more. The sentinel has died at his post in the discharge of his trust after protracted and patient fidelity. How beautiful to think that this great dignitary of the Kingdom of God so forcibly showed us that "Christ came not to be ministered unto, but to minister." He consecrated his old age to the purifying, hallowing, defending, and cherishing infancy and youth. No wonder that all loved this man of God. He created an atmosphere of love and sympathy and succor. A vestryman of this parish, one who had known Bishop Clark for many years, and who had also served as a vestryman in Grace Church under the Bishop's rectorship, said, in speaking of the Bishop's death: "Wherever the Bishop was, there was sunshine." Bishop Clark was not only admirable—he was also lovable; few men so lovable. He was a man greatly beloved. Few men of such distinct personality are so universally loved as he was. A person, on hearing of his death, wrote to me: "I do not believe he had an enemy in the world." Said of some, this might seem trite and exaggerated—a cheap tribute to a negative and commonplace character. But said of Bishop Clark, it sounded wholly true, a deserved eulogy, and a remarkable thing to be said of one who, for several generations, had towered above his fellows without exciting envy, jealousy, animosity, or ill-will. Such a record testified of a great man—great-hearted, "with malice toward none, with charity for all."

And Bishop Clark *was* a *great* man. He seemed made for great things, for great dealings with men and with affairs. He was born to command. His superb presence, his sonorous voice, his simple, dignified manners, at ease everywhere, fitly framed

and expressed his many-sided mind. His touch with men of all sorts and conditions, his faculty for adaptation and sympathy, and his intense reality were the very spirit of power. Full of the Holy Ghost, he seemed animated indeed with the very oil of gladness. None could meet Bishop Clark without at once feeling that he was true as steel, and as sincere as sincerity itself. He was utterly devoid of arts and affectations. He had no tricks or mannerisms to raise a suspicion of their being cultivated. There was no pretense about him. It was impossible to associate with him the idea of anything artificial or assumed. He was one of nature's noblemen, at home equally with lords and ladies, and with the plainest of the people and poorest of the poor. Few men have moved as freely as he did in the company of the rich, the learned and the great, in America and Europe, and been unspotted and unspoiled by it all. He was above the pomp and vanity of the world, and the world looked up to him, conscious of his superiority. He was instinctively recognized as chieftain. His career was a kind of triumphal progress—Boston, Philadelphia, Hartford have never forgotten his gifts as pastor and preacher. I think him as great a man as Phillips Brooks, whom he, as a preacher, surpassed in manner, while his matter, if as well known, would be found to be quite as full of originality and power. Bishop Clark's work was much more constructive than that of Bishop Brooks, and therefore likely to be more permanent.

As a Churchman, Bishop Clark has generally been counted "Broad," so-called, and considered, if any man could be so considered, the founder of the Broad Church school of thought in the American Church. Yet he would most likely have declaimed such an ascription. I scarcely think that he would have liked to be thought of as the founder of a party. There was about him very little of the partisan as generally understood. He was one whom all could claim. His mind was naturally, I should judge, somewhat speculative and adventurous. It was explorative, on the lookout for fresh fields, and eager to make and appropriate new discoveries. He had what our Cambridge friends, in their favorite phrase, call "hospitality to truth." At the same time he was a thorough Evangelical in his firm hold on the verities of

"the Faith once for all delivered to the Saints." On the Incarnation, the Virgin Birth, the Atonement, the Divinity of Christ, the Resurrection of the Body, and the other articles of the Faith, his voice rang true, and his trumpet gave no uncertain sound. He was as far as possible from that peculiar treatment of the Church's Faith, so aptly designated as "Unitarian-Episcopalism," which apparently regards the Virgin Birth, the Resurrection of the Body, and the Atonement as open questions of opinion and seems to hesitate to call Jesus Christ Almighty God. Such an attitude toward the "*certain* Faith" of the Gospel was a shock and a grief to the Bishop.

Once again, Bishop Clark had an unmistakable Catholic instinct, though he realized, as I have heard him admit, that, from the circumstances of his education, and habits, such instinct was not fully developed. We must remember that he was born and reared, I believe, a Presbyterian, and it is not surprising that a mind like his reacted and revolted from under the dark shadow of Calvinism. But when he entered the Church he was not brought under the influence of the historical school of Churchmen. His associations and training as a Churchman were of the Griswold and Eastburn type, rather than of that which, could he have been brought in contact with it at that time, would have proved more congenial and attractive to a mind like his, the Churchmanship of Seabury and of Hobart. As it was, he was susceptible to the power of spiritual authors like Pusey, and to the charm of ecclesiastical poets like Coxe and Keble. He appreciated the grandeur of the Church as an Institution. He loved gothic architecture, and good Church music. He understood the fascination of the long-drawn aisle, the choral song floating through vaulted arches, the "dim religious light," and all the accompanying sentiments native to the Catholic heart. He was not at all adverse to a comely ritual, such as that which, while not intricate nor unintelligible, has come to be common in our day. I never saw him, in celebrating at the altar, take any other than the Eastward Position. The proper vesture of clergy and choristers, the lights upon the altar, he approved of. In fact, the full traditional ceremonial of the Anglican Church found in him no proscriptive censor, provided it did not alienate

or antagonize the people. While, as I suppose, he probably never held strong sacramental views, he grew to recognize in many ways the legitimate position of those who did. He came to see, from the conviction of his own penitence and from his deep yearning to cure sin in others, the practical value and utility of Sacramental Confession. A good many years ago now, he was asked if the belief in and practice of Sacramental Confession constituted an objection to a priest proposed as rector for a certain parish. His reply was, "Not in the least. There are many people whom it would do good to go to confession."

Under the terms of the Pastoral Letter of the House of Bishops of 1895, he granted permission for the Reservation of the Blessed Sacrament for the sick, in this parish. With his most hearty sanction and consent, the Sisterhood of the Holy Nativity located in Providence in 1888. He ever hailed their unobtrusive work with gratitude. He appreciated their ministrations, and bade them godspeed. The Sisters have ever felt that in Bishop Clark they had a true friend and father. None mourn more sincerely for him than their Community, a delegation from which attended his funeral at Newport. I can truthfully and confidently say that what are known as the "Catholic" clergy of our Church were among the warmest friends and most loyal supporters that the Bishop ever had. His relations with them were always of the most cordial and affectionate character. At this point as an illustration of the feelings toward Bishop Clark entertained by clergy of this stamp, I should like to quote some words of a distinguished priest, the Rev. Lucius Waterman, D.D.—words written and printed some twenty years ago. Dr. Waterman, in speaking of the days, happily now long past, when there was some display of partisanship in the diocese, hastens to bear witness that partisanship was never displayed on the part of the Bishop. He said: "I trust that no one will think it an impertinence if I add here my graceful testimony to the large-hearted and large-minded tolerance of the Bishop of the diocese. In this noble character of the episcopal office, he is indeed 'not a novice.' He began to manifest it twenty-nine years ago (the date of his consecration), when it was a rarer grace than it is today. Now it is in almost every man's mouth. I would that he

might live to see it, as he would help us to see it, in every man's life." The cause of Catholic Churchmanship owes a great debt of thankfulness to Bishop Clark for giving it a fair hearing and free course. In short, the Bishop was the Bishop of all. All schools could claim him partially, none wholly. He belonged to and he represented the comprehensiveness of the Church.

I should say that he was a "Broad Churchman" in the wholesome sense. He was broad-minded and sweet-tempered. He sympathized, it seems to me, with the "Broad" school more in its ideal spirit than in its actual conclusions. Bishop Clark was made to be a peacemaker. He was an irenic personage. He had gifts ample enough for the very highest positions in Christendom. He would have made a great and beneficent Pope, or Patriarch, or Archbishop of Canterbury. And how different the history of the Church would be—how much less sad, had Popes and Archbishops been just like Bishop Clark. In reading early English Church history, I have always been fond of comparing and contrasting Bishop Clark with some of the formative leaders of those days. He was something like Theodore, who really unified the Church in Britain, because he was of the eclectic, irenic tone and disposition of our Bishop of later days. And I have often thought, and indeed I said so several years ago in this very pulpit, that if Augustine of Canterbury had been a broad-minded man like Bishop Clark, how much more extensive and pacific would have been his achievements! Bishop Clark was a wise man. He took a large outlook. He was not afraid to change his mind and opinion. And he was not hasty in condemnation. The addresses and charges of a great many bishops are, after the lapse of a few years, very sad reading. You see how mistaken they were in their prognostications of evil. Take the charges of the English Bishops, covering the Wesley period and the Oxford Movement, and their error in judgment and their short-sightedness are deplorable. Bishop Clark's addresses are free from such blemishes, because he was not given to panic. He took a long look ahead and all around. He had no iron rigidity. He had no invincible prejudices. He was no ultra Protestant, though his sympathies were naturally very much with the modern bodies which march under that name. He knew

that "Protestant" however was only an incidental sign—and that it stood for disintegration and division, rather than for unity. He knew that Catholic, on the other hand, was historic—of the ages—a watchword of the Faith—the language of the Creed—and he could foresee the possibility of the word "Protestant" as an appellation of the Church, outgrowing its significance, outliving its usefulness, and retarding rather than furthering the progress of Christian Unity and Truth. Therefore he could advise, as he did, that if a change in the name of the Church should be inevitable, to drop the word "Protestant," as this his own diocese had done nearly seventy years ago. It was the counsel of a statesman and a man of common sense.

The Bishop looked longingly for all Christians to be one. But he took no narrow view of Christian Unity. He was as ready and as solicitous to hasten intercommunion between us and the great historic Catholic bodies as he was for us to absorb our spiritual brethren of the various names about us. I am told that his last official act was the preparation of a letter to the Ecclesiastical Authority of the Russian Church, introducing the Bishop of Fond du Lac, with a view to friendly conference on the relations of the two great bodies, and I am told that the letter said just what was most desirable. So, on every side, our Father in God bestowed a blessing. You may remember how, a few years ago, a Pastoral Letter of Bishop Clark's was read under the direction of the Roman Bishop of Providence, in the Roman parochial schools. It was an unusual, perhaps an unprecedented, act. But our Roman brethren always seemed to recognize in Bishop Clark a true apostolic quality. Many years ago, the late Bishop Hendricken, Roman Catholic Bishop of Providence, told a friend of mine that Bishop Clark was *just* the man for a bishop.

A great man has gone from us. We are not likely to look upon his like again. We rejoiced in his light. He was spared to us so long, and so serene and unimpaired were the powers of his hallowed mind that we almost forgot,

> "That though the day be never so long,
> At last the belles ryngeth for Evensonge."

Literally at the vesper hour, his soul was sped into that unfading brightness, of which it is said, "At evening time it shall be light."

As his life and works and spirit and example come back to us, we shall see more and more clearly how great he was; how he magnified his office by the truest signs of an Apostle, by the purity of his life, by his singleness of eye to the Glory of God. I have served under many different bishops, but under none whose fatherhood in God has been truer, more grateful, and more instructive. He has left us a goodly heritage. Let us cherish it worthily and sustain its luster by following in his steps, who so carefully followed the footsteps of the Saviour.

"By the love I bear
Be glad with me.
For the peace that is and the perils passed;
For the hope that is and the rest at last."

IV. MEMORIAL SERMON BY THE RT. REV. HENRY C. POTTER, D.D., LL.D., SEVENTH BISHOP OF NEW YORK

(Preached at a Memorial Service at Grace Church, Providence, November 5, 1903.)

He fed them with a faithful and true heart, and ruled them prudently with all his power.—Psalm lxviii: 73.

LET me make haste to say that the version which I have just read of that original Hebrew, in which these words were written, is what is known as the Prayer Book Version, which I use, not for any sentimental or ecclesiastical reason, but simply because, as compared with the translation in what is usually known as the Authorized Version, it is incomparably better. The Authorized Version reads, "He fed them according to the integrity of his heart, and guided them by the skillfulness of his hands"; which has not only the infirmity of words of Latin derivation, but also, the suggestion, at any rate, of a lower type of rulership than that which the Prayer Book Version describes. And the value, just here, of this Prayer Book Version is, that it is both closest to the original Hebrew and to the extremely

interesting personality to which we are here tonight to do honor.

Let me, first of all, recall the outlines of its history, and so lay the foundation for those deductions which the life and character of the late Bishop of Rhode Island suggest.

Thomas March Clark was born in Newburyport, Mass., on the Fourth of July, A.D. 1812. I shall not attempt to trace here his lineage, which had in it, however, two notes eminently worthy of remembrance. In part it was, inevitably, Puritan; inevitably, I say, for Massachusetts was originally a Puritan Colony; and though, in certain aspects of it, it long ago lost some of its earlier Puritan characteristics, there were others that survived, at any rate until the beginning of the last century, and stamped themselves upon the fathers and mothers of that day. And so it is not surprising to learn that on the mother's side, in Bishop Clark's blood, there was that fine and sturdy note of independence which once and again shone out in the ministry of the son, and which furnished so strong a background for that orderly and sober dignity which was the prevailing characteristic of his episcopate. Bishop Clark's mother was Rebecca Wheelwright; and an ancestor of her's, and his, was that Rev. John Wheelwright, who, unmindful that Puritan emigration from a land of prelatical tyranny to a new country did not make of that country, to its Puritan settlers at any rate, a land of free speech, found himself a fugitive because, in Massachusetts, he had ventured to speak his mind too freely. It is equally significant of another note in the Bishop's character that another kinswoman on his mother's side, Esther Wheelwright, the daughter of Colonel John Wheelwright, the great, great-grandfather of the Bishop's mother, after being captured by the Indians and carried to Canada, became Sister Superior in the Ursuline convent at Quebec. We may belittle the influence of ancestral strains as we please; but two things in the late Bishop were plain—he did not, as so many of us do, reproduce a single type or species; and he did unite in himself that singular harmony of opposite types or strains in which all true greatness consists.

His parents were Presbyterians, and I hope that, as myself,

the grandson of a Presbyterian Divine, I may venture to say that the Presbyterianism of a century ago had many notes that are, and as some of us cannot but think, happily, wanting in ours. The great law of reaction had been at work in the mind and life of the Bishop's ancestry; and arising as it did out of an age of great laxity and self-indulgence, the religious cult of that ancestry took on an austere and prohibitive aspect. The office of Religion seems to have consisted largely in saying "Thou shalt not"; and the influence of what we may call the Hebraic type of Christian discipleship (considering for what the Hebraic type of Religion was originally called into being), was singularly and pathetically severe. Can you not see the boy who grew up in it, and who afterward, thank God, was to grow out of it, struggling with contradictions which taught him, on the one hand, that God was his Father, and on the other that His worship and Service on the Lord's Day was to be attended by austerities and impositions which made of its recurrence a terror, and of its observances an unendurable burden? You might walk in the garden on the Sabbath Day, but you could not pluck an apple; and when young Thomas March Clark, having graduated with credit at what was then Yale College, went south to a famous Theological Seminary which stood for the traditions of his forefathers, he did not find those traditions in any smallest degree modified or ameliorated; nor the theology for which they stood one whit less stern and damnatory. He was then, himself, looking forward to the ministry; and his reminiscences tell us, as he was often fond of telling to his contemporaries, and to younger listeners who sat at his feet with affectionate reverence, how one day he strayed into the Episcopal Church in the town in which he was a theological student, and heard there the Prayers of the Book of Common Prayer. "Here," said the Bishop, "was a communion which relieved me of the burden of public extemporaneous prayer—for which I had no gift." But the Bishop was mistaken. No one who ever heard him preach could doubt that, if he chose, he could lift that matchless voice in petitions which were as expressive of the wants of a whole people as they were appropriate to a public occasion. What did come to pass, when young Clark

heard for the first time the incomparable Liturgy of the Church was this, that he realized not only its beauty and dignity and simplicity, but, most of all, its comprehensiveness; that note in it which his whole intellectual endowment especially fitted him to appreciate. The Liturgy is the growth of the ages, the devotional expression of minds of various individual characteristics, various nurture, various experiences, and various environment. And therein it has that note of largeness and comprehensiveness which is the note of that Divine Religion which is, in its very nature and essence, neither Oriental nor Occidental but universal.

At any rate, those services in the little church of which the father of the present Bishop of South Dakota (the Rt. Rev. Dr. William Hobart Hare) was at that time rector, would seem to have been young Clark's point of departure, and though he took no immediately decisive step, the leaven continued to work, and a few years later we find him rector of Grace Church in the city of Boston.

No more valuable picture of those times—the closing years of the decade between 1830 and 1840, and the opening years of the decade that followed—has ever been written than is to be found in Bishop Clark's *Reminiscences*. It is marked by large reserve, as was inevitable in the record of one who was himself so conspicuous a figure in the story which he tells. And it is to be read in the light of this further consideration that it is the picture of a period of transition—a period whose drift and tendencies they who were a part of it could only imperfectly judge. We must go back to the days of the English Reformation if we would understand the complex and contradictory influences which produced, in the Episcopal Church, those two great schools into which, at the beginning of the last century, it was divided. Young Clark found himself, by an inevitable attraction, drawn to one of them, and was supposed to have been identified with it long after he had parted company with some of its most cherished traditions. But it was inevitable, with his temperament and mental characteristics, that he should find himself unable to rest in the inheritance of a past which was itself a period of transition, and which failed to recognize that

finality is as little a true note of men's opinions as infallibility. And so it came to pass that this rare mind, resting upon the Rock of the Eternal Ages, believed, nevertheless, with John Eliot, that "God hath yet more light to break out of His Holy Word," and watched reverently for its appearing.

My own knowledge of Dr. Clark, as he then was, began when I was a lad of some twelve years of age, in Philadelphia. I had come there, a year or two before, when my father was consecrated Bishop of Pennsylvania, and we had gone—my brothers, my stepmother, and I—to worship, after the orderly fashion of those days, in the Church nearest to the Episcopal residence. But its rector, now long dead, though a good man, was not—I suppose at this distance I may venture to say it—an interesting preacher, and my stepmother took me with her, in occasional excursions, on Sunday afternoons, to St. Andrew's Church, of which Dr. Clark was then rector. There was begotten, thus, a habit, which survived long after Dr. Clark left Philadelphia and went to Boston to be Assistant Minister of Trinity Church, Boston, on the Greene Foundation; where nearly a quarter of a century later I followed him; to Hartford; and to Rhode Island, as your Bishop. From these various cures he returned, from time to time, to preach in Philadelphia; and I do not think that he ever did so that I did not, so long as I lived in Philadelphia, hear him. There were many reasons for this, for he was always fresh and interesting, and stimulating; and he had in him a dramatic quality, rarely, I imagine, recognized; and, if consciously appreciated by himself, conscientiously, and I cannot but think, unfortunately, suppressed. I remember, when I was a boy, hearing him preach a sermon in St. Luke's Church, Philadelphia, which might have been called "The Trial of the Soul," and which consisted largely of a dialogue between the soul and his accuser, before the judgment-bar of God. I wonder if he ever preached that sermon here? If he did, you have not forgotten it.

But the preëminent note of his preaching consisted in a characteristic, largely then unrecognized, and even now imperfectly discerned, for the very simple reason that now prevailing usage has caught up with it. Bishop Clark was, I maintain,

the father of colloquial preaching, the first of his time to break away from formal, stately, and often sesquipedalian habits of expression which it was then widely and honestly, if not universally, believed, belonged to the pulpit. If any minister of religion doubts what I say, let him take down a volume of sermons from his shelves, published during the first third of the last century. We hear, constantly, the lament that the preaching of the time is not the preaching of our fathers. I thank God that it is not! On the whole, I believe it is a great deal better; more intelligent, more widely informed; less stilted and pretentious, and more direct. Bishop Clark illustrates this, himself, by a story he tells, in his *Reminiscences,* of Dr. Hawks. Dr. Hawks was, in the Episcopal Church, quite the foremost preacher of his time; but he was a preacher of polysyllabic commonplaces delivered with an incomparable elocution. Once, as Bishop Clark relates, he preached in Trinity Church, Washington, and Daniel Webster went to hear him. When Webster came out of the church he said: "That is the finest sermon I ever heard," and hailed with delighted gratitude an offer from the rector of the parish to borrow the sermon from Dr. Hawks and read it again to him. When the rector did so, Mr. Webster said, "That (with an emphasis of contempt upon the word "that") is not the sermon I heard"; whereupon the rector handed him the sermon, and the spell was broken.

Let us tread with reverent feet where the steps of our forefathers have preceded us; but let us not be afraid to own that they clung to archaic forms of expression, and to a "holy tone," long after the life had gone out of both of them; and let us thank God for the courageous leadership of that rare man who gave to his preaching almost its chiefest note of power, because he gave it the supreme touch of nature! Since then, I do not forget that the pendulum has swung to the other extreme; and that we have often exchanged the stateliness of the pulpit, in other days, for an unchastened vulgarity in our own; a style which deals with sacred themes and sacred occasions with equal flippancy and boorishness. But extravagancies in these directions need not blind us to the value of that other and earlier move-

ment, in which, with such rare fearlessness and wisdom, Bishop Clark led the way.

There were, however, traits in the late Bishop of Rhode Island which lay even deeper than these, and to the recognition of these we may not fail to advance. I have chosen my text because it appears to me to be so precise and accurate a portraiture of the Bishop whom you have lost, and of his relations to that larger life of which he was a part. For we may not forget that, originally, the words were written of David, and that they indicate that remarkable evolution which came to pass in the shepherd boy who once "was following the ewes, great with young ones," and whom God took, "that he might feed Jacob, his people, and Israel his inheritance" (Psalter, Ps. lxxviii: 72). Once, such a man could think only of a flock of sheep on the Syrian hillsides, and how to shepherd them. But one day God called him to go up higher; and Israel and all its people became his flock. In this he was singularly like that Bishop whose life and gifts we are here to recall. David, as King, had his horizon incomparably enlarged; and no Hebrew, man or woman or child, could any longer be indifferent to him. Does anybody who knew him doubt that that was Bishop Clark's estimate of his ministry? An extremely interesting transformation was beginning to come to pass in Bishop Clark's time, the influence of which has been often overlooked. The original minister of religion in these New England colonies was, in more senses than one, a "man of all work." He was, not infrequently, magistrate, teacher, preacher, and political leader all in one, and the influence of this combination of somewhat opposite callings in one man was inevitable. The minister of religion became, sometimes, more of a political leader or social reformer than anything else, and his pulpit a rostrum for the propagation of particular views upon slavery, temperance, and woman's rights, rather than the place for the proclamation of the Gospel of Jesus Christ.

Now it was at this point that the Episcopal Church, especially in New England, found its calling. It was a refuge for people who recoiled from radicalism in reform, and longed for upward-reaching petitions to God, in public worship, rather

than for downward reaching anathemas of men. And so there came to the Episcopal Church and to the clergy this inevitable danger that, in holding itself aloof from the controversies of its time, it should grow away from that fellowship with our common humanity which is a supreme note in the doctrine of the Incarnation.

There were two men in our Church who, sixty years ago, did more to correct this error than any others—one of whom was my father, and the other Bishop Clark. My father had this advantage over Bishop Clark that he was then "Dr." Alonzo Potter, a professor in Union College (from whence came to you Francis Wayland, who once lent luster to your own Brown University), and so was without a parochial cure. Professor Potter went to and fro, in those days, lecturing before lyceums of every variety, and widening the horizon of thinkers wherever he found them. Bishop Clark followed close in his footsteps; and among my earliest and most vivid recollections is that of sitting, when I was a young rector of twenty-four, in a lecture hall in Troy, New York, where the Bishop touched some lofty theme—I have long ago forgotten what it was—with his fine insight and rare humor, in a most enkindling and transforming way!

It was the office of such men as he to realize that the Church is the depository of great ethical, as well as ecclesiastical truths, and to open the way for other men to discover that a truest note of its Catholicity is not alone its doctrine, but its sympathy! Today the change that has come to pass is so radical and universal that men can hardly realize the days that went before it. In this Church, at any rate, sixty years ago, tradition greatly circumscribed the activities, and, as a consequence, the influence of a clergyman; and flung away one splendid prerogative of the divine, in that it denied to him the privilege, save in the pulpit, of pleading for that "eternal righteousness" which, thank God, all men and all communions hold in common! In that direction Bishop Clark early came to be a power, and continued to be to the end. You have had here, in Providence, civic and social issues which reached down to the foundations. But though your Bishop was a lover of peace, and a disciple of

that large charity "which thinketh no evil of his neighbor," he was not silent, then!

Another note in the life and character of Bishop Clark which always impressed me profoundly was his humanness. There are two types of ministers of religion, which may be found in every communion, and which has each its distinctive merits. One is the ecclesiastic, and the other is the man. One has sunk his personality in his office; the other has taken his office into his personality. One of them can never forget that he is a priest; the other can never forget that he is a man. There are very few of us, I fancy, who have ever sung "From Greenland's Icy Mountains" without thinking how supreme was his distinction who could write it; and yet there is one other incident in the life of Bishop Heber, the author of that hymn, which I think was greater. He was on his way to his missionary field in India, on a sailing vessel which, as it neared Calcutta, was caught in the Hoogly River in a contrary current. Vainly the Lascar sailors, straining at the capstan, strove to warp the vessel toward her destination. The brutal boatswain beat them on their naked bodies with the capstan-bars, and cursed them with foul oaths; while the gentlefolk stood on the deck above and watched the scene with languid curiosity. Suddenly Bishop Heber, who was among them, stripped off his coat, and crying "Come on; let us help them!" jumped down and took his place among the sailors. The spell was broken, and the ship moved on toward her pier. And I think the Bishop was greater then than when he wrote the hymn.

There were services such as these that Bishop Clark rendered, more than once, to a good cause, struggling like a ship against an adverse current; and many a man who opened to him shyly his doubts and difficulties, or carried them into some church where Bishop Clark was the preacher, went away feeling that somehow his horizon was enlarged, and that the old shibboleths, in which he had been bred, did not condemn him to stultify God's gift of intelligence or to deny the light when, in fuller disclosure, it broke for him.

And all this came to pass because, in all his ministry he "fed" his people, like David, "with a faithful and true heart."

I suppose in David that meant that, as King, he knew the difference between milk for babes and strong meat for men. There are many rulers, and pastors, and Bishops who don't! They have found some clever food-preparation, whether in the ethical, aesthetical, or theological world, which is just the *pabulum* for their own dyspeptic condition; and they are confident that it will suit everybody else. That is a very natural error, and it is not one corrected by the intellect, but by the heart. For the intellect holds a fact, like a bit of colored glass, close to its eye, and sees the world all red, or all yellow, or all green, accordingly. The heart, on the contrary, enters, somehow, into miseries that its own experience has never known, and aches for them, and with them.

And so it was with your late Bishop. His was a temperament of singular serenity and equanimity; and one of his most honored clergy, in writing me of him, says that he never saw him angry. But though not often disturbed by deep emotion himself, he could feel for those who were; and, most of all, could be touched and moved by those deepest struggles when the soul had lost its anchorage and cried out in its black despair, as did David in the elder time, "O God, wherefore art Thou absent from me?" All such, wherever he found them, "he fed with food convenient for them, with a faithful and true heart."

And then, finally, he "ruled them, prudently, with all his power." That ought to be, I think, a true picture of a faithful bishop—prudence, not adroitness; strenuousness, but not intolerance. Bishop Clark could not have been adroit if he had tried; he was too great for that. But, on the other hand, he was without the narrow impatience of the mere sciolist, and that odious cocksureness of the martinet, which, I am sorry to say, is the dominant note of a mere ecclesiastic. He could have strong convictions—he had them. But, concerning the vast realm of the *adiaphora,* "the things indifferent," he could be as patient with another man's dissenting conviction as with his own. He seized with sure and unerring vision the heart of things; and yet while his kindly humor played about other things that good men counted of consequence and he did not, he never failed in his

sense of spiritual perspective; and on the other hand, large toleration never descended, with him, into loose and flabby indifference. He came to the Church at a great and grave crisis in her history; and his is one of the episcopates which, as the years go on, will stand out, more and more, as ordained for a great end, and as achieving a large result. He never obtruded himself upon his clergy, and they did not dread his coming as that of a critic or an inquisitor. But no man, clergyman or layman, ever went to him for counsel or sympathy and went in vain!

I should be seeming to evade a page in his history of grave and pathetic import if I failed, before concluding this sermon, to speak of those closing years of his life which were clouded by sorrow, darkened by frequent depression, and which descended sometimes into deepest gloom. There were two clues to this experience which have always seemed to me intelligible. The Bishop's domestic life had always been singularly happy and sunny; and when it was shattered and smitten by the loss, from his side, of a woman of rare charm and high intelligence, it was no wonder that he sank, speedily, into deep depression. He could not have had that exquisite sense of humor that irradiated so much of his speech and life without having also, and along with it, the inevitable capacity for sharp reaction. Bishop Clark's humor was, in some respects, the most keen and subtle that I have known. But such a gift, in one direction, carried with it, with unerring certainty, its gloomy antithesis.

And then, again, Bishop Clark had inherited a theology which intellectually he outgrew, but into which he fell back, emotionally, with the approach of great age. "Let me not live after my flame lacks oil," was found written over Lord Macaulay's desk after his death, by his nephew, Otto Trevelyan, and Cardinal Manning illustrated, as an octogenarian, how easily an acute intellect may lapse into its second childhood.

Bishop Clark never did that, and some of the most pithy and penetrating of his judgments of men and things were among his latest. But he knew what it was to be in darkness—and he knows, now, what it is to be in the light!

And there we leave him, rejoicing in the confidence that,

now, the perplexities have all vanished, and that the sky is all clear. *Salve et Vale!* Hail and farewell, great soul! great teacher! great Bishop! May light perpetual shine upon thee!

V. BISHOP CLARK'S PASTORAL LETTER, LENT, 1899

My dear Friends and Brethren:

THE season has once more arrived when we are called to commemorate the closing scenes of our Saviour's life, and we will dwell for a few minutes upon some of the incidents of the eventful night which preceded His crucifixion.

Early in the evening we see Him reclining at the table with His little band of followers in the guest chamber which has been set in order by the good man of the house for their use, on the eve of the Passover. It is probable that the disciples gathered around the table, on this occasion, in a somewhat exultant state of mind, for a few days before, when Jesus was entering Jerusalem, the people who were gathering to the feast took branches of palm trees and went forth to meet Him, crying "Hosanna! Blessed is the King of Israel that cometh in the name of the Lord," and we are told that the "whole city was moved." It is not to be supposed that the feelings of the Saviour were in keeping with their cheerful mood, and a terrible revulsion must have come upon them when Jesus said, "One of you that eateth with Me shall betray Me." Judas Iscariot was the only person present who knew what this meant, and when he perceived that Jesus had read the treacherous purpose of his heart, he went immediately out, and *it was night.*

What could have been the motive which prompted Judas to betray his Master? If he had continued to "carry the bag" for a while, by a little quiet fraud he could have made his treasurership yield much more than thirty pieces of silver—only about fifteen dollars in our modern currency. The course which he subsequently pursued indicates that he must have been actuated by something more than the love of money, for as soon as the tidings reached him that Jesus was condemned, he rushes into the Temple, throwing down the pieces of silver, and crying in his agony, "I have sinned! I have betrayed the innocent

Blood." He probably supposed that if a crisis could be precipitated, Jesus would exercise the supernatural power, which Judas knew that He possessed, to crush the High Priest and his retainers and establish at once the Kingdom of which He had so often spoken, and in which the disciples expected to attain high positions of influence and authority. If the poor wretch, instead of taking his own life, had gone at once to the Saviour as He hung upon the cross, and, kneeling down under His bleeding feet, with a broken and contrite heart, cried for mercy—Judas Iscariot would have been forgiven.

And now we return to the little band, reclining at the table with Jesus, in the good man's upper room. After the Passover had been eaten, Jesus took bread and blessed and brake it, saying, "This is My body which is given for you," and then He took the cup and gave thanks and gave to them saying, "This is My blood of the New Covenant which is shed for many for the remission of sins." The full meaning of these words could not have been understood at the time by the disciples, and they little dreamed that this was the beginning of a Sacramental observance in remembrance of Jesus, which would be celebrated through all coming time—sometimes in a lowly building with the simplest rites, a few words of prayer and perhaps the singing of a familiar hymn, and again in the grand and solemn cathedral, with an elaborate and magnificent ceremonial.

The last ray of light must have been extinguished in the hearts of the disciples when they heard the words fall from their Master's lips, "It is expedient for you that I go away." What can this mean? Is their Lord about to desert them? They have left all to follow Him, and must they now disband and go back to their old employments—go back, with all the sacred hopes they had cherished, blighted forever? There must have been some faltering voices when they sang their closing hymn before going out to the Mount of Olives. As the night advances we see the Saviour prostrate on the ground in Gethsemane, and hear from His quivering lips the cry, "Father if it be possible let this cup pass from Me!" What were the ingredients in that cup from which the Saviour shrank with such terrible apprehension? It was your sin and my sin, and

the sins of the whole world, the bitterness of which He was called to taste, and if it has ever been your lot to stand trembling in the presence of God—the record of a guilty life revealed by the light reflected from Him, so that you saw yourself just as God sees you—you may have some conception of the trial which Jesus was called to endure. If that prayer had not been followed by the sweet submission of Jesus, when He bowed before His Father in Heaven, saying, "Nevertheless, not My will but Thine be done," where should we have been today, and what would have been our destiny?

I will not dwell upon the various events of this fearful night—they are painfully familiar to you all: the rushing in of the rude multitude with their swords and staves, the dragging of the Saviour into the palace of the High Priest, the poor frightened disciple who had just declared that if "all men forsook the Lord, he would not forsake Him," standing out in the porch warming himself before the fire, trembling under the questioning of the bystanders, and at last swearing, in his desperation, that he never knew the man.

I need not enlarge upon the timid vacillation of the Roman Governor—his fear of falling into trouble at home under the charge of disloyalty to Cæsar driving him to the sacrifice of one whom he knew to be an innocent man. What if he had been told that, after a time, Churches would be erected all over the world in honor of the Man whom he had that day consigned to death, and that the worshippers, after declaring their belief in Jesus Christ as Lord, would follow with the ominous words, *Crucified under Pontius Pilate!* This was the immortality which he gained by his weakness and cowardice.

I will not dwell upon the terrors of the Crucifixion. We see the blessed Saviour hanging upon the Cross, hour after hour struggling with the agonies of death, and not one human being venturing to speak a word of sympathy, until at last His heart strings break, and the awful cry is wrung from His lips, "My God, My God, why hast *Thou* forsaken Me?" And now that all is over, Joseph from Arimathea asks permission to remove the body of Jesus, which he deposits in his own new tomb.

Have you ever thought that the Saviour was laid in His grave with no religious service said over His body?

No plaintive hymn or word of prayer
Comes floating on the evening air;
No priestly voice with sacred rite
Breaks on the stillness of the night;
Nothing relieves the solemn gloom,
Which gathers round the rich man's tomb.

No long procession wends its way
Along the road from Calvary:
No measured tramp of human feet
Re-echoes from the crowded street;
And only strangers come to mourn,
While Jesus to His rest is borne.

It is the funeral of a King,
And still no muffled vespers ring;
The funeral of the King of kings;
And still no earthly monarch brings
A royal retinue to swell
The honors of His burial.

With hastened hand and hurried stir
Men place the spices and the myrrh,
Within the linen robe that's wound
His scarred and sacred body round;
And then, with reverent step they lay
His mangled, precious form away.

The work is done, and all is still.
The empty cross upon the hill
Casts its dark shadow on the ground;
The Paschal moon illumes the mound
Where Jesus rests secure from harm,
Beyond the reach of hostile arm.

In the lone garden where He lies
No sounds from human voices rise,
But Angels keep their vigils here,
Unheard by any mortal ear;
Watching all through the night alone,
Waiting—to roll away the stone.

All is over now, and as the Sabbath dawns, the priests and rulers are rejoicing to think that they will be no more annoyed by the sharp denunciations of the wild fanatic, who has lately disturbed their peace. Everything in Jerusalem goes on as usual. The smoke of burnt sacrifices ascends from the summit of Mount Moriah; the loud peal of trumpets reverberates from the courts of the Temple; the people of the city assemble in their respective synagogues, the Psalms of David are sung and the prophecies of the coming Messiah are read by the minister, no one dreaming that the Messiah has already come and that the ancient predictions are all fulfilled. Pilate writes his official dispatch to the authorities in Rome, announcing that another criminal has been executed. This is received and in due time filed and put away and forgotten; the announcement of this execution exciting no interest or attention. What if on that day some one had whispered in the ear of the Emperor—Three hundred years hence this crucified malefactor will be worshipped in the Imperial City as divine, and the cross upon which He hung will from that time forward be the emblem under which the armies of Rome will go forth to conquer; the Empire itself will be known as the Holy Empire, and even the rude Barbarians of the North will bow before the Prince of Peace?

Now the question arises, "Why did the Son of God leave the Courts of Heaven and take up His abode, for a time, here on earth?" He came into the world in order to give us a complete revelation of God. "In Him was manifested all the fulness of the Godhead bodily." This is what is meant when He says, "Whosoever hath seen Me hath seen the Father." Apart from Revelation, our knowledge of God would be confined to what we learn from the facts of nature and our own reason. We could readily have inferred that if it requires *Mind* to comprehend the Universe, the exercise of *Mind* must have been required to call the Universe into existence. God discloses Himself to us through the works of Nature as the great First Cause, Omnipotent, Omniscient, and Omnipresent, with supreme control over everything that He has made; but His

moral and spiritual attributes are exhibited in an imperfect and unsatisfactory manner.

Nature is inexorable. The winds and the waves, the fire and the pestilence, in their ravages make no distinction between the good and the bad. Death lays his icy hand alike upon those whom the world can least afford to spare, and upon those who are mere cumberers of the ground. Multitudes are born into the world only to die before they know what existence means, and now that science has opened to our view a boundless Universe, and we find that our great solar system is but a speck in an illimitable field of worlds, we may shrink from carrying our little wants and woes to the One Mighty Being who rules over all. In the hour of our extremity we cannot help craving after a God who has something in common with us, One who has, in some sense, a personality similar to our own. We want an *Incarnate God;* One who shares our nature and who has had an experience like our own; One who knows what it is to suffer and who has wept over the dead as we do. We may long for One who has been tempted as we are, though without sin, and all this we have in the God-Man, Christ Jesus. We want a God who can love and whom we can love; a Merciful God who can pardon and who "knows whereof we are made and remembers that we are but dust." All this, and more, we find in our Saviour Christ. In the time of distress we can shut ourselves up alone with Him and tell Him all our wants and all our sins, tell Him what we would not dare to breathe to a fellow-mortal.

"Canst thou by searching find out God?" The student of Nature who has found out all that the earth and the sky, the flowers, the trees, and the stars can tell him about God, is surpassed in his knowledge of the Almighty by the humble believer, to whom He has come in the person of the Saviour, to comfort him in the hour of bereavement, and to deliver him from the slavery of sin. No one can *comprehend* God but God Himself, but, so far as our wants are concerned, He becomes intelligible and approachable in the Incarnation of His Son.

Christ came into the world, not only to show us what God

is, but also to teach us what *we* ought to be. Could not this have been done without His leaving the Courts of Heaven and taking upon Him our human nature? Could He not have told us all that we needed to know, through the mouth of His inspired servants?

The world will never be redeemed by precepts. The wonderful words of the great philosophers of Greece made little impression upon the popular mind. The moral atmosphere of Rome could never have been disinfected by the teaching of Seneca, although he sometimes spoke as if he was inspired, as when he says, "No one seems to me to have a higher estimate of virtue than he who is willing to lose the reputation of being a good man, rather than violate his conscience."

What the world wanted was an Ideal Life, a *perfect* Life, something which they could copy. But in order to be the imitation of Christ, He must live in us, prompting all our words, thoughts, and actions. Every pulsation of our being must be in accord with the Spirit that actuates Him. St. Paul says, "I have been crucified with Christ, and yet I live; and yet no longer I, but Christ liveth in me, and that life that I now live in the flesh, I live in faith, the faith that is in the Son of God, who loved me and gave Himself for me." These are the words of the Saviour in His last address to His disciples: "I am the vine, ye are the branches; he that abideth in Me and I in him, the same beareth much fruit, for apart from Me, ye can do nothing." The moment we are separated from Christ we cease to live, and it is a terrible thing when, after having, as we supposed, committed ourselves to the Saviour's charge, we turn back and walk no more with Him.

The Son of God came into the world in order that He might more effectually reach the hearts of men, and when they saw the Man Christ Jesus moving about in the community, living a life of poverty in order that He might enrich the poor, when He was reviled never reviling again, ministering to the sick and sorrowful, lifting the degraded out of the mire, comforting and sanctifying the wretched outcasts whose touch was regarded as pollution, their souls were moved by a power which was irresistible. There was a marvelous influence in His

mere presence, and it was a priceless privilege just to touch the hem of His garment. He responded to that touch because it was the touch of faith.

If the Saviour had sent us a message from Heaven, and that had been all, we should have had a dreary religion compared with what we have now. Christianity without Christ would never have satisfied us.

The Saviour came into the world, not only to show us what God is and what we ought to be, but also to indicate how we may *become* what we ought to be. All that we know of the process by which sinners were brought into union with Christ, when He was upon earth, is simply this: He called upon this man and that man to follow Him, and if they declined to do so, as the rich young man did, they lost the benefit of His Saving Grace. We are told very little, almost nothing, of the inward experience of those who complied with His demand and so became His disciples, but we may be sure, in the first place, that they must have renounced all their sins, and put themselves under the absolute control of Christ. This is what He asks of you. If you have never given yourselves into His hands, for what reason have you refused to do so?

A great many answers may be given to this question. One might say, "I do not feel my need of a Saviour, I lead a decent life and my sins do not trouble me. I do not know that there is a necessity for any special change in my life and conduct. I do not pray, because I do not like to pray. I rarely think about God at all. I know that sooner or later I must leave the world, but that event seems to be very remote and such appeals as this are distasteful to me. I am a society man and the possessor of a fortune. I have a great establishment to keep up, I must have a splendid equipage and entertain my friends sumptuously, I must patronize our great public amusements and do a great many other things in order to sustain my rank in the world. I am told that if I would follow Christ, I must take up my cross and practise some self-denial. I must give largely of my time and substance to rescue the poor from misery. I must contribute liberally to Asylums and Orphanages and Industrial Schools, and make myself felt in the world, as a

generous benefactor, and this does not suit my taste or accord with my habits. When Sunday comes, I sometimes go to church, but this is irksome to me, and I would prefer to stay at home and read the Sunday newspaper or go off on some pleasant excursion into the country, and dine with my friends and attend some of the agreeable receptions which are now so generally given."

All I can say in reply, is this: The less you feel the need of the Saviour the greater is your need, and if you choose to have your portion in this world, the time will come when you will have occasion to mourn over this decision with an agony which no words can describe.

Another may say, "I hope, before I die, to find time to consider these matters, but at present I am absorbed in business and have great undertakings in hand, and if I follow Christ I must make important changes in the mode of conducting my affairs. I cannot comply with the injunction always to do unto others as I would have them do unto me, without incurring serious losses."

My friend, you can carry nothing of your ill-gotten gains away with you when you die; and the question for you to consider is this: are you willing to sacrifice your prospects for Eternity, in order to add a little more to your income than you can honestly acquire?

Another may say, "I am a hard working man. I have all that I can do to support myself and my family. I have no time for praying and church going and other religious duties, and I must leave these matters until I have more leisure than I have at present." If you choose to do it, you can make your daily task a religious work. You can pray with your heart while you are laboring with your hands, and no service is more acceptable to God than the faithful discharge of our earthly duties with the holy temper which converts everything into an act of worship.

I will not follow these excuses any further. God demands of us no impossibilities and nothing which is not indispensable to our best welfare in this world, as well as that which is to come. Only let a man's eyes be opened so that he sees himself just

as God sees him and it will not be long before he cries for mercy.

And lastly, Christ came into the world to suffer, "the just for the unjust," to make reconciliation for iniquity and to bring us to God. We do not pretend to fathom the mystery of the Atonement. It is not capable of being explained in any other terms than those which we find in the Scriptures, and that is all we need. It is enough for us to know that the Father sent His only Son into the world to redeem the world, and this is the only thing which makes His death and suffering intelligible. No obedience of ours could wipe out the sinful records of the past. The evil word we have spoken can never be recalled, the sinful deed we have performed can never be undone, the foul inscriptions which have been written on the tablets of the heart can never be erased by our own hands. You may weep all day long over the sins you committed yesterday; this will be of no avail. Our necessity demands that some Being with power to *revoke* what we have done should come to our rescue. This, Jesus can do in virtue of His own sufferings on the Cross, and by His death we are saved from death. We are now assured that if we repent of our sins and turn to God, giving everything into His hands without reserve, not only shall we be cleansed from sin, but so far as this is possible, the transgressions we have committed will be blotted out and remembered no more.

But why should the sinner continue to suffer if the Saviour has already suffered in his place? It would obliterate the distinction between sin and holiness if the transgressor could be placed at once on the same level with the righteous man, without being obliged to pass through any process of painful discipline. The Scriptures tell us that "God is a consuming fire," but in the case of the true penitent it is a fire that cleanses and refines but does not destroy. We read that God "scourgeth every son that He receiveth," but the sinner is scourged in order that he may be received as a son, so that the sharpest trials to which we are subjected represent the highest possible forms of mercy, and there is nothing for which we shall be so thankful hereafter as the suffering we have been obliged to experience here on earth.

But some person in great distress of mind may say, "If I know what repentance means, I am sure that I have repented and forsaken my sins, and it would give me the greatest possible pain if I were obliged to repeat any sin I have ever committed. The more attractive the sin once was, the more repulsive it is now. I am trying to serve God as faithfully as I can. I want, as far as it can be done, to make amends for the past, and the greatest trial in my present condition is the remembrance of the injury I have inflicted upon others, more especially upon those who have passed beyond my reach. If I were in heaven I think that I would ask the privilege of going into the world of darkness, to share and lighten, if possible, the sufferings of those whom I have injured. I can never recall *any* sin which I have committed without feeling the iron enter into my soul. Now if I have really given myself to Christ, why am I left to suffer as *long* and as *severely* as I do? I would not exchange this suffering for the happiest day in my past life when I was living in sin, and I would rather go down to my grave, enduring my present suffering, than to find relief in any other way than that which God has appointed. Have I any reason to hope that I am forgiven?"

It is absolutely impossible that you should not be forgiven. No one was ever condemned by God on account of his exceeding sorrow for sin, and all the anguish you feel comes simply from the consciousness of your sins. You will observe that Christ tells us that He died to take away our sins, but it is never said that He died to take away our sorrow for sin, and if you have reason to believe that sin has no more dominion over you, you are safe. If you had never suffered at all, you would not have the slightest ground for hope, and the pain which you now endure is only the discipline by which you are to be made more ripe for heaven. It will cease as soon as it has done its work, and sooner or later perfect rest will follow. Try to feel that you are crucified with Christ and a partaker of His sufferings. Take courage and press forward in faith and hope; the hour of your deliverance is at hand. Go on bravely, discharging all the duties which Christ has laid upon you, and leave your

destiny in His hands. The darker the night, the brighter will be the morning.

"And after this I beheld, and lo! a great multitude which no man could number, of all nations and kindreds and people and tongues stood before the throne and before the Lamb, clothed with white robes and with palms in their hands; and cried witn a loud voice, saying, Salvation to our God who sitteth upon the throne and unto the Lamb. And one of the elders answered saying to me, What are these that are arrayed in white robes, and whence came they? And I said unto him, Sir, thou knowest. And he said to me, These are they which came out of great tribulation and have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. Therefore are they before the throne of God and serve Him day and night in His temple, and He that sitteth on the throne shall dwell among them. They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more, neither shall the sun light on them or any heat. For the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them and shall lead them unto living waters, and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."

My brethren of the Clergy: This may be the last time I shall be allowed to address you, and I counsel you to live as becometh the children of light. Keep your hands pure and undefiled and your hearts free from every stain of sin. Be active and zealous in every good word and work. Preach Christ and Him crucified. Do not seek applause from men. Do not hesitate to speak plainly and kindly whatever you believe Christ would have you speak. Be true to your convictions and very careful to see that your convictions are in accord with the mind of God. Whatever your hands find to do, do it with all your might, for remember that the time draws near when you will be called to give an account of your stewardship.

My brethren of the Laity: A solemn responsibility devolves upon you, and it is your duty to hold up the hands of your leader in the hour of battle. He will be called to contend with the powers of evil, and you must stand by to give him the benefit of your faith and courage. He can effect but little if he is left

to stand alone. Allow him full liberty of speech as long as he keeps within the limits of his Master's commission. Do not call upon him to cry "peace, peace," when there is no peace. Be patient with his infirmities, for he is a child of the dust, as we all are.

And now Brethren, in closing, "I commend you to God and to the word of His grace, which is able to build you up and to give you an inheritance among all them which are sanctified."

Grace, mercy, and peace from God our Father and the Lord Jesus Christ be with you all, evermore. Amen.

VI. LAST PASTORAL LETTER OF BISHOP CLARK, 1902

My dear Brethren:

AS I am unable to visit the churches of the diocese any longer, I desire once more to address a few plain words by letter to the people among whom I have ministered for so many years.

We are living in a wonderful age. In everything which pertains to our material welfare a progress has been made during the last hundred years which surpasses all that has been accomplished in the previous history of the world. Forces have been developed, discoveries made in the realms of nature, difficulties overcome, and results attained which were never dreamed of in the ages gone by. Changes are going on in every department of thought and action, the final results of which cannot be predicted at present. The great question to be determined is, how is all this material progress likely to affect the moral and religious welfare of society? The marvelous accumulation of wealth in this land is one of the most significant features of the day. The millionaire is no longer a curiosity. There are many rich men whose wealth is estimated by tens of millions, and this is considered, by many persons, the most threatening feature in our free Republic.

If this wealth is devoted entirely to the pursuit of pleasure and the selfish gratification of its possessors—if they manifest no concern for the wants and sufferings of their poorer brethren and have no interest in sending the Gospel to the perish-

ing heathen; if they take unfair advantage of the necessities and ignorance of those with whom they deal, forgetting that the Gospel teaches us that all forms of secular business should be conducted on the principle of mutual benefit to the buyer and seller, the employer and the employed; if their existence is of no benefit to the world, it would have been far better had they never been born.

If this were the position assumed by all our rich and prosperous people, sooner or later the most disastrous results would ensue, and the dangers of Plutocracy may be one of the greatest perils which threaten the peace and order of the community.

Meanwhile, what is the attitude of the Church, and what is she doing for the poor and down-trodden? Among her communicants are very many rich men and women, some of whom are always prompt to relieve the necessities of the wretched and poverty-stricken, while there are others who seem to have forgotten that they are the stewards of God, and responsible for the manner in which they use the money loaned to them by their Creator.

Why is it, at the present moment, when there is such lavish expenditure for luxuries and works of art, that our foreign and domestic missions are crying out for help, which comes so grudgingly, and that they are left to depend to so great an extent upon the offerings of women and children? In the providence of God, we are called, at the present time, to enlarge our missionary jurisdiction, and bishops have been recently appointed to establish the Church in the Philippine Islands, Honolulu, and Porto Rico, and other regions of the earth, while an independent Church has been established in Mexico, which for many years to come will need assistance from us.

In the early part of my ministry there was but one foreign missionary jurisdiction to which we were called to contribute, and when it was proposed to establish a new mission on the outskirts of our own country, some of the most prominent men in our General Convention declared the movement to be premature. We have lived to see a great change for the better. We have established missions in every part of our own country as

well as in South America, Africa, China, Japan, and the Islands of the Sea.

Our contributions have by no means kept pace with the enormous increase of wealth in this country, and few of our rich men give one hundredth part of their income to the work of Christ, while our local charities, which should be able to extend their work with the increase of population and the growth of the Church, still struggle for existence in this rich community.

The General Missionary Board and their Secretaries are doing all that they can to arouse the Church and stimulate our people to discharge their duty.

We have a monthly missionary publication which is a treasure-house of interesting and valuable information, and the *Spirit of Missions* should be taken by every family in the Church which has a dollar to spare.

The power and strength of the Church is greatly weakened by the multiplication of new sects. So long as men insist upon finding a society where their own individual opinions are dominant, the case seems to be hopeless.

So far as matters of form and ceremony are concerned, we must be willing to make due allowance for difference in education and temperament. The stately worship of the cathedral does not always satisfy the wants of the uncultivated and ignorant mind, while the more impassioned demonstrations which characterize the worship of the uneducated are repulsive to people of refinement.

We pray for the time when the Spirit of Christ will take such full possession everywhere of the hearts of His people that they will gravitate toward Him as the center of their faith. It was this which determined the unity of the Church in the beginning.

One of the strange and melancholy features of the present day is the facility with which the most absurd delusions get possession of the public mind. Striking instances of this are seen in Mormonism, Christian Science, so-called, and on a more limited scale, Oriental Theosophic fancies. It is marvelous that so many of our well informed, respectable people are led away by

these follies! It is only a sure and certain faith, founded on the Incarnation of our Lord and His atoning sacrifice, which can stand against these wiles of Satan.

It is very much to be deplored that so many of our respectable and intelligent citizens show such an utter lack of interest in the public welfare by neglecting their duty as voters, leaving the door open for unscrupulous politicians to get complete control of public affairs and "run the machine" for their personal emolument. Every good citizen should regard it as a sacred duty to secure, if possible, the *nomination* for office of the best and wisest men in the community, and then to do all that he can to induce others to vote for them.

The work of the Church is hindered by the unwillingness of our legislators to pass the laws which a decent regard for public morality demands, or by allowing such obstructions to exist as prevent the executive from carrying the statutes into operation.

While we are indebted to our scientific teachers for the most wonderful discoveries in the natural world, there are among them some prominent men who ignore the existence of God, and whose teachings tend to undermine our religious belief; but our faith cannot be seriously disturbed by any scientific or critical assault so long as the law of God, revealed in Scripture, conforms so closely to the teachings of our reason and conscience, and the Gospel of Christ provides for all the highest necessities of our being and relieves us of the heaviest burden we are ever called to bear. What is a poor sinner to do when he comes to the consciousness of his sad condition, if there is no Saviour to whom he can cling in the hour of his extremity?

There are some poor creatures who have allowed the lower passions of their nature to take complete control of their being. Their bodies are defiled by sin, their minds disordered by excess and passion, and all their nobler qualities are blighted and withered, and the higher the elevation from which they have fallen the more destructive is the ruin, and the more terrible the guilt.

The story is told of an artist who saw a child so perfect in his beauty that he painted him, and said that if he ever found

a face as vile as that face was angelic he would paint that as a pendant to it.

Years passed, and he had not seen a face so absolute in its degradation as that child in its loveliness, but one day he visited a prison and there saw a felon, still young, but with a face almost devilish in its vicious demoralization.

He painted this wretched prisoner, and, while doing so, found with horror that this man was that lovely child, as drink and greed and lust and hate had made him, and the two pictures, it is said, hang side by side in some Italian gallery.

What a change it would make in the aspect of society if every one of our communicants looked upon himself as a minister of Christ and a servant of the Living God. Will you not ask yourself this question: "How much am I doing, by my own personal influence, to bring sinners to Christ?"

How did the Church of Christ first come into being?

On a certain day, when Jesus was passing by, two Galilean youths heard the proclamation of John the Baptist, "Behold the Lamb of God who taketh away the sins of the world." The words attracted their attention, and Jesus, hearing their footsteps following Him, asked, "What seek ye?" At that time they had no definite idea of the character of the Being who addressed them, and said in reply, "Rabbi, where dwellest Thou?" He replied, "Come and see." They came and saw where Jesus dwelt, and remained there probably until night. Before they left it was evident that this was the Messiah for whom the nation had been so long waiting. One of these young men was Andrew, and the other John, the beloved disciple, and the first thing that Andrew did on the next morning was to find his brother Simon and bring him to Jesus.

A few days afterward Philip of Bethsaida joined them, and he at once sought out his friend Nathanael, and these five men were the nucleus of the Christian Church.

You will observe that it was by personal influence these men were brought into communion with Christ, and it was by the continued exercise of this personal influence that the Church continued to grow; "Men spake often, one to another, of the things pertaining to the kingdom of God."

If you saw that your friends were in physical danger, or exposed to any great earthly calamity, you would not hesitate to warn them of their danger, and I advise our clergy to encourage their people to come to them with all their spiritual doubts and fears and to open their minds freely to them.

The portion of our existence passed in this world is very brief, compared with the endless life that awaits us hereafter, and there is a most important work to be discharged which cannot be safely deferred.

As we look upon the multitudes who crowd our streets, we are impressed with sadness when we consider how large a proportion of these men and women never attend public worship, never recognize, in any way, the God who made them, nor the Saviour who died for them.

They wake in the morning and go forth to their occupations and pleasures without a word of prayer, and fall asleep at night with no thought of gratitude for the mercies of the day.

In a few years not one of all that mighty crowd will be seen on earth, and the busy voices which now fill the air will be silenced forever. A record is kept, in another world, of everything they have done or said or thought, and they will take their place hereafter according to the deeds done in the body.

There is only one thing we can carry with us when we enter the eternal world, and that is the character we have formed on earth. It is a terrible thing to think of standing before God, on the last day, empty-handed, with nothing to show that we have ever been of service to our fellow creatures, or done anything to indicate our loyalty to God.

As we approach the end of life our perspective changes, and many things which, in former days, we regarded of the greatest moment, shrink into very narrow dimensions, while other matters which we have regarded with indifference assume a portentous magnitude.

It is possible that nothing remains to occupy our thoughts but the remembrance of the past. If these memories are bright and unclouded, in the tranquillity of our souls we can say—"Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil. Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me." "I

will lay me down in peace and sleep, for Thou only makest me to dwell in safety." If they are dark and revolting, all we can do is to throw ourselves into the arms of Him who is mighty to save, in the hope that our sins have not put us beyond the reach of that mercy which is infinite.

May the peace of God which passeth all understanding keep your hearts and minds in the knowledge and love of God and of His Son Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

VII. MEMORIAL SERMON BY THE REV. JOHN BYRAM DIMAN, M.A.

(Preached on Sunday, November 5, 1911, at St. Columba's Chapel, Middletown, Rhode Island, on the occasion of the dedication of a tablet in memory of Bishop Clark.)

THOMAS MARCH CLARK was born on the Fourth of July, 1812, so that next Fourth of July will be exactly the centennial of his birth. He died at the age of ninety-one in September, 1903, at the house of his daughter, Mrs. Eugene Sturtevant, in Middletown. His life, accordingly, very nearly spanned the whole of the nineteenth century. It began in the year of our naval war of 1812 with England, an event which most of us in this generation are in the habit of regarding as one of the very early struggles of our national life. During his boyhood he met and talked with Lafayette, and all the memories of his early days, memories with which in his old age his mind was so copiously stored, were of a world which we only know by our histories, and of a past that seems infinitely removed from the times in which we live.

There is one characteristic in particular of Bishop Clark's life that at the very outset I desire to mention, as I believe that it explains almost everything else. His life was not only very nearly coterminous in time with the nineteenth century, but he was peculiarly the child of that century. I mean by this, that he threw himself with such interest and ardor into the times in which he lived that almost all the great and controlling interests of those times found their place in his heart and mind and contributed to make him what he was. He lived through the great struggles of the country with an intense, almost passionate

interest. During the Civil War it was his voice that bade the soldiers godspeed on their way to the field; he visited and stayed in their camps; he welcomed them home, and he was an important member of that great sanitary commission that, as long as the war lasted, did such an immense work to mitigate its horrors and to alleviate the sufferings of those who were its victims. In times of peace he was equally interested in the great social and political struggles of the day, and he did his best as bishop, as he had always done as an individual, to make the Church an active and important factor in all movements having to do with the betterment of social conditions, and in the amelioration of the lives of those who were poor and unfortunate.

The nineteenth century will be known forever as the period in which science came to its full fruition, and the discoveries in the realm of science and the achievements of its great leaders have given to that century a renown and a glory that was peculiarly its own. Such discoveries and such triumphs Bishop Clark followed with eager interest. His innumerable contributions to papers and periodicals, his lectures, his occasional speeches and addresses on all sorts of occasions, show how much his mind was preoccupied with the intellectual problems that were, at that time, so much to the fore. And though he never professed to be a student of science in a technical sense, he nevertheless not only followed its developments but he often anticipated its results in a way that showed that his mind was constantly fed from the same sources that were supplying the mental sustenance of many of the most representative thinkers of the day.

And if he was a child of his age in other respects, he was still more so in his religious life. Born of kind and cultured parents, he was nurtured in the very bosom of Calvinism and the stern doctrines of that religion went down deeply into his soul, and though in middle life he seemed to have emancipated himself to a great extent from their control, yet often in old age, as he confessed himself, he felt their grip, even when he did not intellectually and fully yield to them his assent. While still a young man, he felt the appeal of the Episcopal Church. He says himself in his *Reminiscences,* published toward the end of his

life, that in attending the services of the Episcopal Church he felt the relief afforded by its devout and reverent liturgy as a contrast to the extempore prayer to which he had hitherto been used, but it is probable that this was only a detail in a fuller appreciation of the religious life of a Church that has voiced men's hopes and fears, their yearnings and their aspirations, through all the centuries back to the very earliest Christian days.

Of that long episcopate it is hard to summarize either the events or the results. It was characterized by unusual harmony and good-will, not only among the clergy but throughout the diocese as a whole. The Bishop's relations to his clergy were both parental and affectionate. He was authoritative when occasion demanded that he should be, but he was never dictatorial, and it seemed impossible seriously to displease him except by real wickedness or by sheer neglect of duty. He at once stepped into the position of a leading citizen in the community in which he lived and, until the time of his death, he was the champion of all good causes whether in the name of religion or in the name of civic righteousness. As a preacher and a lecturer, he was known far beyond the limits of his diocese, and the American Church has rarely been represented abroad so ably, so worthily, and with such a combination of dignity and simplicity, as during Bishop Clark's occasional visits to England and the Continent.

But I may single out one feature of his episcopate that was peculiarly characteristic of the man and cannot fail to interest those who cherish his memory. He was distinctly the bishop and the pastor of all sorts and conditions of men. It was his habit of making his official visitations to spend the night, if possible, and in this way to become thoroughly acquainted with his people. At these times he never seemed to be hurried, and rarely to be pre-occupied with other thoughts. Hours together, in visiting a farm or a little parsonage perhaps in some small town or village, or the house of the foreman or superintendent of some one of our Rhode Island factories, he would sit in the parlor or before the stove in the kitchen or linger on after an evening supper in the dining room, and enter with unaffected intimacy into the lives of the family he was visiting. On these occasions

he had an endless fund of stories at his disposal, or he would recite poetry, or would listen sympathetically to whatever might be told him. Few, if any, men in Rhode Island had a more intimate knowledge of the lives of the people of the state.

Bishop Clark was one of the great orators of his times. I feel that this remark may be made not in that spirit of exaggeration that sometimes quite excusably enters into a panegyric, but as a simple fact. He had all the natural gifts that make the real orator; a massive and magnetic presence, a full toned and sympathetic voice that could be so controlled and modulated as to express every kind of feeling, a rich and poetic imagination, intense human sympathy, and a facility in speaking which never seemed to fail him. In fact, his resourcefulness as a speaker was something quite extraordinary, and it saved him on many occasions in which, without it, he might have been seriously embarrassed.

It has been said that Bishop Clark was one of the first preachers in our country that broke away from a conventional delivery and spoke to the congregation in a colloquial manner. While this is true, it is also true that he had the rare faculty of doing so without the slightest failure in dignity. It was because he was so desirous to speak living words to those who were listening to him, and because his nature was so utterly free from even the faintest approach to affectation of any kind, that his utterances could be, at the same time, so free and yet so dignified.

One cannot do full justice to Bishop Clark's rich and varied personality without speaking, even on an occasion like this, of his wit and humor. It is often said that the fountain of laughter and the fountain of tears are equally fed by the same streams, and that the two sometimes intermingle. It is certain that Bishop Clark had in his nature a capacity for sadness, and sometimes even yielded to melancholy to a degree that would have surprised those who knew only the brighter and sunnier aspects of his character, but it is equally true that he had a capacity for fun and a sense of humor that I have rarely, if ever, seen equalled. He had a fund of stories on which to draw that was absolutely inexhaustible and those of us who have spent evenings

in his company know that for sheer humor, unmixed with anything like malignity or ill-will, Bishop Clark was altogether without an equal.

It is not, however, as an orator nor as a popular preacher, still less as a scholar, a traveler, or a wit, that we think of Bishop Clark. It is not so much even as the successful administrator for nearly half a century of a diocese of the Church, so far as its external and visible interests were concerned. Those who knew Bishop Clark will think of him as one whose thoughts were occupied with spiritual interest: the spread of Christ's kingdom among men.

If a good Churchman is one who believes in his heart, as well as in his mind, that God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son to the end that all that believe in Him should not perish but have everlasting life, and that God's Holy Spirit proceeding from the Father and the Son is leading His Church today to save men from sin and lead them to righteousness, then there were no limits to the depth and height of Bishop Clark's Churchmanship, for these were the principles on which more and more he grounded his whole life. With some people the question of Churchmanship as applied to parties is irrelevant because they live in a region where party names cannot be applied. Bishop Clark was loved and trusted alike by High Churchmen, Low Churchmen, and Broad Churchmen in his diocese and in the Church at large, but he could not have been classed, certainly not in the latter part of his life, with any group to the exclusion of the others. This leads me to speak, though diffidently, of what it seems to me was the deepest note in Bishop Clark's character, as it was the one that more and more he sounded with increasing emphasis in his preaching. It was his realizing sense of the deadly havoc worked in humanity by sin, and of the redeeming power of Christ as the Saviour of the world to lead men back again to God. In one pastoral letter after another to his clergy, in his diocesan charges and in his sermons, he dwelt on these truths in a way that one only could who was constantly keeping them in his thoughts and living them out in his life. It is impossible to exaggerate the clearness and simplicity of his faith, especially in old age when he was

obliged to resign many of the active duties of life. Kneeling or sitting in his chair, in his study in winter or on the piazza perhaps in summer, he would talk to God as naturally and with as full sense of the reality of such communion as one ordinarily does with another person in the same room.

VIII. AN APPRECIATION BY THE REV. GEORGE F. NELSON, D.D.

IT is a pleasing fancy that Inachus may be traced by the flowers that spring up under his feet. It is a more pleasing thought that some men we have known have been like that. They have made desert places in human hearts to blossom as the rose.

Such a man was Thomas March Clark. Before it was my good fortune to meet him, I heard from others something of the fragrant memories of what his life had meant to them. It was during the period of my diaconate, as assistant minister of his old parish of St. Andrew's in Philadelphia, twenty-three years after he had resigned its rectorship in order to become the Bishop of Rhode Island. Though nearly a quarter of a century had gone by since his connection with the parish had been severed by the call to him to step up higher in the Church's service, the older parishioners seemed to have as fresh and grateful a sense of the gifts and graces that had adorned his ministry among them, as if he had just gone away. Surely this was evidence enough that his had been a father's tenderness and a shepherd's care that had won their hearts and held on to them even after so long an interruption of their fellowship.

At the General Convention of 1883 it was my privilege to begin to keep the minutes of the House of Bishops, and then for the first time I had the pleasure of meeting Bishop Clark. The praises of his personality that I had so often heard in Philadelphia gave my admiration of him a good start, and I soon found it growing to a real affection.

To begin with, there was something especially attractive in his manly appearance. It did not seem necessary to look at him twice in order to be sure that he was every inch a bishop.

Of course we expect bishops to possess dignity, and we may well be sorry for them if by any chance they lack the sense of humor. It was a distinction of Bishop Clark's that dignity seemed as natural to him as stateliness to a mountain pine, and yet I have never known any man whose humor was more sparkling and wholesome. I was always glad to hear him preach or make an address. His style of utterance was that of clearness and directness. He seemed to have a full understanding of what he wanted to say, and he said it as an arrow that goes straight to its target.

The grace of humility may not be as common as it ought to be in high places, but it may be more common than we think. At any rate, it is safe to say that Bishop Clark's soul was too devout to be lacking in this grace. We may well believe that it was of the kind that Bishop Taylor had in mind when he said: "Let thy face, like Moses's, shine to others, but make no looking glasses to thyself."

In thinking of the Bishop's noble career, I love to recall one evening in particular. I happened to be a guest at the home of Major and Mrs. Theodore K. Gibbs in Newport. They invited Bishop Clark to dinner, together with a few other guests, including Dr. Cooke, professor of chemistry at Harvard University. It was well known at the time that the Bishop had recently passed through a severe ordeal of illness that had distressed his friends on account of the tinge of melancholy that had accompanied it. Some of us were, therefore, wondering whether his masterful mind had entirely shaken off the gloom that had been so tenaciously clinging to it. But we did not have long to wait for assurance in that regard. From the beginning of the dinner to its close, his wit and humor made it a reunion of rare charm to all who were with him at the table. And when Professor Cooke mentioned that the chemistry which he had taught for twenty-five years had been abandoned as an exploded shell to make room for the new chemistry, the Bishop made use of the fact as an object lesson of what was going on in other wheels of human progress of the world's highway.

Bishop Clark with his Great Grandson
Thomas Clark Howard

IX. THE RECOLLECTIONS OF A GRANDDAUGHTER— ALICE STURTEVANT HOWARD

ONE day, when I was a very little girl, my uncle unexpectedly appeared at our country home with a message which I did not understand. Shortly, my mother kissed me goodbye, and the carriage which had brought him rolled away with them both. My nurse said Mother would not be back till night because Grandma was ill and both she and Grandpa needed her. Being deprived of my mother for the first time at night is a vivid recollection and such an event in my life that my earliest recollections of my grandfather date from it.

The death of my grandmother, which occurred that same day, cast a gloom over the young lives of my three sisters, Louisa, Helena, Mary, my brother Edward, and myself. My grandfather's grief was intense; and time, which usually deals gently with us in such stress, never healed it. My mother, an only daughter, was to him from then, until the close of his life, more than it seems possible that any daughter could have been—his devoted companion, whose wide sympathy, understanding, and boundless energy made possible the continuation of his interest in his great work for the Church.

My grandmother had been his constant companion and advisor before her, and he had even always read his sermons aloud to her, behind closed doors. During the nineteen years that followed without her, his grief was too great and memories too sacred to allow him to speak of her.

My grandfather loved his work and never complained of anything he had to do. He was never idle even to the end, and did what few are privileged to do in not laying down his work, or even the papers in his hand, until a few minutes before his death. In thinking of this extraordinary ending of a life which was great both in accomplishments and in age, my sister Mary tells me that she recalls his restlessness the last night, and when his faithful attendant complained of his calling him too often, the Bishop replied, "Be patient, for the time is short now that I shall be with you!"

My grandfather was always prompt to a marked degree. If

he were going off in the afternoon he packed his bag before breakfast and brought it down stairs with him so that it would be off his mind. He was not only prompt, but systematic and orderly, and no doubt these valuable qualifications were largely responsible for the vast amount of work which he accomplished. He always answered his letters the first thing in the morning, and made it a rule never to let anything drag.

Possessed of unusual strength, and hardly knowing what illness was, he seldom thought of his health. He invariably preached twice on Sunday, and did not hesitate to preach three times if the need arose. Early rising, and writing late at night, were part of the daily routine.

I have a vivid picture of my mother hearing our prayers at night, tucking all five of us in our beds and then retiring to Grandpa's study to write for him. I marvel that for the last five years of his life she did all the writing connected with his office as Bishop and Presiding Bishop. Her penmanship was always fine and clear, and she worked without the aid of a typewriter. A colossal task in itself, without the usual cares incident to a wife and mother and to which was added now the management of two houses—our own at Newport, and Bishop's House in Providence. This latter house with its spacious grounds was given to the diocese by a warm friend of my grandfather, Mrs. Henry G. Russell.

During my early childhood my grandfather spent the summers with us and many winters we went to him. Later, after I had left home, this plan became permanent, and Mother never left him. I do not think he could have lived without her great and buoyant spirit.

In thinking of my grandfather's friends we recall a vast number in all walks of life, but among the closest three stand out very prominently. These were Bishop Brooks, Dr. John K. Mitchell (father of Dr. Weir Mitchell), and Professor J. Lewis Diman.

My sister Mary remembers the painstaking way Grandpa treated his casual acquaintances. She reminds me that if it could possibly be helped, he never let anyone know that he did not

remember his name or where he had met him, but he conversed with him until he discovered who he might be.

This excellent rule was not so difficult for the aged Bishop to carry out, even in his last years, as it might be for a person far younger but possessed with a less remarkable memory. The following incident is one of many which illustrate the happiness which such a memory brought to his friends:

About a year before he died, a woman from a country parish called to see him. He was too unwell to go down stairs, but she insisted she must look at him even if he could not speak to her. The moment he saw her, he recalled how she had to play the organ very unexpectedly on the occasion of one of his visits to her parish, as the organist had been taken suddenly ill. He also recalled many other events much to her delight and surprise, as he had not seen her for more than twenty years.

I have in my mind a vivid picture of my grandfather in his house at 34 George Street, Providence, where, as little children, we loved to peer over the banisters and watch the maid let in strange visitors. We liked to see whether they came in grand carriages or on foot, and, before the big door opened, to guess whether a beautifully dressed lady might be standing there or a beggar leaning on a stick. It was characteristic of my grandfather to have the wants of all attended to with equal promptness. If the beggars were hungry they were sent to the kitchen to be fed. I do not recall a single harsh word being spoken to anyone—not even to a poor old hag who came day after day and year after year until she passed away. When Grandpa was unable to see her himself, Mother did so for him, taking precious hours to listen to her troubles and inspect her latest needlework. I remember she always went away happier than when she came.

As I look back, I wonder how Grandpa found time in the midst of countless interruptions to think out the great sermons which he preached, or to be sure of having his work ready on time. The fact was, however, that he was always ready ahead of time. In this same house on George Street, I can see him now pacing up and down the front parlor (his traveling bag and a gray canvas bag especially designed for carrying his

robes, standing by the front door), while he waited for his cab to arrive. Invariably he would turn to my mother and ask if she were sure it had been ordered.

Before the days of my grandfather's great sorrow he was always the life of any entertainment he attended and was eagerly sought after. I have heard Mother say that when she was a girl she did not care to ask her friends to the house if he were away for she felt they would miss so much. During his visitations he made it a practice to stay with the parishioners regardless of their ability to house him comfortably, for it was one of his means of entering into their lives and helping with their problems.

I must say again that he loved his work and never complained of anything he had to do. He was always just as glad to go to the mill village or the then remote country parishes of western Rhode Island, where he would have to stay two nights, as there were no motors or trolleys in those days, and where perhaps he would have to hold the baby while the mother cooked the dinner, as he was to stay with his rich friends in their luxurious houses. I think his intense interest in the parishes and his desire to help them was so great that he did not think of his personal comfort. And he never let people be uninteresting to him, because he talked to them about their work and learned all he could about it. Some of the people who had mills considered him so interested in their work that up to the last years of his life they sent every year samples of the new cloths they made.

It is impossible for me to tell my recollections of my grandfather without mentioning my husband and children of whom he was very fond.

At the age of eighteen I married Henry Howard, and it was a deep satisfaction not only to have our wedding in Berkeley Chapel in Middletown, near Newport, which was so largely built by my parents, but above all to have the ceremony performed by both my grandfather and my husband's grandfather, the Rev. William R. Babcock, D.D. My grandfather Clark had both baptized and confirmed me. A day or two before the ceremony he called me to his study and said, "Bishop

Potter has just been to see me and said I must let him also have a hand in the service, so you will be well married by both your grandfathers, by Bishop Potter, and Mr. Stone." The late Henry M. Stone was then vicar of Berkeley Chapel.

A little daughter, Katharine, and four sons, Henry Sturtevant, Thomas Clark, John Babcock, and Robert Sturtevant soon came to us, and I am happy to say that the three oldest children remember their great grandfather.

The first four little Howards were the only great grandchildren he lived to see, and he baptized them all. The three children of my brother, Edward Sturtevant—Theodore, Constance, and Edward, Jr.—were not born until after his death. Besides my three sisters, my brother, and myself there was never but one other grandchild. He was Gordon, the son of Howard Clark, who died at the age of five.

Our home was in Boston, and it so happened that in 1897 we purchased one of the first steam automobiles that was ever built in New England. It was then called a "horseless carriage." The following spring we drove to Newport and the journey and the vehicle proved to be of singular interest to my grandfather who lost no time in studying the mechanism of the car, and greatly enjoyed a demonstration ride in it. My husband tells me of my grandfather's great interest not only in automobiles at that time but of the experiments which were then being conducted in connection with flying machines by Wilbur and Orville Wright.

During the days of my early and all absorbing motherhood, my sisters, Louisa and Helena, devoted themselves to the study of art, and we recall with deep satisfaction my grandfather's interest in their daily work and his ambition for them. The following are a few notes which my sister Helena jotted down one day; and I find them of so much personal interest that without waiting for her permission I am including them:

"As I remember my grandfather, I think I have rarely seen anyone capable of interesting himself in so many things besides his legitimate work. I remember his intense interest in my early art work and his firm convictions when I was not more than twelve that I would be a painter. His own attempt to

draw from memory the home of his childhood showed accurate observation of outward things and a retentive memory.

"The planting of our place and the work in the garden were always of the greatest interest to him in his later years as he sat and watched the work from the piazza of our house at Second Beach. He sometimes diverted himself by carpentry work, and as a child I remember the kites he made for us to fly, and a very elaborate doll house, which was a source of wonder to all children who saw it and which has survived him. I remember his great fondness for Shakespeare and used to marvel how he could remember such long passages. In later years when I was painting his portrait I remember his reciting some lines from Matthew Arnold and being pleased to find that I could complete the poem. He promised not to look at the picture till completed and then expressed surprise that his hair was gray! I twice painted his portrait in Bishop's House, Providence. The second time, I asked him to wear his robes, which he did. A few months afterward he died."

"I remember his quickness at repartee—sometimes turning what might have been an altercation into a joke. I never remember his being cross with his grandchildren. My recollection of his disposition was of one that was amiable, trustful to a fault, and although possessing a strong sense of humor, distinctly melancholy, at least after his wife's death. As children we were not afraid of him. In the last weeks of his life he asked that a railing be put upon the steps of our piazza at Newport that he might walk out to my studio. The rail was built just before his death occurred. The last time I saw him in life, he was reading on the piazza. I passed him on my way to the studio, and shortly I heard him ring his bell as usual for his servant, who assisted him upstairs. A few minutes later I was called in haste by my sisters to come in. When I arrived no sign of life was left."

Of my grandfather, I believe, as one of his friends remarked, that we may say with equal truth what he himself said of his devoted friend, Phillips Brooks, after his death:

"How many souls he has comforted! How many wandering sheep he has brought back to the Fold! How many perplexi-

ties he has relieved! How many souls he has lifted into a serener atmosphere and rescued from the contamination of the World and the Flesh! How many he must have found waiting for him in Paradise!"

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